

THE
WORKS
OF
ALEXANDER POPE, Esq;

In Four Volumes, Complete.

VOLUME II.

CONTAINING

His ESSAY on MAN; MORAL ESSAYS;
MISCELLANEOUS PIECES in VERSE;
and, The DUNCIAD, in Four Books.

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AN

AN
ESSAY
ON
SATIRE,

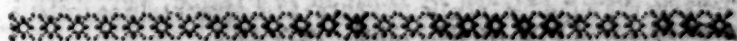
Occasioned by the death of

MR POPE.

Inscribed to

Mr WARBURTON.

By J. BROWN, A.M.



C O N T E N T S.

P A R T I.

OF the end and efficacy of satire. *The love of glory and fear of shame universal, ver. 29. This passion implanted in man as a spur to virtue, is generally perverted, ver. 41. ; and thus becomes the occasion of the greatest follies, vices, and miseries, ver. 61. It is the work of satire to rectify this passion, to reduce it to its proper channel, and to convert it into an incentive to wisdom and virtue, ver. 89. Hence it appears that satire may influence those who defy all laws human and divine, ver. 99. An objection answered, ver. 131.*

VOL. II.

† A

PART

P A R T II.

Rules for the conduct of satire. *Justice and truth its chief and essential property*, ver. 169. *Prudence in the application of wit and ridicule, whose province is, not to explore unknown, but to enforce known truths*, ver. 191. *Proper subjects of satire are the manners of present times*, ver. 239. *Decency of expression recommended*, ver. 255. *The different methods in which folly and vice ought to be chastised*, ver. 269. *The variety of style and manner which these two subjects require*, ver. 277. *The praise of virtue may be admitted with propriety*, ver. 315. *Caution with regard to panegyric*, ver. 329. *The dignity of true satire*, ver. 341.

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An

AN ESSAY on SATIRE.

PART I.

FATE gave the word ; the cruel arrow sped ;
And POPE lies number'd with the mighty dead !
Resign'd he fell ; superiour to the dart,
That quench'd its rage in YOURS and BRITAIN'S
heart :

You mourn : but BRITAIN, lull'd in rest profound, 5
(Unconscious BRITAIN !), slumbers o'er her wound.
Exulting Dulness ey'd the setting light,
And flapp'd her wing, impatient for the night :
Rous'd at the signal, Guilt collects her train,
And counts the triumphs of her growing reign : 10
With inextinguishable rage they burn ;
And snake-hung ENVY hisses o'er his urn :
Th' envenom'd monsters spit their deadly foam,
To blast the laurel that surrounds his tomb.

But YOU, O WARBURTON ! whose eye refin'd 15
Can see the greatness of an honest mind ;
Can see each virtue and each grace unite,
And taste the raptures of a *pure* delight ;
You visit oft his awful page with care,
And view that bright assemblage treasur'd there ; 20
You trace the chain that links his deep design,
And pour new lustre on the glowing line.
Yet deign to hear the efforts of a Muse,
Whose eye, not wing, his ardent flight pursues :
Intent from this great archetype to draw 25
SATIRE'S bright form, and fix her equal law ;
Pleas'd if from hence th' unlearn'd may comprehend,
And rev'rence HIS and SATIRE'S gen'rous end.

In ev'ry breast there burns an active flame,
The love of glory, or the dread of shame : 30
The passion ONE, though various it appear,
As brighten'd into hope, or dimm'd by fear.
The lisping infant, and the hoary fire,
And youth and manhood feel the heart-born fire :

4 ESSAY ON SATIRE. Part I.

The charms of praise the coy, the modest woo, 35
And only fly, that glory may pursue:
She, pow'r resistless, rules the wise and great;
Bends ev'n reluctant hermits at her feet;
Haunts the proud city, and the lowly shade,
And sways alike the sceptre and the spade. 40

Thus Heav'n in pity wakes the friendly flame,
To urge mankind on deeds that merit fame:
But man, vain man, in folly only wise,
Rejects the manna sent him from the skies:
With rapture hears corrupted Passion's call, 45
Still proudly prone to mingle with the stall.
As each deceitful shadow tempts his view,
He for the *imag'd* substance quits the *true*;
Eager to catch the visionary prize,
In quest of glory plunges deep in vice; 50
Till madly zealous, impotently vain,
He forfeits ev'ry praise he pants to gain.

Thus still imperious NATURE plies her part;
And still her dictates work in ev'ry heart.
Each pow'r that sov'reign Nature bids enjoy, 55
Man may corrupt, but man can ne'er destroy.
Like mighty rivers, with resistless force
The passions rage, obstructed in their course;
Swell to new heights, forbidden paths explore,
And drown those virtues which they fed before. 60

And sure, the deadliest foe to Virtue's flame,
Our worst of evils, is *perverted Shame*.
Beneath this load what abject numbers groan,
Th' entangled slaves to folly not their own!
Meanly by fashionable fear oppress, 65
We seek our virtues in each other's breast;
Blind to ourselves, adopt each foreign vice,
Another's weakness, int'rest, or caprice.
Each fool to low ambition, poorly great,
That pines in splendid wretchedness of state, 70
Tir'd in the treach'rous chace, would nobly yield,
And, but for Shame, like SYLLA, quit the field:
The dæmon *Shame* paints strong the ridicule,
And whispers close, "*The world will call you fool.*"

Behold

Part I. ESSAY ON SATIRE. 5

Behold yon wretch, by impious fashion driv'n, 75
Believes and trembles while he scoffs at Heav'n.
By weakness strong, and bold through fear alone,
He dreads the sneer by shallow coxcombs thrown;
Dauntless pursues the path *Spinoza* trod;
To man a *coward*, and a *brave* to God. 80

Faith, justice, heaven itself now quit their hold,
When to false fame the captiv'd heart is sold:
Hence, blind to truth, relentless *Cato* dy'd;
Nought could subdue his virtue, but his pride.
Hence chaste *Lucretia's* innocence betray'd 85
Fell by that honour which was meant its aid.
Thus Virtue sinks beneath unnumber'd woes,
When passions, born her friends, revolt her foes.

Hence SATIRE's pow'r: 'Tis her corrective part,
To calm the wild disorders of the heart. 90

She points the arduous height where glory lies,
And teaches mad Ambition to be wise:
In the dark bosom wakes the fair desire,
Draws good from ill, a brighter flame from fire;
Strips black Oppression of her gay disguise, 95
And bids the hag in native horror rise;
Strikes tow'ring Pride and lawless Rapine dead,
And plants the wreath on Virtue's awful head.

Nor boasts the Muse a vain imagin'd pow'r,
Tho' oft she mourn those ills she cannot cure. 100
The worthy court her, and the worthless fear;
Who shun her piercing eye, that eye revere.
Her awful voice the vain and vile obey,
And ev'ry foe to Wisdom feels her sway.
Smarts, pedants, as she smiles, no more are vain; 105
Desponding fops resign the *clouded cane*:

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 80. To man a coward, &c.]

*Vois tu ce libertin en public intrepide,
Qui preche contre un Dieu que dans son ame il croit ?
Il iroit embrasser la verité, qu'il voit ;
Mais de ses faux amis il craint la raillerie,
Et ne brave ainsi Dieu que par poltronnerie.*

BOILEAU, ep. 3.

6 E S S A Y O N S A T I R E. Part I.

Hush'd at her voice, pert Folly's self is still,
 And Dulness wonders while she drops her quill.
 Like the arm'd BEE, with art most subtly true,
 From pois'nous vice she draws a healing dew: 110
 Weak are the ties that civil arts can find,
 To quell the ferment of the tainted mind:

Cunning evades, securely wrapt in wiles;
 And Force strong sinew'd rends th' unequal toils:
 The stream of Vice impetuous drives along, 115
 Too deep for Policy, for Pow'r too strong.

Ev'n fair Religion, native of the skies,
 Scorn'd by the croud, seeks refuge with the wise;
 The croud with laughter spurns her awful train,
 And Mercy courts, and Justice frowns in vain. 120

But SATIRE's shaft can pierce the harden'd breast:
 She plays a *ruling passion* on the rest:
 Undaunted storms the batt'ry of his pride,
 And awes the *brave* that earth and heav'n defy'd.
 When fell Corruption, by her vassals crown'd, 125
 Derides fall'n Justice prostrate on the ground;

Swift to redress an injur'd people's groan,
 Bold SATIRE shakes the tyrant on her throne;
 Pow'rful as death, defies the sordid train,
 And slaves and sycophants surround in vain. 130

But with the friends of Vice, the foes of SATIRE,
 All truth is spleen; all just reproof, ill-nature.

Well may they dread the Muse's fatal skill;
 Well may they tremble when she draws her quill:
 Her magic quill, that, like ITHURIEL's spear, 135
 Reveals the cloven hoof, or lengthen'd ear:

Bids Vice and Folly take their nat'ral shapes,
 Turns duchesses to strumpets, beaux to apes;
 Drags the vile whisp'rer from his dark abode,
 Till all the daemon starts up from the toad. 140

O sordid maxim, form'd to screen the vile,
 That true good-nature still must wear a smile!

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 110. *From pois'nous vice, &c.*] alluding to these lines of Mr Pope;

In the nice bee, what art so subtly true,
 From pois'nous herbs extracts a healing dew?

In

Part II. ESSAY ON SATIRE. 7

In frowns array'd her beauties stronger rise,
 When love of Virtue wakes her scorn of Vice :
 Where Justice calls, 'tis cruelty to save ; 145
 And 'tis the law's good-nature hangs the knave.
 Who combats Virtue's foe is Virtue's friend ;
 Then judge of SATIRE's merit by her end :
 To guilt alone her vengeance stands confin'd,
 The object of her love is all mankind. 150
 Scarce more the friend of man, the wise must own,
 Ev'n ALLEN's bounteous hand, than SATIRE's frown :
 This to chastise, 'as that to bless, was giv'n ;
 Alike the faithful ministers of heav'n.
 Oft in unfeeling hearts the shaft is spent : 155
 Tho' strong th' example, weak the punishment.
 They least are paid, who merit satire most ;
 Folly the laureat's, vice was *Chartres'* boast :
 Then where's the wrong, to gibbet high the name
 Of fools and knaves already dead to shame ? 160
 Oft SATIRE acts the faithful surgeon's part ;
 Gen'rous and kind, tho' painful is her art :
 With caution bold, she only strikes to heal ;
 Tho' folly raves to break the friendly steel.
 Then sure no fault impartial SATIRE knows, 165
 Kind ev'n in vengeance, kind to Virtue's foes,
 Whose is the crime, the scandal too be theirs :
 The knave and fool are their own libellers.

P A R T II.

D *Are* nobly then : but conscious of your trust,
 As ever warm and bold be ever just : 170
 Nor court applause in these degen'rate days :
 The villain's censure is extorted praise.
 But chief, be steady in a noble end,
 And shew mankind that truth has yet a friend.
 'Tis mean for empty praise of wit to write, 175
 As foplings grin to show their teeth are white :
 To brand a doubtful folly with a smile,
 Or madly blaze unknown defects, is vile :
 'Tis doubly vile, when, but to prove your art,
 You fix an arrow in a blameless heart. 180
 O

8 ESSAY ON SATIRE. Part II.

O lost to honour's voice, O doom'd to shame,
 Thou fiend accurs'd, thou murderer of fame!
 Fell ravisher, from innocence to tear
 That name, than liberty, than life more dear!
 Where shall thy baseness meet its just return, 185
 Or what repay thy guilt, but endless scorn?
 And know, immortal Truth shall mock thy toil:
 Immortal Truth shall bid the shaft recoil;
 With rage retorted, wing the deadly dart;
 And empty all its poison in thy heart. 190
 With caution next, the dang'rous pow'r apply;
 An eagle's talon asks an eagle's eye:
 Let SATIRE then her proper object know,
 And ere she strike, be sure she strike a foe.
 Nor fondly deem the real fool confess, 195
 Because blind *Ridicule* conceives a jest:
 Before whose altar Virtue oft hath bled,
 And oft a destin'd victim shall be led:
 Lo, *Shaftsb'ry* rears her high on Reason's throne,
 And loads the slave with honours not her own: 200
 Big swoln with folly, as her smiles provoke,
 Profaneness spawns, pert dunces nurse the joke!
 Come, let us join a while this titt'ring crew,
 And own the *idiot guide* for once is true;
 Deride our weak forefathers musty rule, 205
 Who *therefore* smil'd, *because* they saw a fool;
 Sublimier logic now adorns our isle,
 We *therefore* see a fool, *because* we smile.
 Truth in her gloomy cave why fondly seek?
 Lo, gay she sits in Laughter's dimpled cheek: 210
 Contemns each surly academic foe,
 And courts the spruce freethinker and the beau.
Dædalian arguments but few can trace,
 But all can read the language of grimace.
 Hence mighty *Ridicule*'s all-conqu'ring hand 215
 Shall work *Herculean* wonders thro' the land:
 Bound in the magic of her cobweb chain,
 You, mighty *WARBURTON*, shall rage in vain,
 In vain the trackless maze of truth you scan,
 And lend th' informing clue to erring man: 220
No

Part II. ESSAY ON SATIRE. 9

No more shall Reason boast her pow'r divine,
Her base eternal shook by Folly's mine!
Truth's sacred fort th' exploded laugh shall win;
And coxcombs vanquish BERKLEY by a grin.

But you, more sage, reject th' inverted rule, 225
That truth is e'er explor'd by ridicule:

On Truth, on Falsehood let her colours fall,
She throws a dazzling glare alike on all;
As the gay prism but mocks the flatter'd eye,
And gives to ev'ry object ev'ry dye. 230

Beware the mad advent'rer: bold and blind
She hoists her sail, and drives with ev'ry wind;
Deaf as the storm to sinking Virtue's groan,
Nor heeds a friend's destruction, or her own.

Let clear-ey'd Reason at the helm preside, 235
Bear to the wind, or stem the furious tide;
Then Mirth may urge, when Reason can explore,
This point the way, *that* waft us glad to shore.

Tho' distant times may rise in SATIRE's page,
Yet chief 'tis hers to draw the *present* age: 240

With Wisdom's lustre, Folly's shade contrast,
And judge the reigning manners by the past:
Bid *Britain's* heroes (awful shades!) arise,
And ancient honour beam on modern vice:

Point back to minds ingenuous actions fair, 245
Till the sons blush at what their fathers were:

Ere yet 'twas beggary the great to trust;
Ere yet 'was quite a folly to be just;
When *low-born* sharpers only dar'd a lie,
Or falsify'd the card, or cogg'd the dye; 250

Ere Lewdness the stain'd garb of Honour wore,
Or Chastity was carted for the whore;
Vice flutter'd, in the plumes of Freedom dress'd;
Or public spirit was the public jest.

Be ever, in a just expression, bold, 255
Yet ne'er degrade fair SATIRE to a scold:

Let no unworthy mien her form debase,
But let her smile, and let her frown with grace:
In mirth be temp'rate, temp'rate in her spleen;
Nor, while she preaches modesty, obscene. 260

Deep

10 E S S A Y O N S A T I R E. Part II.

Deep let her wound, not rankle to a sore,
Nor call his Lordship —, her Grace a — :
The Muse's charms resistless then assail,
When wrapt in *Irony's* transparent veil :
Her beauties half-conceal'd the more surprise, 265
And keener lustre sparkles in her eyes.

Then be your line with sharp encomiums grac'd :
Style *Clodius* honourable, *Bufa* chaste.

Dart not on Folly an indignant eye :
Who e'er discharg'd artillery on a fly ? 270
Deride not Vice : absurd the thought and vain,
To bind the tiger in so weak a chain.

Nay more : when flagrant crimes your laughter move,
The knave exults : to smile is to approve.
The Muse's labour then success shall crown, 275
When Folly feels her smile, and Vice her frown.

Know next what measures to each theme belong,
And suit your thoughts and numbers to your song :
On wing proportion'd to your quarry rise,
And stoop to earth, or soar among the skies. 280
Thus when a modish folly you rehearse,
Free the expression, simple be the verse.

In artless numbers paint th' ambitious peer,
That mounts the box, and shines a charioteer :
In strains familiar sing the midnight-toil 285
Of camps and senates disciplin'd by *Hoyle* ;
Patriots and chiefs, whose deep design invades
And carries off the captive king — of *Spades* !
Let SATIRE here in milder vigour shine,
And gaily graceful sport along the line ; 290
Bid courtly fashion quit her thin pretence,
And smile each affectation into sense.

Not so when Virtue by her guards betray'd,
Spurn'd from her throne, implores the Muse's aid :
When crimes, which erst in kindred darkness lay, 295
Rise frontless, and insult the eye of day ;
Indignant *Hymen* veils his hallow'd fires,
And white-rob'd Chastity with tears retires ;
When rank Adultery on the genial bed
Hot from *Cocytus* rears her baleful head : 300

When

Part II. ESSAY ON SATIRE. 11

When private faith and public trust are sold,
 And traitors barter liberty for gold:
 When fell Corruption dark and deep, like fate,
 Saps the foundation of a sinking state:
 When Giant-Vice and Irreligion rise, 305
 On mountain'd falsehoods to invade the skies:
 Then warmer numbers glow thro' SATIRE's page,
 And all her smiles are darken'd into rage:
 On eagle-wing she gains *Parnassus*' height,
 Not lofty EPIC soars a nobler flight: 310
 Then keener indignation fires her eye;
 Then flash her lightnings, and her thunders fly;
 Wide and more wide her flaming bolts are hurl'd,
 Till all her wrath involves the guilty world.

Yet SATIRE oft assumes a gentler mien, 315
 And beams on Virtue's friends a smile serene:
 She wounds reluctant; pours her balm with joy;
 Glad to commend where worth attracts her eye.
 But chief, when *virtue, learning, arts* decline,
 She joys to see *unconquer'd* merit shine; 320
 Where bursting glorious, with departing ray,
 True genius gilds the close of Britain's day:
 With joy she sees the stream of Roman art
 From MURRAY's tongue flow purer to the heart:
 Sees YORKE to fame, ere yet to manhood known,
 And just to ev'ry virtue, but his own: 326
 Hears unstain'd CAM with gen'rous pride proclaim
 A SAGE's, CRITIC's, and a POET's name:
 Beholds, where WIDCOMBE's happy hills ascend,
 Each orphan'd art and virtue find a friend: 330
 To HAGLEY's honour'd shade directs her view;
 And culls each flow'r, to form a wreath for you.

But tread with cautious step this dang'rous ground,
 Beset with faithless precipices round:
 Truth be your guide: disdain Ambition's call; 335
 And if you fall with Truth, you greatly fall.
 'Tis Virtue's *native lustre* that must *shine*;
 The Poet can but *set it* in his line:
 And who unmov'd with laughter can behold
 A *sordid pebble* meanly grac'd with gold? 340

Let

12 ESSAY ON SATIRE. Part III.

Let *real* merit then adorn your lays,
For shame attends on prostituted praise :
And all your wit, your most distinguish'd art
But makes us grieve you want an honest heart.

Nor think the Muse by SATIRE's law confin'd :
She yields description of the noblest kind. 346

Inferiour art the landscape may design,
And paint the purple ev'ning in the line :
Her daring thought essays a higher plan ;
Her hand delineates passion, pictures man. 350

And great the toil, the latent soul to trace,
To paint the heart, and catch internal grace ;
By turns bid Vice or Virtue strike our eyes,
Now bid a *Wolsey* or a *Cromwell* rise ;

Now with a touch more sacred and refin'd, 355

Call forth a CHESTERFIELD's or LONSDALE's mind,
Here sweet or strong may ev'ry colour flow :

Here let the pencil warm, the canvas glow :

Of light and shade provoke the noble strife,

And wake each striking feature into life. 360

P A R T III.

THro' ages thus has SATIRE keenly shin'd,
The friend to truth, to virtue, and mankind :

Yet the bright flame from Virtue ne'er had sprung,

And man was guilty ere the poet sung.

This Muse in silence joy'd each better age, 365

Till glowing crimes had wak'd her into rage.

Truth saw her honest spleen with new delight,

And bade her wing her shafts, and urge their flight.

First on the sons of *Greece* she prov'd her art,

And *Sparta* felt the fierce IAMBIC dart *. 370

To LATIUM next, avenging SATIRE flew :

The flaming faulchion rough LUCILIUS † drew ;

NOTES.

* *Archilochum proprio rabies armavit Iambo.*

HOR.

† *Ense velut stricto quoties Lucilius ardens*

Infremuit, rubet auditor cui frigida mens est

Criminibus, tacita sudant præcordia culpa:

Juv. sat. i.

With

Part III. ESSAY ON SATIRE. 113

With dauntless warmth in Virtue's cause engag'd,
And conscious villains trembled as he rag'd.

Then sportive HORACE * caught the gen'rous
fire;

For SATIRE's bow resign'd the sounding lyre: 375

Each arrow polish'd in his hand was seen,

And, as it grew more polish'd, grew more keen.

His art, conceal'd in study'd negligence,

Politely fly, cajol'd the foes of sense: 380

He seem'd to sport and trifle with the dart,

But while he sported, drove it to the heart.

In graver strains majestic PERSIUS wrote,

Big with a ripe exuberance of thought:

Greatly sedate, condemn'd a tyrant's reign, 385

And lash'd corruption with a calm disdain.

More ardent eloquence, and boundless rage,

Inflame bold JUVENAL's exalted page,

His mighty numbers aw'd corrupted Rome,

And swept audacious Greatness to its doom; 390

The headlong torrent thund'ring from on high,

Rent the proud rock that lately brav'd the sky.

But lo! the fatal victor of mankind,

Swoln *Luxury*! — pale *Ruin* stalks behind!

As countless insects from the north-east pour, 395

To blast the spring, and ravage ev'ry flow'r:

So barb'rous millions spread contagious death:

The sick'ning laurel wither'd at their breath.

Deep Superstition's night the skies o'erhung,

Beneath whose baleful dews the poppy sprung. 400

No longer Genius woo'd the Nine to love,

But Dulness nodded in the Muse's grove:

Wit, spirit, freedom, were the sole offence,

Nor aught was held so dangerous as sense.

At length, again fair Science shot her ray, 405

Dawn'd in the skies, and spoke returning day.

NOTES.

* Omne vaser vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
Tangit, et admissus circum præcordia ludit,
Callidus excusso populum suspendere naso.

Perf. sat. i.

14 ESSAY ON SATIRE. Part III.

Now, SATIRE, triumph o'er thy flying foe,
 Now load thy quiver, string thy slacken'd bow!
 'Tis done—See great ERASMUS breaks the spell,
 And wounds triumphant Folly in her cell! 410
 (In vain the solemn cowl surrounds her face,
 Vain all her bigot cant, her four grimace),
 With shame compell'd her leaden throne to quit,
 And own the force of Reason urg'd by Wit.

'Twas then plain DONNE in honest vengeance
 rose, 415

His wit harmonious, tho' his rhyme was prose:
 He 'midst an age of puns and pedants wrote
 With genuine sense, and *Roman* strength of thought.

Yet scarce had SATIRE well relum'd her flame,
 (With grief the Muse records her country's shame),
 Ere *Britain* saw the foul revolt commence, 421
 And treach'rous Wit began her war with Sense.

Then rose a shameless mercenary train,
 Whom latest time shall view with just disdain:
 A race fantastic, in whose gaudy line 425

Untutor'd thought, and tinsel beauty shine;
 Wit's shatter'd mirrour lies in fragments bright,
 Reflects not nature, but confounds the sight.

Dry morals the court-poet blush'd to sing:
 'Twas all his praise to say, "*the oddest thing.*" 430
 Proud for a jest obscene, a patron's nod,
 To martyr Virtue, or blaspheme his God.

Ill-fated DRYDEN! who unmov'd can see
 Th' extremes of wit and meanness join'd in thee!
 Flames that could mount, and gain their kindred
 skies, 435

Low-creeping in the putrid sink of vice:
 A Muse whom wisdom woo'd, but woo'd in vain,
 The pimp of pow'r, the prostitute to gain:
 Wreaths, that should deck fair Virtue's form alone,
 To strumpets, traitors, tyrants, vilely thrown: 440
 Unrival'd parts, the scorn of honest fame;
 And genius rise, a monument of shame!

More happy *France*: immortal BOILEAU there
 Supported genius with a sage's care:

Him

Him with her love propitious SATIRE blest, 445
 And breath'd her airs divine into his breast:
 Fancy and sense to form his line conspire,
 And faultless judgment guides the purest fire.

But see, at length, the *British* genius smile,
 And show'r her bounties o'er her favour'd isle: 450
 Behold for POPE the twines the laurel crown,
 And centers ev'ry poet's pow'r in one:

Each *Roman's* force adorns his various page;
 Gay smiles, collected strength, and manly rage.
 Despairing Guilt and Dulness loath the sight, 455
 As spectres vanish at approaching light:

In this clear mirror with delight we view
 Each image justly fine, and boldly true:
 Here Vice, dragg'd forth by Truth's supreme decree,
 Beholds and hates her own deformity: 460

While self-seen Virtue in the faithful line
 With modest joy surveys her form divine.
 But oh, what thoughts, what numbers shall I find,
 But faintly to express the poet's mind!

Who yonder star's effulgence can display, 465
 Unless he dip his pencil in the ray?

Who paint a God, unless the God inspire?
 What catch the lightning, but the speed of fire?
 So, mighty POPE, to make thy genius known,
 All pow'r is weak, all numbers—but thy own. 470

Each Muse for thee with kind contention strove,
 For thee the graces left th' *Idalian* grove;
 With watchful fondness o'er thy cradle hung,
 Attun'd thy voice, and form'd thy infant tongue.

Next, to her bard majestic Wisdom came; 475
 The bard enraptur'd caught the heav'nly flame:
 With taste superiour scorn'd the venal tribe,
 Whom Fear can sway, or guilty Greatness bribe;

At Fancy's call who rear the wanton sail,
 Sport with the stream, and trifle in the gale: 480
 Sublimar views thy daring spirit bound;
 Thy mighty voyage was creation's round;

Intent new worlds of wisdom to explore,
 And bless mankind with Virtue's sacred store;

A nobler joy than Wit can give, impart; 485
And pour a moral transport o'er the heart.

Fantastic wit shoots momentary fires;
And, like a meteor, while we gaze, expires:
Wit kindled by the sulph'rous breath of Vice,
Like the blue lightning, while it shines, destroys:
But Genius, fir'd by Truth's eternal ray, 491
Burns clear and constant, like the source of day:

Like this, its beam prolific and refin'd,
Feeds, warms, inspirits, and exalts the mind;
Mildly dispels each wintry passion's gloom, 495
And opens all the virtues into bloom.

This praise, immortal POPE, to thee be giv'n:
Thy genius was indeed a *gift* from Heav'n.
Hail, bard unequal'd, in whose deathless line
Reason and Wit with strength collected shine; 500
Where matchless Wit but wins the second praise,
Lost, nobly lost, in Truth's superiour blaze.
Did FRIENDSHIP e'er mislead thy wand'ring Muse?
That FRIENDSHIP sure may plead the *great* ex-
cuse:

That sacred Friendship which inspir'd thy song, 505
Fair in defect, and *amiably* wrong.

Errorr like this ev'n Truth can scarce reprove;
'Tis almost virtue when it flows from love.

Ye deathless names, ye sons of endless praise,
By virtue crown'd with never-fading bays! 510

Say, shall an artless Muse, if you inspire,
Light her pale lamp at your immortal fire?

Or if, O WARBURTON, inspir'd by you,
'The daring Muse a nobler path pursue,

By you inspir'd, on trembling pinion soar, 515
The sacred founts of social bliss explore,

In her bold numbers chain the tyrant's rage,
And bid *her country's glory* fire her page:

If such her fate, do thou, fair *Truth*, descend,
And watchful guard her in an honest end: 520

Kindly severe, instruct her equal line
To court no friend, nor own a foe but *thine*.

But

Part III. ESSAY ON SATIRE. 17

But if her giddy eye should vainly quit
Thy sacred paths, to run the maze of wit;
If her apostate heart should e'er incline
To offer incense at Corruption's shrine;
Urge, urge thy pow'r, the black attempt con-
found,
And dash the smoking censer to the ground.
Thus aw'd to fear, instructed bards may see,
That Guilt is doom'd to sink in infamy.

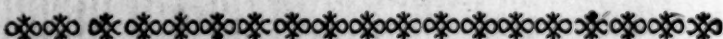
B 3

AN

A N
 ESSAY ON MAN.
 I N
 FOUR EPISTLES,
 T O

HENRY ST JOHN, Lord BOLINGBROKE.

Written in the year 1732.



RECOMMENDATORY POEMS.

To the Author of the Essay on Man.

WHEN Love's * great goddess, anxious for
 her son,
 Beheld him wand'ring on a coast unknown,
 A huntress in the wood she feign'd to stray,
 To cheer his drooping mind, and point his way.
 But Venus' charms no borrow'd form could hide; 5
 He knew, and worshipp'd his *celestial guide*.

Thus vainly, POPE, unseen you would dispense
 Your glorious system of benevolence;
 And heav'nly-taught, explain the angel's song,
 That praise to God, and peace to men belong. 10
 Conceal'd in vain, the bard divine we know,
 From whence such truths could spring, such lines
 could flow.

Applause, which justly so much worth pursues,
 You only can *deserve*, or could *refuse*. C.

* *Æneid* 1.

To the concealed Author of the Essay on Man.

YES, friend! thou art conceal'd. Conceal'd?
but how?

Ever the brightest, more refulgent now,
By thy own lustre hid! each nervous line,
Each melting verse, each syllable, is thine.
But such philosophy, such reason strong, 5
Has never yet adorn'd thy loftiest song.

Dost thou, satiric, vice and folly brand,
Intent to purge the town, the court, the land?
Is thy design to make men good and wise,
Exposing the deformity of vice? 10

Dost thou thy wit at once and courage show,
Strike hard, and bravely vindicate the blow?
Dost thou delineate God, or trace out man,
The vast immensity, or mortal span?

Thy hand is known; nor needs thy work a name, 15
The poem loudly must the pen proclaim.

I see my friend! O sacred poet hail!

The brightness of thy face defeats the veil.

Write thou, and let the world the writing view,
The world will know, and will pronounce it you. 20
Dark in thy grove, or in thy closet sit,
We see thy wisdom, harmony, and wit;
Forth breaks the blaze astonishing our sight,
Enshrin'd in clouds, we see, we see thee write.

So the sweet warbler of the spring, alone, 25
Sings darkling, but unseen her note is known;
And so the lark, inhabiting the skies,
Thrills unconceal'd, though wrapt from mortal eyes.

J. R.

To the Author of the Essay on Man.

AS when some student first with curious eye,
Through Nature's wondrous frame attempts
to pry;

His doubtful reason seeming faults surprise,
He asks if this be just, if that be wise?

Storms,

20 RECOMMENDATORY POEMS.

Storms, tempests, earthquakes, virtue in distress, 5
And vice unpunish'd, with strange thoughts oppress.
Till thinking on, unclouded by degrees,
His mind he opens, fair is all he sees:

Storms, tempests, earthquakes, virtue's ragged plight,
And vice's triumph, all are just and right: 10
Beauty is found, and order, and design,
And the whole scheme acknowledg'd all divine.

So when at first I view'd thy wondrous plan,
Leading through all the winding maze of man;
Bewilder'd, weak, unable to pursue, 15
My pride would fain have laid the fault on you.
This false, that ill express'd, this thought not good;
And all was wrong which I misunderstood.

But reading more attentive, soon I found
The diction nervous, and the doctrine sound; 20
Saw man, a part of that stupendous whole,

"Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;"
Saw in the scale of things his middle state,
And all his pow'rs adapted just to that;
Saw reason, passion, weakness, how of use, 25
How all to good, to happiness conduce;
Saw my own weakness, thy superiour pow'r,
And still the more I read, admire the more.

R. D.

To Mr POPE.

By a Lady.

FATHER of verse! indulge an artless muse,
Just to the warmth thy envy'd lays infuse.
Rais'd by the soul that breathes in ev'ry line,
(My Phœbus thou, thy awful works my shrine!),
Grateful I bow, thy mighty genius own, 5
And hail thee, seated on thy natal throne.

Stung by thy fame, though aided by thy light,
See bards till now unknown, essay to write:
Rous'd by thy heat, unnumber'd swarms arise,
As insects live beneath autumnal skies: 10

While

While Envy pines with unappeas'd desire,
And each mean breast betrays th' invidious fire.

Yet thou, great leader of the sacred train,
(Whose Parthian shaft ne'er took its flight in vain),
Go on, like Juvenal, arraign the age, 15
Let wholesome satire loose through ev'ry page,
Born for the task, whom no mean views inflame,
Who lance to cure, and scourge but to reclaim.

Yet not on satire all your hours bestow;
Oft from your lyre let gentler numbers flow; 20
Such strains as breath'd thro' Windsor's lov'd retreats,
"And call'd the muses to their ancient seats."

Thy manly force, and genius unconfin'd,
Shall mould to future fame the growing mind;
To ripen'd souls more solid aids impart, 25
And while you touch the sense, correct the heart:
Yet though o'er all you shed diffusive light,
Base minds will envy still, and scribblers write.

Thus the imperial source of genial heat
Gilds the aspiring dome, and mean retreat; 30
Bids gems a semblance of himself unfold,
And warms the purer ductile ore to gold:
Yet the same heat assists each reptile birth,
And draws infectious vapours from the earth.

An ODE to the Earl of CHESTERFIELD.

In allusion to HORACE.

Pindarum quisquis, &c.

FOR me how vain to urge my vent'rous flight,
Where only POPE's strong pinion can aspire?
Horace, great source of true poetic light,
Would melt my waxen wings before his fire.

As Thames' clear stream thro' flow'ry margins flows,
At first the humbler treasure of the plain, 6
Till with each spring the swelling current grows,
And rolls his pow'r and commerce o'er the main:

So

22 RECOMMENDATORY POEMS.

So soft descending from the Muses' hill,
POPE's spreading genius passes ev'ry bound, 10
Big with experience, knowledge, taste, and skill,
And flows uncheck'd o'er all poetic ground.

Fresh wreaths on ev'ry side await his head,
Whether in Fancy's * wilds he youthful stray,
In Humour's † frolic round new measures tread, 15
Or boldly follow Pindar's ‡ pathless way.

Religious he maintains the Muse's trust;
Pure in his breast he guards the sacred fire;
To his progressive genius strictly just,
Its use dilating as its pow'rs aspire. 20

Whether from antique rust with pious toil
He polish Britain's ancient poets || praise;
Or planting careful in his better soil,
Preserve more green the Greek and Roman bays +.

Whether the nobler monument ++ he frame 25
To those whom virtues, arts, or arms adorn;
Or snatch from envy =, or the grave, their fame,
Whom pride oppresses, or the virtuous mourn;

Till (as of old, some heav'n-instructed bard)
To man ** he pleads in truth and wisdom's cause;
Chastises vice, deals virtue her reward, 31
Supports the pulpit, and supplies the laws.

High on the swelling gale of constant praise,
We see this *Swan* of Thames sublimely rise,
Ev'n Envy's †† breath but serves his flight to raise,
And lift his spotless plumage to the skies. 36

While on the humble banks, far, far below,
Unmark'd, my tuneless reed I painful try;
Like the small bee, with toil collecting slow
The faint perfume which lowly shrubs supply. 40

* Pastorals, and Windsor-forest. † Rape of the lock.
‡ Odes. || Chaucer and Donne. + Homer, Horace, Ovid.
++ Epitaphs. = Epistles. ** Essay on man. †† Dunciad.

To move our absent PRINCE *, (the realm's desire),
 Then let his skill compose th' attractive song;
 Or you, my LORD, may boldly strike the lyre,
 You, to whose call the willing Muses throng.

Persuasion decks your words with ev'ry art, 45
 To lead the social band in sportive wit;
 To guide the judgment, and to warm the heart,
 While senates held in rapt'rous silence sit.

Or (though each bard in rev'rence mute should wait)
 A joyful people his return shall greet, 50
 The busy hall shall cease from loud debate,
 Contending parties bow at GEORGE's feet.

Applauding senates shall record his fame,
 And hail the arbiter of Europe home;
 Him haughty Gallia's dread they shall proclaim; 55
 From him the Turk and Tartar wait their doom.

Fate never gave a king so great before;
 A king so good no nation shall behold;
 For him the grateful realm shall Heav'n adore,
 For him, whose reign revives the age of gold. 60

To peaceful congress when his arts have led
 Europe's contending lords, inur'd to war,
 The sacred olive wreath shall grace his head,
 That wreath, so often purchas'd by his care.

My voice unheard would join the gen'ral praise, 65
 When well plac'd eloquence exhausts the theme;
 When mitred lords their hands to Heav'n shall raise,
 And give God thanks with piety extreme.

With loyal luxury to croud the board,
 Artists shall vie, th' eternal feast succeed; 70
 Woods, lakes, and seas, their plenty shall afford,
 And slaughter'd hecatombs profusely bleed.

But far from kings and courts, my humbler fate
 Blesses with health and peace my homely fare,
 Where my calm wishes frame no schemes of state, 75
 But still for BRITAIN's welfare form the pray'r.

* This ode was written when his Majesty was expected from Hanover, in the year 1736-7.

24 RECOMMENDATORY POEMS.

To the Author of the Essay on Man.

By Mr SOMERVILLE.

WAS ever work to such perfection wrought!
How elegant the diction! pure the thought!
Not sparingly adorn'd with scatter'd rays,
But one bright beauty, one collected blaze;
So breaks the day upon the shades of night,
Enlivening all with one unbounded light.

To humble man's proud heart thy great design,
But who can read this wondrous work divine,
So justly plann'd, and so politely writ,
And not be proud, and boast of human wit?

Yet just to thee, and to thy precepts true,
Let us know man, and give to God his due;
His image we, but mix'd with coarse alloy,
Our happiness, to love, adore, obey;
To praise him for each gracious boon bestow'd,
For this thy work, for ev'ry lesser good,
With prostrate hearts before his throne to fall,
And own the great Creator all in all.

The muse, which should instruct, now entertains,
On trifling subjects in enervate strains;
Be it thy task to set the wand'rer right,
Point out her way in her aerial flight,
Her noble mien, her honours lost restore,
And bid her deeply think, and proudly soar.
Thy theme sublime, and easy verse will prove
Her high descent, and mission from above.

Let others now translate, thy abler pen
Shall vindicate the ways of God to men,
In Virtue's cause shall gloriously prevail,
When the bench frowns in vain, and pulpits fail.
Made wise by thee, whose happy style conveys
The purest morals in the softest lays,
As angels once, so now we mortals bold
Shall climb the ladder Jacob view'd of old;
Thy kind reforming Muse shall lead the way,
To the bright regions of eternal day.

The

The DESIGN.

HAVING proposed to write some pieces on human life and manners, such as (to use my Lord Bacon's expression) *come home to mens business and bosoms*, I thought it more satisfactory to begin with considering *Man* in the abstract, his *nature* and his *state*; since, to prove any moral duty, to enforce any moral precept, or to examine the perfection or imperfection of any creature whatsoever, it is necessary first to know what *condition* and *relation* it is placed in, and what is the proper *end* and *purpose* of its *being*.

The science of human nature is, like all other sciences, reduced to a *few clear points*. There are not *many certain truths* in this world. It is therefore in the anatomy of the mind as in that of the body; more good will accrue to mankind by attending to the large, open, and perceptible parts, than by studying too much such finer nerves and vessels, the conformations and uses of which will for ever escape our observation. The *disputes* are all upon these last; and, I will venture to say, they have less sharpened the *wits* than the *hearts* of men against each other, and have diminished the practice, more than advanced the theory of morality. If I could flatter myself that this essay has any merit, it is in steering betwixt the extremes of doctrines seemingly opposite, in passing over terms utterly unintelligible, and in forming a *temperate* yet not *inconsistent*, and a *short* yet not *imperfect* system of ethics.

This I might have done in prose: but I chose verse, and even rhyme; for two reasons. The one will appear obvious; that principles, maxims, or precepts, so written, both strike the reader more strongly at first, and are more easily retained by him afterwards. The other may seem odd, but is true: I found I could express them more *shortly* this way than in prose itself; and nothing is more certain,

than that much of the *force* as well as *grace* of arguments or instructions, depends on their *conciseness*. I was unable to treat this part of my subject more in *detail*, without becoming dry and tedious; or more *poetically*, without sacrificing perspicuity to ornament, without wandering from the precision, or breaking the chain of reasoning. If any man can unite all these without diminution of any of them, I freely confess he will compass a thing above my capacity.

What is now published, is only to be considered as a *general map of MAN*, marking out no more than the *greater parts*, their *extent*, their *limits*, and their *connection*; but leaving the particular to be more fully delineated in the charts which are to follow. Consequently these epistles, in their progress, (if I have health and leisure to make any progress), will be less dry, and more susceptible of poetical ornament. I am here only opening the *fountains*, and clearing the passage. To deduce the *rivers*, to follow them in their course, and to observe their effects, may be a task more agreeable.

An

AN ESSAY on MAN.

ARGUMENT of EPISTLE I.

*Of the nature and state of Man with respect to the
UNIVERSE.*

Of Man in the abstract.—I. That we can judge only with regard to our own system, being ignorant of the relations of systems and things, ver. 17. &c. II. That Man is not to be deemed imperfect, but a being suited to his place and rank in the creation, agreeable to the general order of things, and conformable to ends and relations to him unknown, ver. 35. &c. III. That it is partly upon his ignorance of future events, and partly upon the hope of a future state, that all his happiness in the present depends, ver. 77. &c. IV. The pride of aiming at more knowledge, and pretending to more perfection, the cause of man's error and misery. The impiety of putting himself in the place of God, and judging of the fitness or unfitness, perfection or imperfection, justice or injustice of his dispensations, ver. 113. &c. V. The absurdity of conceiving himself the final cause of the creation, or expecting that perfection in the moral world, which is not in the natural, ver. 131. &c. VI. The unreasonableness of his complaints against Providence, while on the one hand he demands the perfections of the angels, and on the other the bodily qualifications of the brutes; though, to possess any of the sensitive faculties in a higher degree, would render him miserable, ver. 173. &c. VII. That throughout the whole visible world, an universal order and gradation in the sensual and mental faculties is observed, which causes a subor-

dination of creature to creature, and of all creatures to Man. The gradations of sense, instinct, thought, reflection, reason; that Reason alone counter-vails all the other faculties, ver. 207. VIII. How much farther this order and subordination of living creatures may extend, above and below us; were any part of which broken, not that part only, but the whole connected creation, must be destroyed, ver. 233. IX. The extravagance, madness, and pride of such a desire, ver. 259. X. The consequence of all, the absolute submission due to Providence, both as to our present and future state, ver. 281. &c. to the end.

EPISTLE

E P I S T L E I.

A Wake, my ST JOHN ! leave all meaner things
 To low ambition, and the pride of kings.
 Let us (since life can little more supply
 Than just to look about us, and to die)
 Expatiate free o'er all this scene of Man ; 5
 A mighty maze ! but not without a plan ;
 A wild, where weeds and flow'rs promiscuous shoot ;
 Or garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.
 Together let us beat this ample field,
 Try what the open, what the covert yield ; 10
 The latent tracts, the giddy heights, explore,
 Of all who blindly creep, or sightless soar ;
 Eye Nature's walks, shoot Folly as it flies,
 And catch the manners living as they rise ;
 Laugh where we must, be candid where we can ; 15
 But vindicate the ways of God to Man.

I. Say first, of God above, or Man below,
 What can we reason, but from what we know ?
 Of Man, what see we but his station here,
 From which to reason, or to which refer ? 20
 Thro' worlds unnumber'd tho' the God be known,
 'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.
 He who through vast immensity can pierce,
 See worlds on worlds compose one universe,
 Observe how system into system runs, 25
 What other planets circle other suns,
 What vary'd being peoples ev'ry star,
 May tell why Heav'n has made us as we are.
 But of this frame, the bearings, and the ties,
 The strong connections, nice dependencies, 30
 Gradations just, has thy pervading soul
 Look'd through ? or can a part contain the whole ?

NOTES.

Ver. 21. Thro' worlds unnumber'd, &c.] Hunc cognoscimus so-
 lummodo per proprietates suas et attributa, et per sapientissimas et opti-
 mas rerum structuras et causas finales. Newtoni princ. schol. gen.
 sub fin.

Is the great chain that draws all to agree,
And drawn supports, upheld by God, or thee?

II. Presumptuous Man! the reason wouldst thou
find,

Why form'd so weak, so little, and so blind? 35

First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess,

Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less?

Ask of thy mother Earth, why oaks are made
Taller or stronger than the weeds they shade? 40

Or ask of yonder argent fields above,
Why Jove's satellites are less than Jove?

Of systems possible, if 'tis confess'd,
That wisdom infinite must form the best,
Where all must full or not coherent be, 45

And all that rises, rise in due degree;

Then, in the scale of reas'ning life, 'tis plain,

There must be, somewhere, such a rank as Man:

And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)
Is only this, if God has plac'd him wrong? 50

Respecting Man, whatever wrong we call,

May, must be right, as relative to all.

In human works, though labour'd on with pain,

A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain:

In God's, one single can its end produce; 55

Yet serves to second too some other use.

So Man, who here seems principal alone,

Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,

Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal;

'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole. 60

When the proud steed shall know why Man re-
strains

His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains;

When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,

Is now a victim, and now Egypt's god:

Then shall Man's pride and dulness comprehend 65

His actions', passions', being's use and end;

VARIATIONS.

In the former editions, ver. 64.

Now wears a garland, an Egyptian god.

Why

Why doing, suff'ring, check'd, impell'd; and why
This hour a slave, the next a deity.

Then say not Man's imperfect, Heav'n in fault;
Say rather, Man's as perfect as he ought: 70
His knowledge measur'd to his state and place;
His time a moment, and a point his space.

If to be perfect in a certain sphere,
What matter, soon or late, or here or there?
The blest'd to-day is as completely so, 75
As who began a thousand years ago. [Fate,

III. Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of
All but the page prescrib'd, their present state:

From brutes what men, from men what spirits know:
Or who could suffer being here below? 80

The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flow'ry food,
And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.
Oh blindness to the future! kindly giv'n, 85

'That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heav'n:
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world. 90

Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soar;
Wait the great teacher Death; and God adore.
What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 68. the following lines in the first edition.

If to be perfect in a certain sphere,
What matters soon or late, or here or there?
The blest'd to-day is as completely so,
As who began ten thousand years ago.

After ver. 88. in the MS.

No great, no little; 'tis as much decreed,
That Virgil's gnat should die as Cæsar bleed.

Ver. 93. in the the first folio and quarto,
What bliss *above*, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy bliss *below*.

NOTES.

Ver. 87. *Who sees with equal eye, &c.*] Matth. x. 29.

Hope

Hope springs eternal in the human breast: 95
 Man never is, but always to be blest:
 The soul uneasy, and confin'd, from home,
 Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutor'd mind
 Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind; 100
 His soul, proud Science never taught to stray
 Far as the solar walk, or milky way;
 Yet simple Nature to his hope has giv'n,
 Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heav'n;
 Some safer world in depth of woods embrac'd, 105
 Some happier island in the wat'ry waste,
 Where slaves once more their native land behold,
 No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
 To be, contents his natural desire,
 He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire; 110
 But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
 His faithful dog shall bear him company.

IV. Go, wiser thou! and, in thy scale of sense,
 Weigh thy opinion against Providence;
 Call imperfection what thou fancy'st such, 115
 Say, here he gives too little, there too much:
 Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
 Yet cry, if man's unhappy, God's unjust;
 If man alone ingrosses not Heav'n's high care,
 Alone made perfect here, immortal there: 120
 Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
 Rejudge his justice, be the God of God.

In pride, in reas'ning pride, our error lies;
 All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.

Pride

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 108. in the first edition,

But does he say the Maker is not good,
 Till he's exalted to what state he wou'd:
 Himself alone high Heav'n's peculiar care,
 Alone made happy when he will, and where?

NOTES.

Ver. 123. *In pride, &c.*] Arnobius has passed the same censure on these very follies, which he supposes to arise from the

Pride still is aiming at the blest'd abodes, 125
Men would be angels, angels would be gods.

Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,

Aspiring to be angels, men rebel :

And who but wishes to invert the laws

Of ORDER, sins against th' eternal Cause. 130

V. Ask for what end the heav'nly bodies shine,
Earth for whose use ? Pride answers, " 'Tis for mine :

" For me kind Nature wakes her genial pow'r,

" Suckles each herb, and spreads out ev'ry flow'r ;

" Annual for me, the grape, the rose renew 135

" The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew ;

" For me the mine a thousand treasures brings ;

" For me health gushes from a thousand springs ;

" Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise ;

" My footstool earth, my canopy the skies." 140

But errs not Nature from this gracious end,

From burning suns when livid deaths descend,

When earthquakes swallow, or when tempests sweep

Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep ?

" No," 'tis reply'd, " the first almighty Cause 145

" Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws ;

" Th' exceptions few ; some change since all began :

" And what created perfect ?"—Why then man ?

If the great end be human happiness,

Then Nature deviates ; and can man do less ? 150

As much that end a constant course requires

Of show'rs and sunshine, as of man's desires ;

NOTES.

cause here assigned.—*Nibil est quod nos fallat, nihil quod nobis pollicetur spes cassas, (id quod nobis a quibusdam dicitur viris immoderata sui opinione sublati), animas immortales esse, Deo, rerum ac principii, gradu proximas dignitatis, genitore illo ac patre prolatas, divinas, sapientes, doctas, neque ulla corporis attritione contiguas. Adversus Gentes.*

Ver. 150. *Then Nature deviates, &c.*] " While comets move
" in very eccentric orbs ; in all manner of positions, blind Fate
" could never make all the planets move one and the same way
" in orbs concentric ; some inconsiderable irregularities excepted,
" which may have risen from the mutual actions of comets and
" planets upon one another, and which will be apt to increase,
" till this system wants a reformation." *Sir Isaac Newton's optics, quest. ult.*

As much eternal springs, and cloudless skies,
 As men for ever temp'rate, calm, and wise.
 If plagues or earthquakes break not Heav'n's design,
 Why then a Borgia, or a Catiline? 156
 Who knows but he, whose hand the lightning forms,
 Who heaves old Ocean, and who wings the storms;
 Pours fierce ambition in a Cæsar's mind, 159
 Or turns young Ammon loose to scourge mankind?
 From pride, from pride our very reas'ning springs;
 Account for moral, as for nat'ral things:
 Why charge we Heav'n in those, in these acquit?
 In both, to reason right is to submit.

Better for us, perhaps, it might appear, 165
 Were there all harmony, all virtue here;
 That never air or ocean felt the wind;
 That never passion discompos'd the mind.
 But ALL subsists by elemental strife;
 And passions are the elements of life. 170
 The gen'ral ORDER, since the whole began,
 Is kept in Nature, and is kept in Man.

VI. What would this Man? Now upward will he
 soar,
 And little less than angel, would be more:
 Now looking downwards, just as griev'd appears 175
 To want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears.
 Made for his use all creatures if he call,
 Say what their use, had he the pow'rs of all?
 Nature to these, without profusion, kind,
 The proper organs, proper pow'rs assign'd; 180
 Each seeming want compensated of course,
 Here with degrees of swiftness, there of force;
 All in exact proportion to their state;
 Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.

NOTES.

Ver. 169. *But all subsists, &c.*] See this subject extended in
 epist. 2. from ver. 90. to 112. 155. &c.

Ver. 182. *Here with degrees of swiftness, &c.*] It is a certain
 axiom in the anatomy of creatures, That in proportion as they
 are formed for strength, their swiftness is lessened; or as they are
 formed for swiftness, their strength is abated.

Each

Each beast, each insect, happy in its own, 185
 Is Heav'n unkind to Man, and Man alone?
 Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
 Be pleas'd with nothing, if not bless'd with all?
 The bliss of man (could Pride that blessing find)
 Is, not to act or think beyond mankind; 190
 No pow'rs of body or of soul to share,
 But what his nature and his state can bear.
 Why has not Man a microscopic eye?
 For this plain reason, Man is not a fly.
 Say what the use, were finer optics giv'n, 195
 T' inspect a mite, not comprehend the heav'n?
 Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
 To smart and agonize at ev'ry pore?
 Or quick effluvia darting through the brain,
 Die of a rose in aromatic pain? 200
 If Nature thunder'd in his op'ning ears,
 And stunn'd him with the music of the spheres,
 How would he wish that Heav'n had left him still
 The whisp'ring zephyr, and the purling rill?
 Who finds not Providence all good and wise, 205
 Alike in what it gives, and what denies?

VII. Far as creation's ample range extends,
 The scale of sensual, mental pow'rs ascends:
 Mark how it mounts, to Man's imperial race,
 From the green myriads in the peopled grass: 210
 What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme,
 The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam:
 Of smell, the headlong lionsess between,
 And hound sagacious on the tainted green:
 Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood, 215
 To that which warbles through the vernal wood.
 The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!
 Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:

NOTES.

Ver. 213. *the headlong lionsess.*] The manner of the lions hunting their prey in the deserts of Africa is this. At their first going out in the night-time they set up a loud roar, and then listen to the noise made by the beasts in their flight, pursuing them by the ear, and not by the nostril. It is probable the story of the jackal's hunting for the lion, was occasioned by observation of this defect of scent in that terrible animal.

In the nice bee, what sense so subtly true,
 From pois'nous herbs extracts the healing dew? 220
 How Instinct varies in the grov'ling swine,
 Compar'd, half-reas'ning elephant, with thine!
 'Twixt that, and Reason, what a nice barrier?
 For ever sep'rate, yet for ever near!
 Remembrance and Reflection how ally'd; 225
 What thin partitions Sense from Thought divide?
 And middle natures, how they long to join,
 Yet never pass th' insuperable line!
 Without this just gradation, could they be
 Subjected, these to those, or all to thee? 230
 The pow'rs of all subdu'd by thee alone,
 Is not thy Reason all those pow'rs in one?

VIII. See, thro' this air, this ocean, and this earth,
 All matter quick, and bursting into birth.
 Above, how high, progressive life may go! 235
 Around, how wide! how deep extend below!
 Vast chain of being! which from God began,
 Nature's æthereal, human, angel, man,
 Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
 No glass can reach; from infinite to thee, 240
 From thee to nothing.—On superiour pow'rs
 Were we to press, inferiour might on ours:
 Or in the full creation leave a void,
 Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroy'd:
 From Nature's chain whatever link you strike, 245
 Tenth, or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.

And if each system in gradation roll
 Alike essential to th' amazing whole,
 The least confusion but in one, not all
 That system only, but the whole must fall. 250
 Let earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
 Planets and suns run lawless through the sky;
 Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurl'd,
 Being on being wreck'd, and world on world;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 238. edition 1.

Æthereal essence, spirit, substance, man.

Heav'n's

Heav'n's whole foundations to their centre nod, 255
 And Nature tremble, to the throne of God!
 All this dread ORDER break—for whom? for thee?
 Vile worm!—oh madness! pride! impiety!

IX. What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,
 Or hand, to toil, aspir'd to be the head? 260
 What if the head, the eye, or ear repin'd,
 To serve mere engines to the ruling mind?
 Just as absurd for any part to claim
 To be another, in this gen'ral frame:
 Just as absurd, to mourn the tasks or pains, 265
 The great directing MIND of ALL ordains.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
 Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;
 That, chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the same;
 Great in the earth, as in th' æthereal frame; 270
 Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
 Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
 Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
 Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
 Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part, 275
 As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
 As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
 As the rapt seraph that adores and burns:
 To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
 He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all. 280

X. Cease then, nor ORDER *imperfection* name;
 Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
 Know thy own point: this kind, this due degree
 Of blindness, weakness, Heav'n bestows on thee.
 Submit.—In this, or any other sphere, 285
 Secure to be as blest'd as thou canst bear:

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 282. in the MS.

Reason, to think of God when she pretends,
 Begins a censor, an adorer ends.

NOTES.

Ver. 265. *Just as absurd, &c.*] See the prosecution and application of this in epist. 4.

Safe in the hand of one disposing pow'r,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.

All Nature is but art, unknown to thee;

All chance, direction, which thou canst not see; 290

All discord, harmony not understood;

All partial evil, universal good:

And, spite of Pride, in erring Reason's spite,

One truth is clear, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.

ARGUMENT

ARGUMENT of EPISTLE II.

Of the nature and state of Man with respect to himself, as an individual.

- I. *The business of Man not to pry into God, but to study himself. His middle nature; his powers and frailties, ver. 1.—19. The limits of his capacity, ver. 19. &c. II. The two principles of Man, Self-love and Reason, both necessary, ver. 53. &c. Self-love the stronger, and why, ver. 67. &c. Their end the same, ver. 81. &c. III. The Passions, and their use, ver. 93.—130. The predominant Passion, and its force, ver. 133.—160. Its necessity in directing men to different purposes, ver. 161. &c. Its providential use, in fixing our principle, and ascertaining our virtue, ver. 175. IV. Virtue and Vice joined in our mixed nature; the limits near, yet the things separate and evident. What is the office of Reason, ver. 202.—216. V. How odious Vice in itself, and how we deceive ourselves into it, ver. 217. VI. That, however, the ends of Providence and general good are answered in our passions and imperfections, ver. 231. &c. How usefully these are distributed to all orders of men, ver. 241. How useful they are to society, ver. 249. and to individuals, ver. 263. in every state, and every age of life, ver. 271. &c.*

EPISTLE

E P I S T L E II.

I. **K** Now then thyself, presume not God to scan,
 The proper study of mankind is man.
 Plac'd on this isthmus of a middle state,
 A being darkly wise, and rudely great:
 With too much knowledge for the Sceptic side, 5
 With too much weakness for the Stoic's pride,
 He hangs between; in doubt to act, or rest;
 In doubt to deem himself a god, or beast;
 In doubt his mind or body to prefer;
 Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err; 10
 Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
 Whether he thinks too little, or too much:
 Chaos of thought and passion, all confus'd;
 Still by himself abus'd, or disabus'd;
 Created half to rise, and half to fall; 15
 Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
 Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurl'd:
 The glory, jest, and riddle of the world!

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 2. edit. 1.

The only science of mankind is Man.

After ver. 18. in the MS.

For more perfection than this state can bear
 In vain we sigh, Heav'n made us as we are,
 As wisely sure a modest ape might aim
 'To be like man, who's faculties and frame
 He sees, he feels, as you or I to be,
 An angel thing we neither know nor see,
 Observe how near he edges on our race;
 What human tricks! how risible of face!
 It must be so—why else have I the sense
 Of more than monkey charms and excellence?
 Why else to walk on two so oft essay'd?
 And why this ardent longing for a maid?
 So pug might plead, and call his gods unkind
 Till set on end, and marry'd to his mind.
 Go, reas'ning thing! assume the Doctor's chair,
 As Plato deep, as Seneca severe:
 Fix moral fitness, and to God give rule,
 Then drop into thyself, &c. —

Ge,

Go, wondrous creature! mount where Science
 guides,
 Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides; 20
 Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,
 Correct old Time, and regulate the Sun;
 Go, soar, with Plato, to th' empyreal sphere,
 To the first good, first perfect, and first fair;
 Or tread the mazy round his foll'wers trod, 25
 And quitting sense call imitating God;
 As eastern priests in giddy circles run,
 And turn their heads to imitate the sun.
 Go, teach eternal Wisdom how to rule—
 Then drop into thyself, and be a fool! 30

Superiour beings, when of late they saw
 A mortal man unfold all Nature's law,
 Admir'd such wisdom in an earthly shape,
 And shew'd a NEWTON as we shew an ape.

Could he, whose rules the rapid comet bind, 35
 Describe or fix one movement of his mind?
 Who saw its fires here rise, and there descend,
 Explain his own beginning, or his end?
 Alas what wonder! Man's superiour part
 Uncheck'd may rise, and climb from art to art; 40
 But when his own great work is but begun,
 What Reason weaves, by Passion is undone.

Trace Science then, with Modesty thy guide;
 First strip off all her equipage of pride;
 Deduct what is but vanity, or dress, 45
 Or Learning's luxury, or idleness;
 Or tricks to shew the stretch of human brain,
 Mere curious pleasure, or ingenious pain;
 Expunge the whole, or lop th' excrescent parts,
 Of all our vices have created arts; 50

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 21. edit. 4. and 5.

Show by what rules the wand'ring planets stray,
 Correct old Time, and teach the Sun his way.

Ver. 35. edit. 1.

Could he, who taught each planet where to roll,
 Describe or fix one movement of the soul?
 Who mark'd their points to rise or to descend,
 Explain his own beginning or his end?

Then see how little the remaining sum,
Which serv'd the past, and must the times to come!

II. Two principles in human nature reign;
Self-love, to urge, and Reason, to restrain:
Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call, 55
Each works its end, to move, or govern all;
And to their proper operation still
Ascribe all good, to their improper, ill.

Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul;
Reason's comparing balance rules the whole. 60
Man, but for that, no action could attend;
And, but for this, were active to no end:
Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar spot,
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot;
Or, meteor-like, flame lawless through the void, 65
Destroying others, by himself destroy'd.

Most strength the moving principle requires;
Active its task, it prompts, impels, inspires.
Sedate and quiet, the comparing lies,
Form'd but to check, delib'rate, and advise. 70
Self-love still stronger, as its objects nigh;
Reason's at distance, and in prospect lie:
That sees immediate good by present sense;
Reason, the future and the consequence.
Thicker than arguments, temptations throng, 75
At best more watchful this, but that more strong.
The action of the stronger to suspend,
Reason still use, to reason still attend.
Attention, habit and experience gains;
Each strengthens Reason, and Self-love restrains. 80

Let subtle schoolmen teach these friends to fight,
More studious to divide, than to unite;
And Grace and Virtue, Sense and Reason split,
With all the rash dexterity of Wit.
Wits, just like fools, at war about a name, 85
Have full as oft no meaning, or the same.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 86. in the MS.

Of good and evil gods what frighted fools,
Of good and evil Reason puzzled schools,
Deceiv'd, deceiving, taught ———

Self-

Self-love and Reason to one end aspire,
 Pain their aversion, pleasure their desire;
 But greedy that, its object would devour,
 This taste the honey, and not wound the flow'r: 90
 Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,
 Our greatest evil, or our greatest good.

III. Modes of Self-love the Passions we may call:
 'Tis real good, or seeming, moves them all:
 But since not ev'ry good we can divide, 95
 And Reason bids us for own provide;
 Passions, though selfish, if their means be fair,
 List under Reason, and deserve her care;
 Those that imparted court a nobler aim,
 Exalt their kind, and take some Virtue's name. 100

In lazy apathy let Stoics boast
 Their virtue fix'd; 'tis fix'd as in a frost;
 Contracted all, retiring to the breast;
 But strength of mind is exercise, not rest:
 The rising tempest puts in act the soul, 105
 Parts it may ravage, but preserves the whole.
 On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
 Reason the card, but Passion is the gale:
 Nor God alone in the still calm we find,
 He mounts the storm, and walks upon the wind. 110

Passions, like elements, though born to fight,
 Yet, mix'd and soften'd, in his work unite:
 These 'tis enough to temper and employ;
 But what composes man, can man destroy?
 Suffice that Reason keep to Nature's road, 115
 Subject, compound them, follow her and God.
 Love, hope, and joy, fair Pleasure's smiling train,
 Hate, fear, and grief, the family of Pain,

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 108, in the MS.

A tedious voyage! where how useless lies
 The compass, if no pow'ful gusts arise?

After ver. 112, in the MS.

The soft reward the virtuous, or invite;
 The fierce, the vicious punish or affright.

These

These mix'd with art, and to due bounds confin'd,
Make and maintain the balance of the mind: 120

The lights and shades, whose well-accorded strife
Gives all the strength and colour of our life.

Pleasures are ever in our hands or eyes;
And when, in act, they cease, in prospect rise:

Present to grasp, and future still to find, 125
The whole employ of body and of mind.

All spread their charms, but charm not all alike;
On diff'rent senses diff'rent objects strike;

Hence diff'rent passions more or less inflame,
As strong or weak, the organs of the frame; 130

And hence one MASTER PASSION in the breast,
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.

As man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
Receives the lurking principle of death;

The young disease, that must subdue at length, 135
Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his

strength:

So, cast and mingled with his very frame,
The mind's disease, its RULING PASSION came;

Each vital humour which should feed the whole,
Soon flows to this, in body and in soul: 140

Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,
As the mind opens, and its functions spread,

Imagination plies her dang'rous art,
And pours it all upon the peccant part.

Nature its mother, Habit is its nurse; 145
Wit, spirit, faculties, but make it worse;

Reason itself but gives it edge and pow'r;
As Heav'n's bless'd beam turns vinegar more sour.

We, wretched subjects though to lawful sway,
In this weak queen, some fav'rite still obey. 150

Ah! if she lend not arms, as well as rules,
What can she more than tell us we are fools?

Teach us to mourn our nature, not to mend,
A sharp accuser, but a helpless friend!

Or from a judge turn pleader, to persuade 155
The choice we make, or justify it made;

Proud

Proud of an easy conquest all along,
 She but removes weak passions for the strong :
 So, when small humours gather to a gout,
 The doctor fancies he has driv'n them out. 160

Yes, Nature's road must ever be preferr'd ;
 Reason is here no guide, but still a guard ;
 'Tis hers to rectify, not overthrow,
 And treat this passion more as friend than foe.
 A mightier pow'r the strong direction sends, 165
 And sev'ral men impels to sev'ral ends :
 Like varying winds, by other passions tost,
 This drives them constant to a certain coast.
 Let pow'r or knowledge, gold or glory, please,
 Or (oft more strong than all) the love of ease ; 170
 Through life 'tis follow'd, ev'n at life's expense ;
 The merchant's toil, the sage's indolence,
 The monk's humility, the hero's pride,
 All, all alike, find Reason on their side.

Th' eternal art educing good from ill, 175
 Grafts on this passion our best principle :
 'Tis thus the mercury of Man is fix'd,
 Strong grows the virtue with his nature mix'd ;
 The dross cements what else were too refin'd,
 And in one int'rest body acts with mind. 180

As fruits, ungrateful to the planter's care,
 On savage stocks inserted, learn to bear ;
 The surest virtues thus from passions shoot,
 Wild Nature's vigour working at the root.
 What crops of wit and honesty appear 185
 From spleen, from obstinacy, hate, or fear !
 See anger, zeal and fortitude supply ;
 Ev'n av'rice, prudence ; sloth, philosophy ;
 Lust, through some certain strainers well refin'd,
 Is gentle love, and charms all womankind ; 190
 Envy, to which th' ignoble mind's a slave,
 Is emulation in the learn'd or brave ;
 Nor virtue, male or female, can we name
 But what will grow on Pride, or grow on Shame.

IV.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 194. in the MS.

How oft, with passion, Virtue points her charms !
 Then shines the hero, then the patriot warms.

IV. Thus Nature gives us (let it check our pride)
 The virtue nearest to our vice ally'd : 196
 Reason the bias turns to good from ill,
 And Nero reigns a Titus, if he will.
 The fiery soul abhorr'd in Catiline,
 In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine : 200
 The same ambition can destroy or save,
 And makes a patriot, as it makes a knave.
 This light and darkness in our chaos join'd,
 What shall divide? The god within the mind.
 Extremes in nature equal ends produce, 205
 In man they join to some mysterious use ;
 Though each by turns the other's bound invade,
 As, in some well-wrought picture, light and shade,
 And oft so mix, the diff'rence is too nice,
 Where ends the virtue, or begins the vice. 210
 Fools ! who from hence into the notion fall,
 That vice or virtue there is none at all.
 If white and black blend, soften, and unite
 A thousand ways, is there no black or white ?
 Ask your own heart, and nothing is so plain ; 215
 'Tis to mistake them, costs the time and pain.

VARIATIONS.

Peleus' great son, or Brutus, who had known,
 Had Lucrece been a whore, or Helen none ?
 But virtues opposite to make agree,
 That, Reason ! is thy task ; and worthy thee.
 Hard task, cries Bibulus, and Reason weak.
 —Make it a point, dear Marquis ! or a pique.
 Once, for a whim, persuade yourself to pay
 A debt to Reason, like a debt at play.
 For right or wrong have mortals suffer'd more ?
 B— for his prince, or * * for his whore ?
 Whose self-denials Nature most control ?
 His, who would save a sixpence or his soul ?
 Web for his health, a Chartreux for his sin,
 Contend they not which soonest shall grow thin ?
 What we resolve, we can : but here's the fault,
 We ne'er resolve to do the thing we ought.

NOTES.

Ver. 204. *The god within the mind*] A Platonic phrase for conscience.

V. Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
 As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
 Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
 We first endure, then pity, then embrace. 220
 But where th' extreme of vice, was ne'er agreed:
 Ask where's the North? at York, 'tis on the Tweed;
 In Scotland, at the Orcades; and there,
 At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.
 No creature owns it in the first degree, 225
 But thinks his neighbour farther gone than he;
 Ev'n those who dwell beneath its very zone,
 Or never feel the rage, or never own;
 What happier natures shrink at with affright,
 The hard inhabitant contends is right. 230

VI. Virtuous and vitious ev'ry man must be,
 Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree;
 The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wise;
 And ev'n the best, by fits, what they despise.
 'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill; 235
 For, Vice or Virtue, Self directs it still;
 Each individual seeks a sev'ral goal;
 But HEAV'N's great view is one, and that the whole;
 That counter-works each folly and caprice;
 That disappoints th' effect of ev'ry vice; 240
 That, happy frailties to all ranks apply'd,
 Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride,
 Fear to the statesman, rashness to the chief,
 To kings presumption, and to crouds belief:
 That, Virtue's ends from Vanity can raise, 245
 Which seeks no int'rest, no reward but praise;

VARIATIONS

After ver. 220. in the first edition, followed these.

A cheat! a whore! who starts not at the name,
 In all the inns of court or Drury-lane?

After ver. 226. in the MS.

The col'nel swears the agent is a dog,
 The scriv'ner vows th' attorney is a rogue.
 Against the thief th' attorney loud inveighs,
 For whose ten pound the county twenty pays.
 The thief damns judges, and the knaves of state;
 And dying, mourns small villains hang'd by great.

And

And build on wants, and on defects of mind,
The joy, the peace, the glory of mankind.

Heav'n forming each on other to depend,
A master, or a servant, or a friend, 250

Bids each on other for assistance call,
Till one man's weakness grows the strength of all.
Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally
The common int'rest, or endear the tie.

To these we owe true friendship, love sincere, 255
Each home-felt joy that life inherits here.

Yet from the same we learn, in its decline,
Those joys, those loves, those int'rests to resign;
Taught half by Reason, half by mere decay,
To welcome death, and calmly pass away. 260

Whate'er the passion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,
Not one will change his neighbour with himself.

The learn'd is happy Nature to explore,
The fool is happy that he knows no more;
The rich is happy in the plenty giv'n, 265

The poor contents him with the care of Heav'n.
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,

The sot a hero, lunatic a king;
The starving chemist in his golden views
Supremely blest'd, the poet in his muse. 270

See some strange comfort ev'ry state attend,
And pride bestow'd on all, a common friend:
See some fit passion ev'ry age supply,
Hope travels through, nor quits us when we die.

Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law, 275
Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a straw:
Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite:

Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
And beads and pray'r-books are the toys of age: 280
Pleas'd with this bauble still, as that before;
Till tir'd he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.

Mean while Opinion gilds with varying rays
Those painted clouds that beautify our days;
Each want of happiness by Hope supply'd, 285
And each vacuity of sense by Pride:

These

These build as fast as knowledge can destroy ;
In Folly's cup still laughs the bubble, Joy ;
One prospect lost, another still we gain ;
And not a vanity is giv'n in vain ; 290
Ev'n mean Self-love becomes, by force divine,
The scale to measure others' wants by thine.
See ! and confess, one comfort still must rise ;
'Tis this, Though Man's a fool, yet God is WISE.

VOL. II.

† E

ARGU.

EPISTLE

ARGUMENT of EPISTLE III.

Of the nature and state of Man with respect to Society.

- I. *The whole universe one system of society, ver. 7. &c. Nothing made wholly for itself, nor yet wholly for another, ver. 27. The happiness of animals mutual, ver. 49. II. Reason or Instinct operate alike to the good of each individual, ver. 79. Reason or Instinct operate also to society, in all animals, ver. 109. III. How far society carried by Instinct, ver. 115. how much farther by Reason, ver. 131. IV. Of that which is called the State of Nature, ver. 147. Reason instructed by Instinct in the invention of Arts, ver. 169. and in the forms of society, ver. 179. V. Origin of political societies, ver. 199. Origin of monarchy, ver. 209. Patriarchal government, ver. 215. VI. Origin of true religion and government, from the same principle, of Love, ver. 225. &c. Origin of superstition and tyranny, from the same principle, of Fear, ver. 241. &c. The influence of Self-love operating to the social and public good, ver. 269. Restoration of true religion and government on their first principle, ver. 283. Mixed government, ver. 289. Various forms of each, and the true end of all, ver. 303. &c.*

EPISTLE

E P I S T L E III.

Here then we rest : " The universal Cause
 " Acts to one end, but acts by various laws."
 In all the madness of superfluous health,
 The trim of pride, the impudence of wealth,
 Let this great truth be present night and day ; 5
 But most be present, if we preach or pray.

Look round our world ; behold the chain of Love
 Combining all below and all above.

See plastic Nature working to this end,
 The single atoms each to other tend, 10

Attract, attracted to, the next in place
 Form'd and impell'd its neighbour to embrace.

See Matter next, with various life endu'd,
 Press to one centre still, the gen'ral good.

See dying vegetables life sustain, 15
 See life dissolving vegetate again :

All forms that perish other forms supply,
 (By turns we catch the vital breath, and die),

Like bubbles on the sea of matter born,
 They rise, they break, and to that sea return. 20

Nothing is foreign ; parts relate to whole ;

One all-extending, all-preserving soul

Connects each being, greatest with the least ;

Made beast in aid of man, and man of beast ;

All serv'd, all serving : nothing stands alone ; 25

The chain holds on, and where it ends, unknown.

Has God, thou fool ! work'd solely for thy good,
 Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food ?

Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,

For him as kindly spread the flow'ry lawn. 30

Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings ?

Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 1. in several editions in 4to.

Learn, Dulness, learn ! " The universal Cause, &c."

Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?
 Loves of his own and raptures swell the note.
 The bounding steed you pompously bestride, 35
 Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.
 Is thine alone the feed that strews the plain?
 The birds of heav'n shall vindicate their grain.
 Thine the full harvest of the golden year?
 Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer: 40
 The hog, that ploughs not nor obeys thy call,
 Lives on the labours of this lord of all.

Know, Nature's children all divide her care;
 The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear.
 While Man exclaims, "See all things for my use!"
 "See man for mine!" replies a pamper'd goose. 46
 And just as short of reason he must fall,
 Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

Grant that the pow'rful still the weak control;
 Be Man the wit and tyrant of the whole: 50
 Nature that tyrant checks; he only knows,
 And helps another creature's wants and woes.
 Say, will the falcon, stooping from above,
 Smit with her varying plumage, spare the dove?
 Admires the jay the insect's gilded wings? 55
 Or hears the hawk when Philomela sings?
 Man cares for all: to birds he gives his woods,
 To beasts his pastures, and to fish his floods;
 For some his int'rest prompts him to provide,
 For more his pleasure, yet for more his pride: 60
 All feed on one vain patron, and enjoy
 Th' extensive blessing of his luxury.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 46. in the former editions,

What care to tend, to lodge, to cram, to treat him!
 All this he knew; but not that 'twas to eat him.
 As far as goose could judge, he reason'd right;
 But as to Man, mistook the matter quite.

NOTES.

Ver. 45. *See all things for my use!*] On the contrary, the wise man hath said, *The Lord hath made all things for himself*, Prov. xvi. 4.

That

That very life his learned hunger craves,
 He saves from famine, from the savage saves;
 Nay, feasts the animal he dooms his feast, 65
 And, till he ends the being, makes it blest;
 Which sees no more the stroke, or feels the pain,
 Than favour'd Man by touch ethereal slain.
 The creature had his feast of life before;
 Thou too must perish, when thy feast is o'er! 70

To each unthinking being, Heav'n a friend,
 Gives not the useless knowledge of its end:
 To Man imparts it; but with such a view,
 As, while he dreads it, makes him hope it too:
 The hour conceal'd, and so remote the fear, 75
 Death still draws nearer, never seeming near.
 Great standing miracle! that Heav'n assign'd
 Its only thinking thing, this turn of mind.

II. Whether with Reason, or with Instinct blest,
 Know, all enjoy that pow'r which suits them best; 80
 To bliss alike by that direction tend,
 And find the means proportion'd to their end.
 Say, where full Instinct is th' unerring guide,
 What pope or council can they need beside?
 Reason, however able, cool at best, 85
 Cares not for service, or but serves when prest;
 Stays till we call, and then not often near.
 But honest Instinct comes a volunteer;
 Sure never to o'ershoot, but just to hit;
 While still too wide or short is human wit; 90
 Sure by quick Nature happiness to gain,
 Which heavier Reason labours at in vain.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 84. in the MS.

While Man, with op'ning views of various ways,
 Confounded, by the aid of knowledge strays:
 Too weak to chuse, yet chusing still in haste,
 One moment gives the pleasure and distaste.

NOTES.

Ver. 68. *Than favour'd Man, &c.*] Several of the ancients, and many of the orientals since, esteemed those who were struck by lightning as sacred persons, and the particular favourites of Heaven.

This too serves always, Reason never long;
 One must go right, the other may go wrong.
 See then the acting and comparing pow'rs, 95
 One in their nature, which are two in ours;
 And Reason raise o'er Instinct as you can,
 In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis Man.

Who taught the nations of the field and wood,
 To shun their poison, and to chuse their food? 100
 Prescient, the tides or tempests to withstand,
 Build on the wave, or arch beneath the sand?
 Who made the spider parallels design,
 Sure as Demoivre *, without rule or line?
 Who bid the stork, Columbus-like, explore 105
 Heav'ns not his own, and worlds unknown before?
 Who calls the council, states the certain day,
 Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?
 God, in the nature of each being, founds
 Its proper bliss, and sets its proper bounds: 110
 But as he fram'd a whole, the whole to bless,
 On mutual wants built mutual happiness;
 So from the first, eternal ORDER ran,
 And creature link'd to creature, man to man. 114

III. Whate'er of life all-quick'ning æther keeps,
 Or breathes through air, or shoots beneath the deeps,
 Or pours profuse on earth, one nature feeds
 The vital flame, and swells the genial seeds.
 Not man alone, but all that roam the wood,
 Or wing the sky, or roll along the flood, 120
 Each loves itself; but not itself alone,
 Each sex desires alike, till two are one.
 Nor ends the pleasure with the fierce embrace;
 They love themselves, a third time, in their race.
 Thus beast and bird their common charge attend,
 The mothers nurse it, and the fires defend; 126
 The young dismiss'd to wander earth or air,
 There stops the Instinct, and there ends the care;
 The link dissolves, each seeks a fresh embrace,
 Another love succeeds, another race. 130

* An eminent mathematician.

A longer care Man's helpless kind demands ;
 That longer care contracts more lasting bands :
 Reflection, Reason, still the ties improve,
 At once extend the int'rest and the love :
 With choice we fix, with sympathy we burn, 135
 Each virtue in each passion takes its turn ;
 And still new needs, new helps, new habits rise,
 That graft benevolence on charities.
 Still as one brood, and as another rose,
 These nat'ral love maintain'd, habitual those : 140
 The last, scarce ripen'd into perfect man,
 Saw helpless him from whom their life began :
 Mem'ry and forecast just returns engage,
 That pointed back to youth, this on to age ;
 While pleasure, gratitude, and hope combin'd, 145
 Still spread the int'rest, and preserv'd the kind.

IV. Nor think, in NATURE'S STATE they blindly
 trod ;

The state of Nature was the reign of God :
 Self love and social at her birth began,
 Union the bond of all things, and of Man. 150
 Pride then was not ; nor arts, that Pride to aid ;
 Man walk'd with beast, joint tenant of the shade ;
 The same his table, and the same his bed ;
 No murder cloth'd him, and no murder fed.
 In the same temple, the resounding wood, 155
 All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God ;
 The shrine with gore unstain'd, with gold undrest,
 Unbrib'd, unbloody, stood the blameless priest :
 Heav'n's attribute was universal care,
 And Man's prerogative to rule, but spare. 160
 Ah ! how unlike the man of times to come !
 Of half that live the butcher and the tomb ;
 Who, foe to Nature, hears the gen'ral groan,
 Murders their species, and betrays his own.
 But just disease to luxury succeeds, 165
 And ev'ry death its own avenger breeds ;
 The fury-passions from that blood began,
 And turn'd on Man a fiercer savage, Man.

See

See him from Nature rising flow to Art!
 To copy Instinct then was Reason's part; 170
 Thus then to Man the voice of Nature spake —
 "Go, from the creatures thy instructions take;
 "Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield;
 "Learn from the beasts the physic of the field;
 "Thy arts of building from the bee receive; 175
 "Learn of the mole to plough, the worm to weave;
 "Learn of the little nautilus to sail,
 "Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.
 "Here too all forms of social union find, 179
 "And hence let Reason, late, instruct mankind:
 "Here subterranean works and cities see;
 "There towns æreal on the waving tree.
 "Learn each small people's genius, policies,
 "The ant's republic, and the realm of bees;
 "How those in common all their wealth bestow, 185
 "And anarchy without confusion know;
 "And these for ever, though a monarch reign,
 "Their sep'rate cells and properties maintain.
 "Mark what unvary'd laws preserve each state,
 "Laws wise as nature, and as fix'd as Fate. 190
 "In vain thy Reason finer webs shall draw,
 "Intangle Justice in her net of law,
 "And right, too rigid, harden into wrong;
 "Still for the strong too weak, the weak too strong.
 "Yet go! and thus o'er all the creatures sway, 195
 "Thus let the wiser make the rest obey;
 "And for those arts mere Instinct could afford,
 "Be crown'd as monarchs, or as gods ador'd."

NOTES.

Ver. 177. *Learn of the little nautilus*] Oppian. Halieut. lib. 1. describes this fish in the following manner. "They swim on the surface of the sea, on the back of their shells, which exactly resemble the hulk of a ship; they raise two feet like masts, and extend a membrane between which serves as a sail; the other two feet they employ as oars at the side. They are usually seen in the Mediterranean."

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 197. in the first editions,
 Who for those arts they learn'd of brutes before,
 As kings shall crown them, or as gods adore,

V. Great Nature spoke; observant Men obey'd;
 Cities were built, societies were made: 200
 Here rose one little state; another near
 Grew by like means, and join'd, thro' love or fear.
 Did here the trees with ruddier burdens bend,
 And there the streams in purer rills descend? 204
 What War could ravish, Commerce could bestow,
 And he return'd a friend, who came a foe.
 Converse and Love mankind might strongly draw,
 When Love was liberty, and Nature law.
 Thus states were form'd; the name of King unknown,
 Till common int'rest plac'd the sway in one. 210
 'Twas VIRTUE ONLY, (or in arts or arms,
 Diffusing blessings, or averting harms),
 The same which in a fire the sons obey'd,
 A prince the father of a people made
 Till then, by Nature crown'd, each patriarch sat,
 King, priest, and parent of his growing state; 215
 On him, their second providence, they hung,
 Their law his eye, their oracle his tongue.
 He from the wond'ring furrow call'd their food,
 Taught to command the fire, control the flood, 220
 Draw forth the monsters of th' abyss profound,
 Or fetch th' aereal eagle to the ground.
 Till drooping, sick'ning, dying, they began
 Whom they rever'd as God to mourn as Man:
 VI. Then, looking up from fire to fire, explor'd
 One great first Father, and that First ador'd. 225
 Or plain tradition that this All begun,
 Convey'd unbroken faith from fire to son;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 201. *Here rose one little state, &c.* in the MS. thus.

The neighbours leagu'd to guard their common spot;

And love was Nature's dictates, murder, not.

For want alone each animal contends;

Tygers with tygers, that remov'd, are friends.

Plain Nature's wants the common mother crown'd,

She pour'd her acorns, herbs, and streams around.

No treasure then for rapine to invade,

What need to fight for sunshine, or for shade?

And half the cause of contest was remov'd,

When beauty could be kind to all who lov'd.

The

The worker from the work distinct was known,
 And simple Reason never fought but one : 230
 Ere Wit oblique had broke that steady light,
 Man, like his Maker, saw that all was right ;
 To Virtue in the paths of Pleasure trod,
 And own'd a father when he own'd a God.
 Love all the faith, and all th' allegiance then ; 235
 For Nature knew no right divine in men,
 No ill could fear in God ; and understood
 A sov'reign being but a sov'reign good.
 True faith, true policy, united ran,
 That was-but love of God, and this of Man. 240
 Who first taught souls enslav'd, and realms undone,
 Th' enormous faith of many made for one ;
 That proud exception to all Nature's laws,
 T' invert the world, and counterwork its cause ?
 Force first made conquest, and that conquest, law ;
 Till Superstition taught the tyrant awe, 246
 Then shar'd the tyranny, then lent it aid,
 And gods of conquerors, slaves of subjects made :
 She 'midst the lightning's blaze, and thunder's sound,
 When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd the
 ground, 250
 She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray,
 To Pow'r unseen, and mightier far than they :
 She, from the rending earth and bursting skies,
 Saw gods descend, and fiends infernal rise :
 Here fix'd the dreadful, there the bless'd abodes ; 255
 Fear made her devils, and weak Hope her gods ;
 Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,
 Whose attributes were rage, revenge, or lust ;
 Such as the souls of cowards might conceive,
 And, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would believe. 260
 Zeal then, not Charity, became the guide ;
 And hell was built on spite, and heav'n on pride.
 Then sacred seem'd th' æthereal vault no more ;
 Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with gore :
 Then first the flamen tasted living food : 265
 Next his grim idol smear'd with human blood ;
 With heav'n's own thunders shook the world below,
 And play'd the god an engine on his foe.

So

So drives Self-love, thro' just and thro' unjust,
 To one man's pow'r, ambition, lucre, lust : 270
 The same Self-love, in all, becomes the cause
 Of what restrains him, government and laws.
 For what one likes, if others like as well,
 What serves one will, when many wills rebel ?
 How shall he keep, what, sleeping or awake, 275
 A weaker may surprise, a stronger take ?
 His safety must his liberty restrain :
 All join to guard what each desires to gain.
 Forc'd into virtue thus by Self-defence,
 Ev'n kings learn'd justice and benevolence : 280
 Self-love forsook the path it first pursu'd,
 And found the private in the public good.
 'Twas then, the studious head or gen'rous mind,
 Foll'wer of God, or friend of human-kind,
 Poet or patriot, rose but to restore 285
 The faith and moral, Nature gave before ;
 Relum'd her ancient light, not kindled new ;
 If not God's image, yet his shadow drew :
 Taught pow'r's due use to people and to kings,
 Taught nor to slack, nor strain its tender strings, 290
 The less, or greater, set so justly true,
 That touching one must strike the other too ;
 Till jarring int'rests, of themselves, create
 Th' according music of a well-mix'd state.
 Such is the world's great harmony, that springs 295
 From order, union, full consent of things ;
 Where small and great, where weak and mighty,
 made
 To serve, not suffer, strengthen, not invade ;
 More pow'rful each as needful to the rest,
 And, in proportion as it blesses, blest ; 300
 Draw to one point, and to one centre bring
 Beast, man, or angel, servant, lord, or king.
 For forms of government let fools contest ;
 Whate'er is best administer'd is best :

For

NOTES.

Ver. 303. *For forms of government, &c.—Whate'er is best, &c.]*
 In 1740, Mr Pope wrote the following words on the margin of a
 book, where he found these two lines misapplied, "The author

For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight; 305
 His can't be wrong whose life is in the right:
 In faith and hope the world will disagree,
 But all mankind's concern is charity:
 All must be false that thwart this one great end;
 And all of God, that bless mankind or mend. 310
 Man, like the gen'rous vine, supported lives;
 The strength he gains is from th' embrace he gives.
 On their own axis as the planets run,
 Yet make at once their circle round the sun;
 So two consistent motions act the soul; 315
 And one regards itself, and one the whole.

Thus God and Nature link'd the gen'ral frame,
 And bade Self love and Social be the same.

NOTES.

" of these lines was far from meaning, that no one form of
 " government is, in itself, better than another, (as, that mixed
 " or limited monarchy, for example, is not preferable to abso-
 " lute); but that no form of government, however excellent or
 " preferable in itself, can be sufficient to make a people happy,
 " unless it be administered with integrity. On the contrary, the
 " best sort of government, when the *form* of it is preserved, and
 " the *administration* corrupt, is most dangerous."— See let-
 ter 4. to Dr Atterbury, vol. 4.

ARGUMENT

ARGUMENT of EPISTLE IV.

Of the nature and state of Man with respect to Happiness.

- I. *False notions of Happiness, philosophical and popular, answered, from ver. 19. to 77.* II. *It is the end of all men, and attainable by all, ver. 30. God intends Happiness to be equal; and to be so, it must be social, since all particular Happiness depends on general, and since he governs by general, not particular laws, ver. 35. As it is necessary for Order, and the peace and welfare of Society, that external goods should be unequal, Happiness is not made to consist in these, ver. 49. But, notwithstanding that inequality, the balance of Happiness among mankind is kept even by Providence, by the two passions of Hope and Fear, ver. 67.* III. *What the Happiness of Individuals is, as far as is consistent with the constitution of this world; and that the good Man has here the advantage, ver. 77. The error of imputing to Virtue what are only the calamities of Nature, or of Fortune, ver. 93.* IV. *The folly of expecting that God should alter his general laws in favour of particulars, ver. 123.* V. *That we are not judges who are good; but that, whoever they are, they must be happiest, ver. 131. &c.* VI. *That external goods are not the proper rewards, but often inconsistent with, or destructive of Virtue, ver. 167. That even these can make no man happy without Virtue: Instanced in Riches, ver. 185. Honours, ver. 193. Nobility, ver. 205. Greatness, ver. 217. Fame, ver. 237. Superiour Talents, ver. 259. &c. With pictures of human infelicity in men possessed of them all, ver. 269. &c.* VII. *That Virtue only constitutes a Happiness, whose object is universal, and whose prospect eternal, ver. 309. &c. That the perfection of Virtue and Happiness consists in a conformity to the ORDER of PROVIDENCE here, and a Resignation to it here and hereafter, ver. 327. &c.*

E P I S T L E IV.

OH HAPPINESS! our being's end and aim!
Good, Pleasure, Ease, Content! whate'er thy
name:

That something still which prompts th' eternal sigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die;
Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies, 5
O'erlook'd, seen double, by the fool and wise:
Plant of celestial seed! if dropt below,
Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow?
Fair op'ning to some court's propitious shine,
Or deep with di'monds in the flaming mine? 10
Twin'd with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,
Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field?
Where grows?—where grows it not? If vain our
toil,

We ought to blame the culture, not the soil.
Fix'd to no spot is Happiness sincere, 15
'Tis no where to be found, or ev'ry where:
'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
And fled from monarchs, ST JOHN! dwells with thee.

I. Ask of the learn'd the way? The learn'd are
blind;

This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind: 20
Some place the blifs in action, some in ease,
Those call it Pleasure, and Contentment these;
Some sunk to beasts, find pleasure end in pain;
Some swell'd to gods, confess ev'n virtue vain;
Or indolent, to each extreme they fall, 25
To trust in ev'ry thing, or doubt of all.

Who thus define it, say they more or less
Than this, that Happiness is Happiness?

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 1. *Oh happiness! &c.*] in the MS. thus.

Oh Happiness! to which we all aspire,
Wing'd with strong hope, and borne by full desire;
That ease, for which in want, in wealth we sigh;
That ease, for which we labour and we die.

II. Take

II. Take Nature's path, and mad Opinion's leave;
 All states can reach it, and all heads conceive; 30
 Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell;
 There needs but thinking right, and meaning well;
 And mourn our various portions as we please,
 Equal is Common Sense, and Common Ease.

Remember, Man, "the universal Cause 35
 "Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;"
 And makes what Happiness we justly call,
 Subsist, not in the good of one, but all.
 There's not a blessing individuals find,
 But someway leans and hearkens to the kind. 40
 No bandit fierce, no tyrant mad with pride,
 No cavern'd hermit, rests self-satisfy'd:
 Who most to shun or hate mankind pretend,
 Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend:
 Abstract what others feel, what others think, 45
 All pleasures sicken, and all glories sink:
 Each has his share; and who would more obtain,
 Shall find the pleasure pays not half the pain.

ORDER is Heav'n's first law; and this confess,
 Some are, and must be, greater than the rest, 50
 More rich, more wise; but who infers from hence
 That such are happier, shocks all common sense.
 Heav'n to mankind impartial we confess,
 If all are equal in their happiness:
 But mutual wants this happiness increase; 55
 All Nature's diff'rence keeps all Nature's peace.
 Condition, circumstance is not the thing;
 Bliss is the same in subject or in king;
 In who obtain defence, or who defend,
 In him who is, or him who finds a friend: 60
 Heav'n breathes through ev'ry member of the whole
 One common blessing, as one common soul.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 52. in the MS.

Say not, "Heav'n's here profuse, there poorly saves,
 "And for one monarch makes a thousand slaves."
 You'll find, when causes and their ends are known,
 'Twas for the thousand Heav'n has made that one.

But Fortune's gifts if each alike possess,
 And each were equal, must not all contest?
 If then to all men Happiness was meant,
 God in externals could not place content. 65

Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,
 And these be happy call'd, unhappy those;
 But Heav'n's just balance equal will appear,
 While those are plac'd in hope, and these in fear: 70
 Not present good or ill, the joy or curse,
 But future views of better, or of worse.

Oh sons of earth! attempt ye still to rise,
 By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the skies?
 Heav'n still with laughter the vain toil surveys, 75
 And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.

III. Know, all the good that individuals find,
 Or God and Nature meant to mere mankind,
 Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of Sense,
 Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and Competence.

But Health consists with Temperance alone; 81
 And Peace! oh Virtue! Peace is all thy own.
 The good or bad the gifts of Fortune gain;
 But these less taste them, as they worse obtain.

Say, in pursuit of profit or delight, 85
 Who risk the most, that take wrong means or right?
 Of Vice or Virtue, whether blest or curst,
 Which meets contempt, or which compassion first?

Count all th' advantage prosp'rous Vice attains,
 'Tis but what Virtue flies from and disdains: 90
 And grant the bad what happiness they wou'd,
 One they must want, which is, to pass for good.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 66. in the MS.

'Tis peace of mind alone is at a stay:
 The rest mad Fortune gives, or takes away.
 All other bliss by accident's debarr'd:
 But Virtue's, in the instant, a reward;
 In hardest trials operates the best,
 And more is relish'd as the more distress.

After ver. 92. in the MS.

Let sober moralists correct their speech,
 No bad man's happy: he is great, or rich,

Oh blind to truth, and God's whole scheme below,
 Who fancy blifs to Vice, to Virtue wo!
 Who sees and follows that great scheme the best, 95
 Best knows the blessing, and will most be blest.
 But fools the good alone unhappy call,
 For ills or accidents that chance to all.
 See FALKLAND dies, the virtuous and the just!
 See god-like TURENNE prostrate on the dust! 100
 See SIDNEY bleeds amid the martial strife!
 Was this their virtue, or contempt of life?
 Say, was it Virtue, more though heav'n ne'er gave,
 Lamented DIGBY! sunk thee to the grave?
 Tell me, if Virtue made the son expire, 105
 Why, full of days and honour, lives the fire?
 Why drew Marfeilles' good bishop purer breath,
 When Nature sicken'd, and each gale was death!
 Or why so long (in life if long can be)
 Lent Heav'n a parent to the poor and me? 110
 What makes all physical or moral ill?
 There deviates Nature, and here wanders Will.
 God sends not ill; if rightly understood,
 Or partial, ill is universal good,
 Or change admits, or Nature lets it fall; 115
 Short, and but rare, till Man improv'd it all.
 We just as wisely might of Heav'n complain,
 That righteous Abel was destroy'd by Cain,
 As that the virtuous son is ill at ease,
 When his lewd father gave the dire disease. 120
 Think we, like some weak prince, th' eternal Cause,
 Prone for his fav'rites to reverse his laws?

IV. Shall burning Ætna, if a sage requires,
 Forget to thunder, and recall her fires?
 On air or sea new motions be impress, 125
 Oh blameless BETHEL! to relieve thy breast?
 When the loose mountain trembles from on high,
 Shall gravitation cease, if you go by?

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 116. in the MS.

Of ev'ry evil, since the world began,
 The real source is not in God, but Man,

Or some old temple, nodding to its fall,
For Chartres' head reserve the hanging wall? 130

V. But still this world (so fitted for the knave)
Contents us not. A better shall we have!

A kingdom of the just then let it be:

But first consider how those just agree.

'The good must merit God's peculiar care; 135

But who, but God, can tell us who they are?

One thinks on Calvin Heav'n's own spirit fell;

Another deems him instrument of hell;

If Calvin feel Heav'n's blessing, or its rod,

This cries there is, and that, there is no God. 140

What shocks one part will edify the rest,

Nor with one system can they all be blest.

The very best will variously incline,

And what rewards your virtue, punish mine.

WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.—This world, 'tis true,

Was made for Cæsar—but for Titus too: 146

And which more blest'd? who chain'd his country, say,

Or he whose virtue sigh'd to lose a day?

“But sometimes Virtue starves, while Vice is fed.”

What then? Is the reward of Virtue bread? 150

That Vice may merit, 'tis the price of toil;

The knave deserves it, when he tills the soil;

The knave deserves it, when he tempts the main,

Where Folly fights for kings, or dives for gain.

The good man may be weak, be indolent; 155

Nor is his claim to plenty, but content.

But grant him riches, your demand is o'er?

“No—shall the good want health, the good want
pow'r?”

Add health, and pow'r, and ev'ry earthly thing;

“Why bounded pow'r? why private? why no

“king?” 160

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 142. in some editions,

Give each a system, all must be at strife;

What diff'rent systems for a man and wife?

The joke, though lively, was ill placed, and therefore struck out
of the text.

Nay,

Nay, why external for internal giv'n?
 Why is not man a god, and earth a heav'n?
 Who ask and reason thus, will scarce conceive
 God gives enough, while he has more to give:
 Immense the pow'r, immense were the demand; 165
 Say, at what part of Nature will they stand?

VI. What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
 The soul's calm sunshine, and the heart-felt joy,
 Is Virtue's prize: a better would you fix?
 Then give Humility a coach and six, 170
 Justice a conqueror's sword, or Truth a gown,
 Or Public Spirit its great cure, a crown.
 Weak, foolish Man! will Heav'n reward us there
 With the same trash mad mortals wish for here?
 The boy and man an individual makes, 175
 Yet sigh'st thou now for apples and for cakes?
 Go, like the Indian, in another life
 Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife:
 As well as dream such trifles are assign'd,
 As toys and empires, for a god-like mind. 180
 Rewards, that either would to Virtue bring
 No joy, or be destructive of the thing:
 How oft by these at sixty are undone
 The virtues of a saint at twenty-one!
 To whom can riches give repute, or trust, 185
 Content, or pleasure, but the good and just?
 Judges and senates have been bought for gold,
 Esteem and love were never to be sold.
 Oh! fool! to think God hates the worthy mind,
 The lover and the love of human kind, 190
 Whose life is healthful, and whose conscience clear,
 Because he wants a thousand pounds a-year.

Honour and shame from no condition rise;
 Act well your part, there all the honour lies.
 Fortune in men has some small diff'rence made, 195
 One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 172. in the MS.

Say, what rewards this idle world imparts,
 Or fit for searching heads or honest hearts?

The

The cobbler apron'd, and the parson gown'd,
The frier hooded, and the monarch crown'd.

"What differ more (you cry) than crown and
cowl!"

I'll tell you, friend! a wise man and a fool. 200

You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,

Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk,

Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;

The rest is all but leather or prunella. 204

Stuck o'er with titles and hung round with strings,

That thou mayst be by kings, or whores of kings.

Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race,

In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece:

But by your fathers' worth if yours you rate,

Count me those only who were good and great. 210

Go; if your ancient, but ignoble blood,

Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood,

Go! and pretend your family is young;

Nor own your fathers have been fools so long.

What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards? 215

Alas! not all the blood of all the HOWARDS.

Look next on Greatness; say where Greatness lies?

"Where, but among the heroes and the wise?"

Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,

From Macedonia's madman to the Swede; 220

The whole strange purpose of their lives, to find

Or make, an enemy of all mankind!

Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,

Yet ne'er looks forward further than his nose.

No less alike the politic and wise; 225

All fly slow things, with circumspective eyes:

Men in their loose unguarded hours they take,

Not that themselves are wise, but others weak.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 207. *Boast the pure blood, &c.*] in the MS. thus:

The richest blood, right honourably old,

Down from Lucretia to Lucretia roll'd,

May swell thy heart and gallop in thy breast,

Without one dash of usher or of priest;

Thy pride as much despise all other pride,

As Christ-church once all colleges beside.

But

But grant that those can conquer, these can cheat;
 'Tis phrase absurd to call a villain great: 230
 Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
 Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
 Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
 Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains,
 Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed 235
 Like Socrates, that man is great indeed.

What's Fame? a fancy'd life in others' breath,
 A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death.
 Just what you hear, you have; and what's unknown
 The same (my Lord) if Tully's, or your own. 240
 All that we feel of it begins and ends
 In the small circle of our foes or friends:
 To all beside, as much an empty shade
 An Eugene living, as a Cæsar dead;
 Alike, or when, or where, they shone, or shine, 245
 Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.
 A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod;
 An honest Man's the noblest work of God.
 Fame but from death a villain's name can save,
 As Justice tears his body from the grave; 250
 When what t' oblivion better were resign'd,
 Is hung on high, to poison half mankind.
 All Fame is foreign, but of true desert;
 Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart:
 One self-approving hour whole years outweighs 255
 Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas;
 And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels,
 Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.

In parts superiour what advantage lies?
 Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise? 260
 'Tis but to know how little can be known;
 To see all others' faults, and feel our own:
 Condemn'd in bus'ness or in arts to drudge,
 Without a second, or without a judge.
 Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land? 265
 All fear, none aid you, and few understand.
 Painful preheminance! yourself to view
 Above life's weakness, and its comforts too.

Bring

Bring then these blessings to a strict account ;
 Make fair deductions ; see to what they mount : 270
 How much of other each is sure to cost ;
 How each for other oft is wholly lost ;
 How inconsistent greater goods with these ;
 How sometimes life is risk'd, and always ease :
 Think, and if still the things thy envy call, 275
 Say, wouldst thou be the man to whom they fall ?
 To sigh for ribands if thou art so silly,
 Mark how they grace Lord Umbra, or Sir Billy.
 Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life ?
 Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife. 280
 If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd,
 The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind :
 Or ravish'd with the whistling of a name,
 See Cromwell, damn'd to everlasting fame !
 If all, united, thy ambition call, 285
 From ancient story learn to scorn them all.
 There, in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd, and great,
 See the false scale of Happiness complete !
 In hearts of kings, or arms of queens who lay,
 How happy those to ruin, these betray ! 290
 Mark by what wretched steps their glory grows,
 From dirt and sea-weed as proud Venice rose ;
 In each how guilt and greatness equal ran,
 And all that rais'd the hero, sunk the man.
 Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold, 295
 But stain'd with blood, or ill exchang'd for gold :
 Then see them broke with toils, or sunk in ease,
 Or infamous for plunder'd provinces.
 Oh wealth ill-fated ! which no act of fame
 E'er taught to shine, or sanctify'd from shame ! 300
 What greater bliss attends their close of life ?
 Some greedy minion, or imperious wife,
 The trophy'd arches, story'd halls invade,
 And haunt their slumbers in the pompous shade.
 Alas ! not dazzled with their noon-tide ray, 305
 Compute the morn and ev'ning to the day ;
 The whole amount of that enormous fame,
 A tale, that blends their glory with their shame !

VII. Know then this truth, (enough for Man to know), 310

“ Virtue alone is happiness below : ”

The only point where human bliss stands still,
And tastes the good without the fall to ill ;
Where only merit constant pay receives,
Is bless'd in what it takes, and what it gives :
The joy unequal'd, if its end it gain, 315
And, if it lose, attended with no pain :
Without satiety, though e'er so bless'd,
And but more relish'd as the more distress'd :
The broadest mirth unfeeling Folly wears,
Less pleasing far than Virtue's very tears : 320
Good, from each object, from each place acquir'd,
For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd ;
Never elated, while one man's oppress'd ;
Never dejected, while another's bless'd ;
And where no wants, no wishes can remain, 325
Since but to wish more Virtue, is to gain.

See the sole bliss Heav'n could on all bestow !
Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know :
Yet poor with Fortune, and with learning blind,
The bad must miss ; the good, untaught, will find ;
Slave to no sect, who takes no private road, 331
But looks through Nature up to Nature's God ;
Pursues that chain which links th' immense design,
Joins heav'n and earth, and mortal and divine ;
Sees, that no being any bliss can know, 335
But touches some above, and some below ;
Learns, from this union of the rising whole,
The first, last purpose of the human soul ;
And knows where faith, law, morals all began,
All end, in LOVE OF GOD, and LOVE OF MAN. 340

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 316. in the MS.

Ev'n while it seems unequal to dispose,
And chequers all the good man's joys with woes,
'Tis but to teach him to support each state,
With patience this, with moderation that ;
And raise his base on that one solid joy,
Which conscience gives, and nothing can destroy.

For

For him alone, HOPE leads from goal to goal,
 And opens still, and opens on his soul;
 'Till lengthen'd on to FAITH, and unconfin'd,
 It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind.
 He sees, why Nature plants in Man alone 345
 Hope of known bliss, and faith in bliss unknown:
 (Nature, whose dictates to no other kind
 Are giv'n in vain, but what they seek they find):
 Wise is her present; she connects in this
 His greatest virtue with his greatest bliss; 350
 At once his own bright prospect to be blest,
 And strongest motive to assist the rest.

Self-love thus push'd to social, to divine,
 Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessing thine.
 Is this too little for the boundless heart? 355
 Extend it, let thy enemies have part:
 Grasp the whole worlds of reason, life, and sense,
 In one close system of benevolence:
 Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
 And height of bliss but height of CHARITY. 360

God loves from whole to parts: but human soul
 Must rise from individual to the whole.
 Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
 As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;
 The centre mov'd, a circle straight succeeds, 365
 Another still, and still another spreads;
 Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace;
 His country next; and next all human race;
 Wide and more wide, th' o'erflowings of the mind
 'Take ev'ry creature in, of ev'ry kind; 370
 Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,
 And Heav'n beholds its image in his breast.

Come then, my friend! my genius! come along;
 Oh master of the poet, and the song!

VARIATIONS.

- Ver. 373. *Come then, my friend! &c.*] in the MS. thus:
 And now transported o'er so vast a plain,
 While the wing'd courser flies with all her rein,
 While heav'nward now her mounting wing she feels,
 Now scatter'd fools fly trembling from her heels,
 Wilt thou, my ST-JOHN! keep her course in fight,
 • Confine her fury and assist her flight?

And

And while the Muse now stoops, or now ascends, 375
 To Man's low passions, or their glorious ends,
 Teach me, like thee, in various nature wise,
 To fall with dignity, with temper rise;
 Form'd by thy converse, happily to steer
 From grave to gay, from lively to severe; 380
 Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,
 Intent to reason, or polite to please.
 Oh! while along the stream of Time thy name
 Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame;
 Say, shall my little bark attendant sail, 385
 Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?
 When statesmen, heroes, kings, in dust repose,
 Whose sons shall blush their fathers were thy foes,
 Shall then this verse to future age pretend,
 Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend? 390
 That, urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art,
 From sounds to things, from fancy to the heart?
 For Wit's false mirror held up Nature's light?
 Shew'd erring Pride, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT?
 That REASON, PASSION, answer one great aim? 395
 That true SELF LOVE and SOCIAL are the same?
 That VIRTUE only makes our bliss below?
 And all our knowledge is, OURSELVES TO KNOW?

VARIATIONS.

Vcr. 397. *That Virtue only, &c.* in the MS. thus:

That just to find a God is all we can,

And all the study of mankind is man?

The UNIVERSAL PRAYER*.

D E O O P T. M A X.

Father of all! in ev'ry age,
 In ev'ry clime ador'd,
 By saint, by savage, and by sage,
 Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou great First Cause, least understood : 5
 Who all my sense confin'd
 To know but this, that thou art good,
 And that myself am blind ;

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
 To see the good from ill ; 10
 And binding Nature fast in Fate,
 Left free the human will.

What Conscience dictates to be done,
 Or warns me not to do,
 This, teach me more than hell to shun, 15
 That, more than heav'n pursue.

* Mr Warburton gives the following account of Mr Pope's design in this prayer, viz.

“ It may be proper to observe, that some passages in the preceding *Essay*, having been unjustly suspected of a tendency towards *Fate* and *Naturalism*, the author composed this prayer as the sum of all, to shew that his system was founded in *free-will*, and terminated in piety: That the First Cause was as well the Lord and Governour of the universe as the Creator of it; and that, by submission to his will (the great principle enforced throughout the *Essay*), was not meant the suffering ourselves to be carried along by a blind determination; but the resting in a religious acquiescence, and confidence full of *hope* and immortality. To give all this the greater weight, the poet chose for his model the LORD'S PRAYER, which of all others, best deserves the title prefixed to his paraphrase,”

What

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER. 75

What blessings thy free bounty gives,
 Let me not cast away ;
 For God is paid when Man receives,
 T' enjoy is to obey. 20

Yet not to earth's contracted span
 Thy goodness let me bound,
 Or think thee Lord alone of Man,
 When thousand worlds are round :

Let not this weak, unknowing hand 25
 Presume thy bolts to throw,
 And deal damnation round the land,
 On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
 Still in the right to stay ; 30
 If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
 To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride,
 Or impious discontent,
 At aught thy wisdom has deny'd, 35
 Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's wo,
 To hide the fault I see ;
 That mercy I to others show,
 That mercy show to me. 40

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
 Since quicken'd by thy breath ;
 Oh lead me wherefoe'er I go,
 Through this day's life or death.

This day, be bread and peace my lot : 45
 All else beneath the sun,
 Then know't if best bestow'd or not,
 And let thy will be done.

To thee, whose temple is all space,
 Whose altar, earth, sea, skies ! 50
 One chorus let all being raise !
 All Nature's incense rise !

[As some passages in the *Essay on Man* have been suspected of favouring the schemes of *Leibnitz* and *Spinoza*, or, as Mr Warburton says, in his note on the *Universal Prayer*, p. 74. of a tendency towards *Fate* and *Naturalism*; it is thought proper here to insert the two following letters, to shew how ill-grounded such a suspicion is.—These letters are not in any former edition.]

Mr POPE to the younger RACINE, a celebrated French writer, occasioned by his animadversions on his *Essay on Man*, in a poem called *Religion*.

S I R,

London, Sept. 1. 1742.

THE expectation in which I have been for some time past, of receiving the present you have honoured me with, was the occasion of my delaying so long to answer your letter. I am at length favoured with your poem upon *Religion*; and should have received from the perusal of it, a pleasure un-mixed with pain, had I not the mortification to find, that you impute several principles to me*, which I abhor and detest. My uneasiness met some alleviation from a passage in your preface, where you declare your inability, from a want of knowledge of the English language, to give your own judgment on the *Essay on Man*†. You add, that you do not controvert

* The following lines, *chant. 2. l. 92. — 97.* are probably alluded to.

Sans doute qu'à ces mots, des lords de la Tamise
Quelque abstrait raisonneur, qui ne se plaint de rien,
Dans son flegme Anglican répondra, Tout est bien.
" Le grand Ordonnateur dont le dessein si sage,
" De tant d'êtres divers ne forme qu'un ouvrage,
" Nous place à notre rang pour orner son tableau."

† M. Racine, in an advertisement prefixed to his answer to M. Rousseau's letter against the Free-thinkers, speaks thus. *N'ayant pas le bonheur de pouvoir lire dans l'original les ouvrages de M. Pope, le plus célèbre poëte que l'Angleterre ait aujourd'hui, je ne puis pas attaquer ici ses véritables sentimens, dont je ne puis être*

controvert my tenets, but the evil consequences deducible from them, and the maxims which some persons of notable sagacity have imagined that they have discovered in my poem. This declaration is a shining proof of your candour, your discretion, and your charity. I must take leave to assure you, Sir, that your unacquaintance with the original has not proved more fatal to me, than the imperfect conceptions of my translators, who have not sufficiently informed themselves of my real sentiments. The many additional embellishments, which my piece has received from the version of M. D. R—, have not done an honour to the *Essay on Man*, equal to the prejudice it has suffered from his frequent misapprehension of the principles it inculcates. These mistakes, you will perceive, are totally refuted in the English piece, which I have transmitted to you. It is a critical and philosophic commentary, written by the learned author of the *Divine legation of Moses*. I flatter myself, that the Chevalier Ramsay will, from his zeal for truth, take the trouble to explain the contents of it. I shall then persuade myself, that your suspicions will be effaced, and I shall have no appeal from your candour and justice.

In the mean time, I shall not hesitate to declare myself very cordially, in regard to some particulars about which you have desired an answer.

I must avow then openly and sincerely, that my principles are diametrically opposite to the sentiments of Spinoza and Leibnitz; they are perfectly coincident with the tenets of M. Paschal, and the Archbishop of Cambray; and I shall always esteem it an honour to me, to imitate the moderation with which the latter submitted his private opinions to

certain. Je ne prétens attaquer que ceux qui sont devenus si communs parmi nous depuis la lecture de son Essai sur l'Homme, dont les principes n'étant pas assez développés pour nous, sont cause que plusieurs personnes croient y trouver un système, qui n'est peut-être pas celui de l'auteur.

the decisions of the church of which he professed himself a member. I have the honour to be, &c.

A. POPE.

M. RACINE'S answer to Mr POPE.

S I R,

Paris, Oct. 25. 1742.

THE mildness and humility with which you justify yourself, is a convincing proof of your religion; the more so, as you have done it to one, on whom it is incumbent to make his own apology for his rash attack upon your character. Your manner of pardoning me is the more delicate, as it is done without any mixture of reproach. But though you acquit me with so much politeness, I shall not so easily forgive myself.

Certain it is, a precipitance of zeal hurried me away. As I had often heard positions, said to be yours, or at least consequences resulting from your essay, cited against certain truths, which I now find you respect as much as myself, I thought I had a right to enter the lists with you. The passage in my preface was extorted from me by a degree of remorse, which I felt in writing against you. This remorse, Sir, was awakened in me by the consideration, that the greatest men are always the most susceptible of the truths of revelation. I was really grieved to think that Mr Pope should oppose a religion, whose enemies have ever been contemptible; and it appeared strange, that in a work which points out the road to happiness, you should furnish arms to those who are industrious to misguide us in the research.

Your letter, at the same time that it does honour to your character, must bring a blush in my face, for having entertained unjust suspicions. But, notwithstanding this, I think myself obliged to make it public. The injury which I have done you was so, the reparation should be the same. I owe this to you, I owe it to myself, I owe it to justice.

Whatever may be said in your favour in the commentary

mentary you have sent me, it is now rendered unnecessary by your own declaration. The respect which you avow for the religion you profess, is a sufficient vindication of your doctrine. I will add, that, for the future, those among us who shall feel the laudable ambition of making their poetry subservient to religion, ought to take you for their model; and it should ever be remembered, that the greatest poet in England is one of the humblest sons of the church.

I am, &c.

MORAL

ARGUMENT of EXISTENCE.

MORAL ESSAYS,

IN

FOUR EPISTLES

TO

SEVERAL PERSONS.

*Est brevitæ opus, ut currat sententia, neu se
 Impediat verbis lassas onerantibus aures :
 Et sermone opus est modo tristi, sæpe jocosæ,
 Defendente vicem modo rhetoris atque poetæ,
 Interdum urbani, parentis viribus, atque
 Extenuantis eas consultò.*

HOR.

 ARGUMENT of EPISTLE I.

Of the knowledge and characters of MEN.

*That it is not sufficient for this knowledge to consider
 Man in the abstract : Books will not serve the pur-
 pose, nor yet our own experience singly, ver. 1.
 General maxims, unless they be formed upon both;
 will be but notional, ver. 9. I. Some peculiarity
 in*

in every man, characteristic to himself, yet varying from himself, ver. 15. Difficulties arising from our own passions, fancies, faculties, &c. ver. 31. The shortness of life, to observe in, and the uncertainty of the principles of action in men, to observe by, ver. 37. &c. Our own principle of action often hid from ourselves, ver. 41. Some few characters plain, but in general confounded, dissembled, or inconsistent, ver. 51. The same man utterly different in different places and seasons, ver. 71. Unimaginable weaknesses in the greatest, ver. 77. &c. Nothing constant and certain but God and Nature, ver. 95. No judging of the motives from the actions; the same actions proceeding from contrary motives, and the same motives influencing contrary actions, ver. 99. II. Yet to form characters, we can only take the strongest actions of a man's life, and try to make them agree: The utter uncertainty of this, from Nature itself, and from Policy, ver. 119. Characters given according to the rank of men of the world, ver. 135. And some reason for it, ver. 141. Education alters the nature, or at least character, of many, ver. 149. Actions, Passions, Opinions, Manners, Humours, or Principles, all subject to change. No judging by Nature, from ver. 158. to 173. III. It only remains to find (if we can) his RULING PASSION: That will certainly influence all the rest, and can reconcile the seeming or real inconsistency of all his actions, ver. 174. Instanced in the extraordinary character of Wharton, ver. 178. A caution against mistaking second qualities for first, which will destroy all possibility of the knowledge of mankind, ver. 210. Examples of the strength of the Ruling Passion, and its continuation to the last breath, ver. 222. &c.

E P I S T L E I.

T O

Sir RICHARD TEMPLE, Lord Visc. COBHAM.

Y E S, you despise the man to books confin'd,
 Who from his study rails at humankind;
 Though what he learns he speaks, and may advance
 Some gen'ral maxims, or be right by chance.
 The coxcomb bird, so talkative and grave, 5
 That from his cage cries Cuckold, Whore, and
 Knave,

Though many a passenger he rightly call,
 You hold him no philosopher at all.

And yet the fate of all extremes is such,
 Men may be read, as well as books, too much. 10
 To observations which ourselves we make,
 We grow more partial for th' observer's sake;
 To written wisdom, as another's, less:
 Maxims are drawn from notions, those from guess.

I. There's some peculiar in each leaf and grain,
 Some unmark'd fibre, or some varying vein: 16
 Shall only Man be taken in the gross?
 Grant but as many sorts of mind as moss*.

That each from other differs, first confess;
 Next, that he varies from himself no less: 20
 Add Nature's, Custom's, Reason's, Passion's strife,
 And all Opinion's colours cast on life.

Our depths who fathoms, or our shallows finds,
 Quick whirls, and shifting eddies of our minds?
 On human actions reason though you can, 25
 It may be Reason, but it is not Man:
 His principle of action once explore,
 That instant 'tis his principle no more.

* There are above 300 sorts of moss observed by naturalists.

Like following life through creatures you dissect,
You lose it in the moment you detect. 30

Yet more; the difference is as great between
The optics seeing, as the objects seen.
All manners take a tincture from our own;
Or come discolour'd through our passions shown.
Or Fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies, 35
Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thousand dyes.

Nor will Life's stream for observation stay,
It hurries all too fast to mark their way:
In vain sedate reflections we would make,
When half our knowledge we must snatch, not take.

Oft, in the Passions' wild rotation tost, 41
Our spring of action to ourselves is lost:
Tir'd, not determin'd, to the last we yield,
And what comes then is master of the field.
As the last image of that troubled heap, 45
When sense subsides, and Fancy sports in sleep,
(Though past the recollection of the thought),
Becomes the stuff of which our dream is wrought:
Something as dim to our internal view,
Is thus, perhaps, the cause of most we do. 50

True, some are open, and to all men known;
Others so very close, they're hid from none;
(So darkness strikes the sense no less than light):
Thus, gracious CHANDOS is belov'd at sight;
And ev'ry child hates Shylock, though his soul 55
Still sits at squat, and peeps not from its hole.
At half mankind when gen'rous Manly raves,
All know 'tis Virtue, for he thinks them knaves:
When universal homage Umbra pays,
All see 'tis Vice, and itch of vulgar praise. 60

NOTES.

Ver. 56.—*peeps not from its hole.*] which shews that this grave person was content with his present situation, as finding but small satisfaction in what a famous poet reckons one of the great advantages of old age.

The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light from chinks that time has made.

SCRIB.

When

When Flatt'ry glares, all hate it in a queen,
While one there is who charms us with his spleen.

But these plain characters we rarely find ;
Tho' strong the bent, yet quick the turns of mind :
Or puzzling contraries confound the whole ; 65
Or affectations quite reverse the soul.
The dull, flat falsehood serves for policy ;
And in the cunning, Truth itself's a lie :
Unthought-of frailties cheat us in the wise ;
The fool lies hid in inconsistencies. 70

See the same man, in vigour, in the gout ;
Alone, in company ; in place, or out ;
Early at bus'ness, and at Hazard late ;
Mad at a fox-chace, wise at a debate ;
Drunk at a borough, civil at a ball ; 75
Friendly at Hackney, faithless at Whitehall.

Catius is ever moral, ever grave,
Thinks who endures a knave, is next a knave,
Save just at dinner——then prefers, no doubt,
A rogue with ven'son to a saint without. 80

Who would not praise Patritio's high desert,
His hand unstain'd, his uncorrupted heart,
His comprehensive head ! all int'rests weigh'd,
All Europe sav'd, yet Britain not betray'd.
He thanks you not, his pride is in Piquette, 85
Newmarket fame, and judgment at a bett.

What made (say Montagne, or more sage Charron !)
Otho a warrior, Cromwell a buffoon ?
A perjurd prince a leaden saint revere,
A godless regent tremble at a star ? 90

VARIATIONS

After ver. 86. in the former editions,

Triumphant leaders, at an army's head,
Hemm'd round with glories, pilfer cloth or bread ;
As meanly plunder as they bravely fought,
Now save a people, and now save a groat,

NOTES.

Ver. 81. *Patritio*] Lord G—n.

Ver. 89. *A perjurd prince.*] Louis XI. of France, wore in his hat a leaden image of the Virgin Mary, which when he swore by, he feared to break his oath.

The

The throne a bigot keep, a genius quit,
Faithless through piety, and dup'd through wit?
Europe a woman, child, or dotard rule,
And just her wisest monarch made a fool?

Know, GOD and NATURE only are the same: 95
In Man, the judgment shoots at flying game;
A bird of passage! gone as soon as found,
Now in the moon perhaps, now under ground.

II. In vain the sage, with retrospective eye,
Would from th' apparent What conclude the Why,
Infer the motive from the deed, and show, 101
That what we chanc'd was what we meant to do.
Behold! if fortune or a mistress frowns,
Some plunge in bus'ness, others shave their crowns:
To ease the soul of one oppressive weight, 105
This quits an empire, that embroils a state:
The same adust complexion has impell'd
Charles to the convent, Philip to the field.

Not always actions shew the man: we find
Who does a kindness, is not therefore kind; 110
Perhaps Prosperity becalm'd his breast,
Perhaps the wind just shifted from the east:
Not therefore humble he who seeks retreat,
Pride guides his steps, and bids him shun the great:
Who combats bravely is not therefore brave, 115
He dreads a deathbed like the meanest slave:
Who reasons wisely is not therefore wise,
His pride in reas'ning, not in acting lies.

But grant that actions best discover man;
Take the most strong, and sort them as you can. 120
The few that glare, each character must mark,
You balance not the many in the dark.
What will you do with such as disagree?
Suppress them, or miscall them policy?

NOTES.

Ver. 91. *The throne a bigot keep, a genius quit.*] Philip V. of Spain, who, after renouncing the throne for religion, resumed it to gratify his Queen; and Victor Amadeus II. King of Sardinia, who resigned the crown, and trying to reassume it, was imprisoned till his death.

Must then at once (the character to save) 125

The plain rough hero turn a crafty knave?

Alas! in truth the man but chang'd his mind,

Perhaps was sick, in love, or had not din'd.

Ask why from Britain Cæsar would retreat?

Cæsar himself might whisper he was beat. 130

Why risk the world's great empire for a punk?

Cæsar perhaps might answer he was drunk.

But, sage historians! 'tis your task to prove

One action conduct; one, heroic love.

'Tis from high life high characters are drawn:

A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn; 136

A judge is just, a chanc'lor juster still;

A gownman, learn'd; a bishop, what you will;

Wise, if a minister; but if a king,

More wise, more learn'd, more just, more ev'ry thing.

Court-virtues bear, like gems, the highest rate, 141

Born where Heav'n's influence scarce can penetrate:

In life's low vale, the soil the Virtues like,

They please as beauties, here as wonders strike.

Though the same sun with all-diffusive rays 145

Blush in the rose, and in the di'mond blaze,

We prize the stronger effort of his pow'r,

And justly set the gem above the flow'r.

'Tis Education forms the common mind,

Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclin'd. 150

Boastful and rough, your first son is a 'squire;

The next a tradesman, meek, and much a liar;

Tom

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 129. in the former editions,

Ask why from Britain Cæsar made retreat?

Cæsar himself would tell you, he was beat.

The mighty Czar what mov'd to wed a punk?

The mighty Czar would tell you he was drunk.

Altered as above, because Cæsar wrote his commentaries of this war, and does *not* tell you he was beat. As Cæsar too afforded an instance of both cases, it was thought better to make him the single example.

NOTES.

Ver. 152. *The next a tradesman, meek, and much a liar.*] "The only glory of a tradesman" (says Hobbes) "is to grow excessively ly rich by the wisdom of buying and selling." A pursuit very

Tom struts a soldier, open, bold, and brave;
 Will sneaks a scriv'ner, an exceeding knave:
 Is he a churchman? then he's fond of pow'r: 155
 A Quaker? fly: a Presbyterian? sour:
 A smart Freethinker? all things in an hour. }

Ask mens opinions: Scoto now shall tell
 How trade increases, and the world goes well;
 Strike off his pension, by the setting sun, 160
 And Britain, if not Europe, is undone.

That gay Freethinker, a fine talker once,
 What turns him now a stupid silent dunce?
 Some god, or spirit, he has lately found;
 Or chanc'd to meet a minister that frown'd. 165

Judge we by Nature? Habit can efface,
 Int'rest o'ercome, or policy take place:
 By Actions? those Uncertainty divides:
 By Passions? these Dissimulation hides:
 Opinions? they still take a wider range: 170
 Find, if you can, in what you cannot change.

Manners with fortunes, humours turn with climes,
 Tenets with books, and principles with times.

III. Search then the RULING PASSION: There,
 alone,
 The wild are constant, and the cunning known;
 The fool consistent; and the false sincere; 176
 Priests, princes, women, no dissemblers here.

NOTES.

wide of all *vain-glory*; so that if he be given to *lying*, it is certainly on a more substantial motive, and will therefore rather deserve the name which this philosopher gives it, of *wisdom*.

SCRIB.

Ver. 164. 165. *Some god or spirit he has lately found;—Or chanc'd to meet a minister that frown'd.*] Disasters the most unlooked for, as they were what the Freethinker's *speculations* and *practice* were principally directed to avoid.—The poet here alludes to the ancient classical opinion, that the sudden vision of a god was supposed to strike the irreverent observer speechless. He has only a little extended the conceit, and supposed that the terrors of a *court-god* might have the like effect on a very devoted worshipper.

SCRIB.

Ver. 174. *Search then the ruling passion.*] See Essay on Man, epist. 2, ver. 133. *et seq.*

This clue once found, unravels all the rest,
 The prospect clears, and Wharton stands confest :
 Wharton, the scorn and wonder of our days, 180
 Whose ruling passion was the lust of praise :
 Born with whate'er could win it from the wife,
 Women and fools must like him, or he dies ;
 Though wond'ring senates hung on all he spoke,
 The club must hail him master of the joke. 185
 Shall parts so various aim at nothing new ?
 He'll shine a Tully and a Wilmot too.
 Then turns repentant, and his God adores
 With the same spirit that he drinks and whores ;
 Enough if all around him but admire, 190
 And now the punk applaud, and now the frier.
 Thus with each gift of nature and of art,
 And wanting nothing but an honest heart ;
 Grown all to all, from no one vice exempt ;
 And most contemptible, to shun contempt ; 195
 His passion still, to covet gen'ral praise,
 His life, to forfeit it a thousand ways ;
 A constant bounty, which no friend has made ;
 An angel tongue, which no man can persuade ;
 A fool, with more of wit than half mankind, 200
 Too rash for thought, for action too refin'd :
 A tyrant to the wife his heart approves ;
 A rebel to the very king he loves ;
 He dies, sad outcast of each church and state,
 And, harder still ! flagitious, yet not great. 205
 Ask you why Wharton broke through ev'ry rule ?
 'Twas all for fear the knaves should call him fool.
 Nature well known, no prodigies remain ;
 Comets are regular, and Wharton plain.
 Yet, in this search, the wisest may mistake, 210
 If second qualities for first they take.
 When Catiline by rapine swell'd his store ;
 When Cæsar made a noble dame a whore ;

NOTES.

Ver. 187. John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, famous for his wit and extravagancies in the time of Charles II.

In

In this the lust, in that the avarice,
 Were means, not ends; Ambition was the vice. 215
 That very Cæsar born in Scipio's days,
 Had aim'd, like him, by chastity at praise.
 Lucullus, when frugality could charm,
 Had roasted turnips in the Sabin farm.
 In vain th' observer eyes the builder's toil, 220
 But quite mistakes the scaffold for the pile.

In this one passion man can strength enjoy,
 As fits give vigour, just when they destroy.
 Time, that on all things lays his lenient hand,
 Yet tames not this; it sticks to our last sand. 225
 Consistent in our follies and our sins,
 Here honest Nature ends as she begins.

Old politicians chew on wisdom past,
 And totter on in bus'ness to the last;
 As weak, as earnest; and as gravely out, 230
 As sober Laneſb'row dancing in the gout.

Behold a rev'rend sire, whom want of grace
 Has made the father of a nameless race,
 Shov'd from the wall perhaps, or rudely press'd
 By his own son, that passes by unblest'd: 235
 Still to his wench he crawls on knocking knees,
 And envies ev'ry sparrow that he sees.

A salmon's belly, Helluo, was thy fate;
 The doctor call'd, declares all help too late:
 "Mercy!" cries Helluo, "mercy on my soul! 240
 "Is there no hope?—Alas!—then bring the jowl."

The frugal crone, whom praying priests attend,
 Still tries to save the hallow'd taper's end,
 Collects her breath, as ebbing life retires,
 For one puff more, and in that puff expires. 245

NOTES.

Ver. 231. *Laneſb'row.*] An ancient nobleman, who continued this practice long after his legs were disabled by the gout. Upon the death of Prince George of Denmark, he demanded an audience of the Queen, to advise her to preserve her health and dispel her grief by dancing.

Ver. 242. *The frugal crone.*] A fact told him of a lady at Paris.

" Odious ! in woollen ! 'twould a saint provoke,"
 (Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke) ;
 " No, let a charming chintz, and Brussels lace,
 " Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face :
 " One would not, sure, be frightful when one's
 " dead— 250
 " And—Betty—give this cheek a little red."
 ' The courtier smooth, who forty years had shin'd
 An humble servant to all human kind,
 Just brought out this, when scarce his tongue could
 stir :
 " If—where I'm going—I could serve you, Sir ?"
 " I give and I devise" (old Euclio said, 256
 And sigh'd) " my lands and tenements to Ned."
 Your money, Sir ?—" My money, Sir, what all ?
 " Why,—if I must—(then wept) I give it Paul." 259
 The manor, Sir ?—" The manor ! hold, he cry'd,
 " Not that,—I cannot part with that,"—and dy'd.
 And you ! brave COBHAM ! to the latest breath
 Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death :
 Such in those moments as in all the past,
 " Oh, save my country, Heav'n !" shall be your last.

NOTES.

Ver. 247.—*the last words that poor Narcissa spoke.*] This story, as well as the others, is founded on fact, though the author had the goodness not to mention the names. Several attribute this in particular to a very celebrated actress, who, in detestation of the thought of being buried in woollen, gave these her last orders with her dying breath.

ARGUMENT

ARGUMENT of EPISTLE II.

Of the characters of WOMEN.

That the particular characters of women are not so strongly marked as those of men, seldom so fixed, and still more inconsistent with themselves, ver. 1. &c. Instances of contrarieties, given even from such characters as are most strongly marked, and seemingly therefore most consistent: As, I. in the affected, ver. 21. &c. II. In the soft-natured, ver. 29. and 37. III. In the cunning and artful, ver. 45. IV. In the whimsical, ver. 53. V. In the lewd and vicious, ver. 69. VI. In the witty and refined, ver. 87. VII. In the stupid and simple, ver. 101. The former part having shewn, that the particular characters of women are more various than those of men, it is nevertheless observed, that the general characteristic of the sex, as to the ruling passion, is more uniform, ver. 207. This is occasioned, partly by their nature, partly by their education, and in some degree by necessity, ver. 211. What are the aims and the fate of this sex: — I. As to power, ver. 219. II. As to pleasure, ver. 231. Advice for their true interest, ver. 249. The picture of an estimable woman, with the best kind of contrarieties, ver. 269.

EPISTLE

E P I S T L E II*.

To a LADY.

Nothing so true as what you once let fall,
 "Most women have no characters at all."
 Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,
 And best distinguish'd by black, brown, or fair.
 How many pictures of one nymph we view, 5
 All how unlike each other, all how true?
 Arcadia's Countess, here, in ermin'd pride,
 Is there, Pastora by a fountain-side:
 Here Fannia leering on her own good man,
 And there, a naked Leda with a swan. 10
 Let then the fair-one beautifully cry,
 In Magdalen's loose hair and lifted eye,
 Or dress'd in smiles of sweet Cecilia shine,
 With simp'ring angels, palms, and harps divine;
 Whether the charmer sinner it, or saint it, 15
 If Folly grow romantic, I must paint it.
 Come then, the colours and the ground prepare!
 Dip in the rainbow, trick her off in air;
 Chuse a firm cloud, before it fall, and in it
 Catch, ere she change, the Cynthia of this minute.
 Rusa, whose eye quick-glancing o'er the park, 21
 Attracts each light gay meteor of a spark,

NOTES.

* First published in the year 1735.

Ver. 7. 8. 10. &c. *Arcadia's Countess—Pastora by a fountain—Leda with a swan—Magdalen—Cecilia—*] Attitudes in which several ladies affected to be drawn, and sometimes one lady in them all. — The poet's politeness and complaisance to the sex is observable in this instance, amongst others, that, whereas in the *characters of men*, he has sometimes made use of real names, in the *characters of women* always fictitious.

Ver. 20. *Catch, ere she change, the Cynthia of this minute*] Alluding to the precept of *Fresnoy*,

formæ veneres captando fugaces.

Agrees

Agrees as well with Rufa studying Locke,
 As Sappho's di'monds with her dirty smock;
 Or Sappho at her toilet's greasy talk, 25
 With Sappho fragrant at an ev'ning-mask:
 So morning-insects that in muck begun,
 Shine, buzz, and fly-blow in the setting sun.
 How soft is Silia! fearful to offend;
 The frail one's advocate, the weak one's friend. 30
 To her Calista prov'd her conduct nice;
 And good Simplicius asks of her advice.
 Sudden, she storms! she raves! You tip the wink:
 But spare your censure; Silia does not drink.
 All eyes may see from what the change arose, 35
 All eyes may see — a pimple on her nose.
 Papillia, wedded to her am'rous spark,
 Sighs for the shades — "How charming is a park!"
 A park is purchas'd, but the fair he sees
 All bath'd in tears—"Oh odious, odious trees!" 40
 Ladies, like variegated tulips, show,
 'Tis to their changes half their charms we owe;
 Fine by defect, and delicately weak,
 Their happy spots the nice admirer take.
 'Twas thus Calypso once each heart alarm'd, 45
 Aw'd without virtue, without beauty charm'd;
 Her tongue bewitch'd as oddly as her eyes,
 Less wit than mimic, more a wit than wise;
 Strange graces still, and stranger flights she had,
 Was just not ugly, and was just not mad; 50
 Yet ne'er so sure our passion to create,
 As when she touch'd the brink of all we hate.
 Narcissa's nature, tolerably mild,
 To make a wash, would hardly stew a child;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 23. *Agrees as ill with Rufa studying Locke*] This thought is expressed with great humour in the following stanza:

Though Artemisia talks, by fits,

Of councils, classics, fathers, wits;

Reads Malbranche, Boyle, and Locke:

Yet in some things, methinks, she fails;

'Twere well if she would pare her nails,

And wear a cleaner smock, — See vol. i. p. 286.

Has

Has ev'n been prov'd to grant a lover's pray'r, 55
 And paid a tradesman once to make him stare;
 Gave alms at Easter, in a Christian trim,
 And made a widow happy, for a whim.
 Why then declare good-nature is her scorn,
 When 'tis by that alone she can be borne? 60
 Why pique all mortals, yet affect a name?
 A fool to Pleasure, yet a slave to Fame:
 Now deep in Taylor and the book of Martyrs,
 Now drinking citron with his Grace and Chartres:
 Now conscience chills her, and now passion burns:
 And Atheism and Religion take their turns; 66
 A very Heathen in the carnal part,
 Yet still a sad, good Christian at her heart.
 See Sin in state, majestically drunk;
 Proud as a peeress, prouder as a punk; 70
 Chaste to her husband, frank to all beside,
 A teeming mistress, but a barren bride.
 What then? let blood and body bear the fault,
 Her head's untouch'd, that noble seat of thought:
 Such this day's doctrine — in another fit 75
 She sins with poets through pure love of wit.
 What has not fir'd her bosom or her brain?
 Cæsar and Tall-boy, Charles and Charlema'ne.
 As Helluo, late dictator of the feast,
 The nose of hautgout, and the tip of taste, 80
 Critiqu'd your wine, and analyz'd your meat,
 Yet on plain pudding deign'd at home to eat:
 So Philomedé, lect'ring all mankind
 On the soft passion, and the taste refin'd,
 Th' address, the delicacy, — stoops at once, 85
 And makes her hearty meal upon a dunce.
 Flavia's a wit, has too much sense to pray;
 To toast our wants and wishes, is her way;

V A R I A T I O N S.

Ver. 77. *What has not fir'd, &c.*] in the MS.
 In whose mad brain the mix'd ideas roll
 Of Tall-boy's breeches, and of Cæsar's soul,

Nor

Nor asks of God, but of her stars, to give
The mighty blessing, "while we live, to live;" 90
Then all for Death, that opiate of the soul!

Lucretia's dagger, Rosamonda's bowl.
Say, what can cause such impotence of mind?
A spark too fickle, or a spouse too kind.

Wife wretch! with pleasures too refin'd to please;
With too much spirit to be e'er at ease; 96

With too much quickness ever to be taught;
With too much thinking to have common thought:

You purchase Pain with all that joy can give,
And die of nothing but a rage to live. 100

Turn then from Wits: and look on Simo's mate;
No afs so meek, no afs so obstinate:

Or her, that owns her faults, but never mends,
Because she's honest, and the best of friends:

Or her, whose life the church and scandal share,
For ever in a passion, or a pray'r: 106

Or her, who laughs at hell, but (like her Grace)
Cries, "Ah! how charming, if there's no such
"place!"

Or who in sweet vicissitude appears
Of mirth and opium, ratasie and tears, 110

The daily anodyne, and nightly draught,
To kill those foes to fair-ones, Time and Thought.

Woman and fool are two hard things to hit;
For true no-meaning puzzles more than wit.

But what are these to great Atossa's mind? 115
Scarce once herself, by turns all womankind!

Who, with herself, or others, from her birth
Finds all her life one warfare upon earth:

Shines, in exposing knaves, and painting fools,
Yet is, whate'er she hates and ridicules. 120

No thought advances, but her eddy brain
Whisks it about, and down it goes again.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 122. in the MS.

Oppress'd with wealth and wit, abundance sad!

One makes her poor, the other makes her mad,

Full

Full sixty years the world has been her trade,
 The wisest fool much time has ever made.
 From loveless youth to unrespected age, 125
 No passion gratify'd except her rage.
 So much the fury still outran the wit,
 The pleasure mis'd her, and the scandal hit.
 Who breaks with her, provokes Revenge from hell,
 But he's a bolder man who dares be well. 130
 Her ev'ry turn with violence pursu'd,
 Nor more a storm her hate than gratitude :
 To that each passion turns, or soon or late ;
 Love, if it makes her yield, must make her hate :
 Superiours ? death ! and equals ? what a curse ; 135
 But an inferiour not dependent ? worse.
 Offend her, and she knows not to forgive ;
 Oblige her, and she'll hate you while you live :
 But die, and she'll adore you — Then the bust
 And temple rise — then fall again to dust. 140
 Last night, her Lord was all that's good and great ;
 A knave this morning, and his will a cheat.
 Strange ! by the means defeated of the ends,
 By spirit robb'd of pow'r, by warmth of friends,
 By wealth of follow'rs ! without one distress 145
 Sick of herself through very selfishness !
 Atossa, curs'd with ev'ry granted pray'r,
 Childless with all her children, wants an heir.
 To heirs unknown descends th' unguarded store,
 Or wanders, Heav'n directed, to the poor. 150

V A R I A T I O N S.

After ver. 148. in the MS.

This Death decides, nor lets the blessing fall
 On any one she hates, but on them all.

Curs'd chance ! this only could afflict her more,
 If any part should wander to the poor.

N O T E S.

Ver. 150. *Or wanders, Heav'n-directed, &c.*] Alluding and referring to the great principle of his philosophy, which he never loses sight of, and which teaches, that Providence is incessantly turning the evils arising from the follies and vices of men to general good.

Pictures

Pictures like these, dear Madam, to design,
 Asks no firm hand, and no unerring line;
 Some wand'ring touches, some reflected light,
 Some flying stroke alone can hit 'em right:
 For how should equal colours do the knack? 155
 Chameleons who can paint in white and black?

"Yet Cloe sure was form'd without a spot."—
 Nature in her then err'd not, but forgot.
 "With ev'ry pleasing, ev'ry prudent part,
 "Say, what can Cloe want?"—She wants a heart.
 She speaks, behaves, and acts just as she ought; 161
 But never, never, reach'd one gen'rous thought.
 Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour,
 Content to dwell in decencies for ever.
 So very reasonable, so unmov'd, 165
 As never yet to love, or to be lov'd.
 She, while her lover pants upon her breast,
 Can mark the figures on an Indian chest;
 And when she sees her friend in deep despair,
 Observes how much a chintz exceeds mohair. 170
 Forbid it, Heav'n, a favour or a debt
 She e'er should cancel—but she may forget.
 Safe is your secret still in Cloe's ear;
 But none of Cloe's shall you ever hear.
 Of all her dears she never slander'd one, 175
 But cares not if a thousand are undone.
 Would Cloe know if you're alive or dead?
 She bids her footman put it in her head.
 Cloe is prudent—Would you too be wise?
 Then never break your heart when Cloe dies. 180

One certain portrait may (I grant) be seen,
 Which Heav'n has varnish'd out, and made a *Queen*:
 THE SAME FOR EVER! and describ'd by all
 With truth and goodness, as with crown and ball,
 Poets heap virtues, painters gems at will, 185
 And show their zeal, and hide their want of skill.
 'Tis well—but, artists, who can paint or write,
 To draw the naked is your true delight.
 That robe of quality so struts and swells,
 None see what parts of Nature it conceals: 190

'Th' exactest traits of body or of mind,
 We owe to models of an humble kind.
 If QUEENSBERRY to strip there's no compelling,
 'Tis from a handmaid we must take a Helen.
 From peer or bishop 'tis no easy thing 195
 To draw the man who loves his God, or King :
 Alas ! I copy (or my draught would fail)
 From honest Mah'met, or plain Parson Hale.

But grant, in public men sometimes are shown,
 A woman's seen in private life alone : 200
 Our bolder talents in full light display'd ;
 Your virtues open fairest in the shade.
 Bred to disguise, in public 'tis you hide ;
 There, none distinguish 'twixt your shame or pride,
 Weakness or delicacy ; all so nice, 205
 That each may seem a virtue, or a vice.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 198. in the MS.

Fain I'd in Fulvia spy the tender wife ;
 I cannot prove it on her, for my life :
 And, for a noble pride, I blush no less,
 Instead of Berenice to think on Bess.
 Thus while immortal Cibber only sings
 (As * and H * * y preach) for queens and kings,
 The nymph, that ne'er read Milton's mighty line,
 May, if she love, and merit verse, have mine.

NOTES.

Ver. 198. *Mah'met*, servant to the late King, said to be the son of a Turkish Bassa, whom he took at the siege of Buda, and constantly kept about his person.

Ibid. Dr *Stephen Hale*, not more estimable for his useful discoveries as a natural philosopher, than for his exemplary life and pastoral charity as a parish-priest.

Ver. 199. *But grant, in public, &c.*] In the former editions, between this and the foregoing lines, a want of connect on might be perceived, occasioned by the omission of certain *examples* and *illustrations* to the maxims laid down ; and though some of these have since been found, *viz.* the characters of *Philomedæ*, *Atessa*, *Cloe*, and some verses following, others are still wanting ; nor can we answer that these are exactly inserted.

Ver. 206. *That each may seem a virtue, or a vice.*] For women are taught virtue so artificially, and vice so naturally, that, in the nice exercise of them, they may be easily mistaken for one another. SCRIBL.

In

In men, we various ruling passions find ;
 In women, two almost divide the kind ;
 Those, only fix'd, they first or last obey,
 The love of pleasure, and the love of sway. 210

That, Nature gives ; and where the lesson taught
 Is but to please, can Pleasure seem a fault ?
 Experience, this ; by Man's oppression curst,
 They seek the second not to lose the first.

Men, some to bus'ness, some to pleasure take ; 215
 But ev'ry woman is at heart a rake :
 Men, some to quiet, some to public strife ;
 But ev'ry lady would be queen for life.

Yet mark the fate of a whole sex of queens !
 Pow'r all their end, but beauty all the means : 220
 In youth they conquer, with so wild a rage,
 As leaves them scarce a subject in their age :
 For foreign glory, foreign joy, they roam ;
 No thought of peace or happiness at home.
 But Wisdom's triumph is well-tim'd retreat, 225
 As hard a science to the fair as great !
 Beauties, like tyrants, old and friendless grown,
 Yet hate repose, and dread to be alone,
 Worn out in public, weary ev'ry eye,
 Nor leave one sigh behind them when they die. 230

Pleasures the sex, as children birds, pursue,
 Still out of reach, yet never out of view ;
 Sure, if they catch, to spoil the toy at most,
 To covet flying, and regret when lost :
 At last, to follies youth could scarce descend, 235
 It grows their age's prudence to pretend ;
 Asham'd to own they gave delight before,
 Reduc'd to feign it, when they give no more :
 As hags hold sabbaths, less for joy than spite,
 So these their merry, miserable night ; 240
 Still round and round the ghosts of Beauty glide,
 And haunt the places where their honour dy'd.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 207. in the first edition,

In sev'ral men we sev'ral passions find ;
 In women, two almost divide the kind.

See how the world its veterans rewards !
 A youth of frolics, an old age of cards ;
 Fair to no purpose, artful to no end, 245
 Young without lovers, old without a friend ;
 A sop their passion, but their prize a sot,
 Alive, ridiculous, and dead, forgot !

Ah ! friend ! to dazzle let the vain design ; 249
 To raise the thought, and touch the heart be thine !
 That charm shall grow, while what fatigues the ring,
 Flaunts and goes down, an unregarded thing :
 So when the sun's broad beam has tir'd the sight,
 All mild ascends the moon's more sober light,
 Serene in virgin modesty she shines, 255
 And unobserv'd the glaring orb declines.

Oh ! blest'd with temper, whose unclouded ray
 Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day :
 She who can love a sister's charms, or hear
 Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear ; 260
 She who ne'er answers till a husband cools,
 Or, if she rules him, never shews she rules ;
 Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
 Yet has her humour most, when she obeys ;
 Lets sops or fortune fly which way they will ; 265
 Disdains all loss of tickets, or Codille ;
 Spleen, vapours, or small-pox, above them all,
 And mistress of herself, though China fall.

And yet, believe me, good as well as ill,
 Woman's at best a contradiction still. 270

Heav'n, when it strives to polish all it can,
 Its last best work, but forms a softer man ;
 Picks from each sex, to make the fav'rite blest,
 Your love of pleasure, our desire of rest :
 Blends, in exception to all gen'ral rules, 275
 Your taste of follies, with our scorn of fools :
 Reserve with frankness, art with truth ally'd,
 Courage with softness, modesty with pride ;
 Fix'd principles, with fancy ever new ;
 Shakes all together, and produces — you. 280

Be this a woman's fame : with this unblest,
 Toasts live a scorn, and queens may die a jest.

This

This Phœbus promis'd (I forget the year)
 When those blue eyes first open'd on the sphere;
 Ascendant Phœbus watch'd that hour with care, 285
 Averted half your parents' simple pray'rs;
 And gave you beauty, but deny'd the pelf
 That buys your sex a tyrant o'er itself.
 The gen'rous god, who wit and gold refines,
 And ripens spirits as he ripens mines, 290
 Kept dross for duchesesses, the world shall know it,
 To you gave sense, good humour, and a poet.

ARGUMENT of EPISTLE III.

Of the Use of RICHES.

That it is known to few, most falling into one of the extremes, Avarice or Profusion, ver. 1. &c. The point discussed, whether the invention of money has been more commodious, or pernicious to mankind, ver. 21. to 77. That riches, either to the Avaricious or the Prodigal, cannot afford happiness, scarcely necessities, ver. 89. to 158. That Avarice is an absolute frenzy, without an end or purpose, ver. 107. &c. 151. Conjectures about the motives of avaricious men, ver. 113. to 153. That the conduct of men, with respect to riches, can only be accounted for by the ORDER OF PROVIDENCE, which works the general good out of extremes, and brings all to its great end by perpetual revolutions, ver. 159. to 178. How a miser acts upon principles which appear to him reasonable, ver. 177. How a Prodigal does the same, ver. 197. The due medium, and true use of Riches, ver. 219. The Man of Rofs, ver. 250. The fate of the Profuse and the Covetous, in two examples; both miserable in life and in death, ver. 299. &c. The story of Sir Balaam, ver. 339. to the end.

EPISTLE

E P I S T L E III*.

T O

ALLEN Lord BATHURST.

P. **W**HO shall decide, when doctors disagree,
And soundest casuists doubt, like you and
me?

You hold the word, from Jove to Momus giv'n,
'That Man was made the standing jest of Heav'n;
And gold but sent to keep the fools in play, 5
For some to heap, and some to throw away.

But I, who think more highly of our kind,
(And surely Heav'n and I are of a mind),
Opine, that Nature, as in duty bound,
Deep hid the shining mischief under ground: 10
But when, by Man's audacious labour won,
Flam'd forth this rival to, its fire, the sun;

NOTES.

* First published in the year 1732.

This epistle was written after a violent outcry against our author, on a supposition that he had ridiculed a worthy nobleman merely for his wrong taste. He justified himself upon that article in a letter to the Earl of Burlington, [vol. 4. lett. 26. of *Letters to and from several persons*]; at the end of which are these words: "I have learned, that there are some who would rather
"be wicked than ridiculous; and therefore it may be safer to
"attack vices than follies. I will therefore leave my buttens in
"the quiet possession of their idols, their groves, and their high
"places, and change my subject from their pride to their mean-
"ness, from their vanities to their miseries; and as the only
"certain way to avoid misconstructions, to lessen offence, and
"not to multiply ill-natured applications, I may probably, in
"my next, make use of real names instead of fictitious ones."

Ver. 9. *Opine*] A term sacred to controversy and high debate.

Then

Then careful Heav'n supply'd two sorts of men ;
To squander these, and those to hide agen.

Like doctors thus, when much dispute has past,
We find our tenets just the same at last : 16

Both fairly owning, riches in effect,
No grace of Heav'n, or token of th' elect ;
Giv'n to the fool, the mad, the vain, the evil,
To Ward, to Waters, Chartres, and the devil. 20

B. What

NOTES.

VER. 20. JOHN WARD of Hackney, Esq; member of parliament, being prosecuted by the Dukes of Buckingham, and convicted of forgery, was first expelled the house, and then stood on the pillory on the 17th of March 1727. He was suspected of joining in a conveyance with Sir John Blunt, to secrete fifty thousand pounds of that director's estate, forfeited to the South-sea company by act of parliament. The company recovered the fifty thousand pounds against Ward ; but he set up prior conveyances of his real estate to his brother and son, and concealed all his personal, which was computed to be one hundred and fifty thousand pounds. These conveyances being also set aside by a bill in chancery, Ward was imprisoned, and hazarded the forfeiture of his life, by not giving in his effects till the last day, which was that of his examination. During his confinement, his amusement was to give poison to dogs and cats, and see them expire by slower or quicker torments. To sum up the *worth* of this gentleman, at the several *acra's* of his life : At his standing in the pillory he was *worth above two hundred thousand pounds* ; at his commitment to prison, he was *worth one hundred and fifty thousand* ; but has been since so far diminished in his reputation, as to be thought a *worse man by fifty or sixty thousand*.

FR. CHARTRES was a man infamous for all manner of vices. When he was an ensign in the army, he was drummed out of the regiment for a cheat ; he was next banished Brussels, and drummed out of Ghent on the same account. After a hundred tricks at the gaming-tables, he took to lending of money at exorbitant interest, and on great penalties, accumulating premium, interest, and capital into a new capital, and seizing to a minute when the payments became due. In a word, by a constant attention to the vices, wants, and follies of mankind, he acquired an immense fortune. His house was a perpetual bawdy-house. He was twice condemned for rapes, and pardoned ; but the last time not without imprisonment in Newgate, and large confiscations. He died in Scotland in 1731, aged 62. The populace at his funeral raised a great riot, almost tore the body out of the coffin, and cast dead dogs, &c. into the grave along with it.

B. What Nature wants, commodious gold bestows;
'Tis thus we eat the bread another sows.

P. But how unequal it bestows, observe;
'Tis thus we riot, while who sow it, starve:

What

NOTES.

This epitaph contains his character, very justly drawn by Dr Arbuthnot.

HERE continueth to rot
The body of FRANCIS CHARTRES;
Who, with an INFLEXIBLE CONSTANCY,
And INIMITABLE UNIFORMITY of life,
PERSISTED,

In spite of AGE and INFIRMITIES,
In the practice of EVERY HUMAN VICE;
Excepting PRODIGALITY and HYPOCRISY:
His insatiable AVARICE exempted him from the first,
His matchless IMPUDENCE from the second.

Nor was he more singular
In the undeviating *Pravity* of his *Manners*,
Than successful

In accumulating WEALTH:
For, without TRADE or PROFESSION,
Without TRUST of PUBLIC MONEY,
And without BRIBE-WORTHY Service,
He acquired, or more properly created,
A MINISTERIAL ESTATE.

He was the only person of his time,
Who could CHEAT without the mask of HONESTY,
Retain his primeval MEANNESS
When possessed of TEN THOUSAND a-year;
And having daily deserved the GIBBET for what he *did*,
Was at last condemned to it for what he *could* not do.

Oh indignant Reader!

Think not his life useless to mankind!
PROVIDENCE connived at his execrable designs,
To give to after-ages

A conspicuous PROOF and EXAMPLE,
Of how small estimation is EXORBITANT WEALTH
In the sight of GOD,

By his bestowing it on the most UNWORTHY of ALL
MORTALS.

This gentleman was worth seven thousand pounds a-year estate in land, and about one hundred thousand in money.

Mr WATERS, the third of these worthies, was a man no way resembling the former in his military, but extremely so in his civil capacity; his great fortune having been raised by the like di-

What Nature wants, (a phrase I much distrust), 25
 Extends to luxury, extends to lust :
 Useful, I grant, it serves what life requires ;
 But, dreadful, too the dark assassin hires.
B. Trade it may help, society extend ;
P. But lures the pirate, and corrupts the friend. 30
B. It raises armies in a nation's aid ;
P. But bribes a senate, and the land's betray'd.
 In vain may heroes fight, and patriots rave ;
 If secret gold sap on from knave to knave.
 Once, we confess, beneath the patriot's cloak, 35
 From the crack'd bag the dropping guinea spoke,
 And gingling down the back-stairs, told the crew,
 " Old Cato is as great a rogue as you."
 Bless'd paper-credit ! last and best supply !
 That lends Corruption lighter wings to fly ! 40
 Gold imp'd by thee, can compass hardest things,
 Can pocket states, can fetch or carry kings ;
 A single leaf shall waft an army o'er,
 Or ship off senates to a distant shore ;
 A leaf, like Sibyl's, scatter to and fro 45
 Our fates and fortunes, as the winds shall blow :

NOTES.

ligent attendance on the necessities of others. But this gentleman's history must be deferred till his death, when his *worth* may be known more certainly.

Ver. 35.—*beneath the patriot's cloak*] This is a true story, which happened in the reign of William III. to an unsuspected old patriot, who coming out at the back-door from having been closetted by the king, where he had received a large bag of guineas, the bursting of the bag discovered his business there.

Ver. 42.—*fetch or carry kings*] In our author's time, many princes had been sent about the world, and great changes of kings projected in Europe. The partition-treaty had disposed of Spain ; France had set up a King for England, who was sent to Scotland, and back again ; King Stanislaus was sent to Poland, and back again ; the Duke of Anjou was sent to Spain, and Don Carlos to Italy.

Ver. 44. *Or ship off senates to some distant shore*] Alludes to several ministers, counsellors, and patriots, banished in our times to Siberia, and to that MORE GLORIOUS FATE of the PARLIAMENT OF PARIS, banished to Pontoise in the year 1720.

Pregnant

Pregnant with thousands flits the scrap unseen,
And silent sells a king, or buys a queen.

Oh! that such bulky bribes as all might see,
Still, as of old, incumber'd villany! 50

Could France or Rome divert our brave designs,
With all their brandies or with all their wines?
What could they more than knights and squires con-
found,

Or water all the quorum ten miles round?
A statesman's slumbers how this speech would spoil!

"Sir, Spain has sent a thousand jars of oil; 56

"Huge bales of British cloth blockade the door;

"A hundred oxen at your levee roar."

Poor Avarice one torment more would find;
Nor could Profusion squander all in kind. 60

Astride his cheese Sir Morgan might we meet;

And Worldly crying coals from street to street,

Whom with a wig so wild, and mien so maz'd,

Pity mistakes for some poor tradesman craz'd.

Had Colepepper's whole wealth been hops and hogs,

Could he himself have sent it to the dogs? 66

His Grace will game: to White's a bull be led,

With spurning heels and with a butting head:

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 50. in the MS.

To break a trust were Peter brib'd with wine,

Peter! 'twould pose as wise a head as thine.

NOTES.

Ver. 63. Some misers of great wealth, proprietors of the coal-mines, had entered at this time into an association to keep up coals to an extravagant price, whereby the poor were reduced almost to starve; till one of them taking the advantage of underselling the rest, defeated the design. One of these misers was worth ten thousand, another seven thousand a-year.

Ver. 65. *Colepepper*] Sir WILLIAM COLEPEPPER, Baronet, a person of an ancient family, and ample fortune, without one other quality of a gentleman; who, after ruining himself at the gaming-table, passed the rest of his days in sitting there to see the ruin of others; preferring to subsist upon borrowing and begging, rather than to enter into any reputable method of life, and refusing a post in the army which was offered him.

To

To White's be carry'd, as to ancient games,
 Fair coursers, vases, and alluring dames. 70
 Shall then Uxorio, if the stakes he sweep,
 Bear home six whores, and make his lady weep?
 Or soft Adonis, so perfum'd and fine,
 Drive to St James's a whole herd of swine?
 Oh filthy check on all industrious skill, 75
 To spoil the nation's last great trade, Quadrille!

Since then, my Lord, on such a world we fall,
 What say you? *B.* Say? Why take it, gold and all.
P. What riches give us, let us then inquire:
 Meat, fire, and cloaths. *B.* What more? *P.* Meat,
 cloaths, and fire. 80

Is this too little? would you more than live?
 Alas! 'tis more than Turner finds they give.
 Alas! 'tis more than (all his visions past)
 Unhappy Wharton, waking, found at last!
 What can they give? to dying Hopkins, heirs? 85
 To Chartres, vigour? Japhet, nose and ears?

Can

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 77. *Since then, &c.*] in the former editions,
 Well then, since with the world we stand or fall,
 Come take it as we find it, gold and all.

NOTES.

Ver. 82. *Turner.*] One, who, being possessed of three hundred thousand pounds, laid down his coach, because interest was reduced from five to four *per cent.* and then put seventy thousand into the charitable corporation for better interest; which sum having lost, he took it so much to heart, that he kept his chamber ever after. It is thought he would not have outlived it, but that he was heir to another considerable estate, which he daily expected, and that by this course of life he saved both cloaths and all other expenses.

Ver. 84. *Unhappy Wharton.*] A nobleman of great qualities, but as unfortunate in the application of them, as if they had been vices and follies. See his character in the first epistle, ver. 177. to 208.

Ver. 85. *Hopkins.*] A citizen, whose rapacity obtained him the name of *Vulture Hopkins*. He lived worthless, but died worth three hundred thousand pounds, which he would give to no person living, but left it so as not to be inherited till after the second generation. His counsel representing to him how many years it must be before this could take effect, and that his money could only

Can they in gems bid pallid Hippia glow,
 In Fulvia's buckle ease the throbs below?
 Or heal, old Narfes, thy obscener ail,
 With all th' embroid'ry plastered at thy tail? 60
 They might (were Harpax not too wise to spend)
 Give Harpax self the blessing of a friend;
 Or find some doctor that would save the life
 Of wretched Shylock, spite of Shylock's wife.
 But thousands die, without or this or that, 95
 Die, and endow a college, or a cat.
 To some, indeed, Heav'n grants the happier fate,
 T' enrich a bastard, or a son they hate.

Perhaps you think the poor might have their part:
 Bond damns the poor, and hates them from his heart:
 The

NOTES.

lie at interest all that time; he expressed great joy thereat, and said, "They would then be as long in spending, as he had been "in getting it." But the chancery afterwards set aside the will, and gave it to the heir at law.

Ver. 86. *Japhet, nose and ears.*] JAPHET CROOK, alias Sir Peter Stranger, was punished with the loss of those parts, for having forged a conveyance of an estate to himself, upon which he took up several thousand pounds. He was at the same time sued in chancery for having fraudulently obtained a will, by which he possessed another considerable estate, in wrong of the brother of the deceased. By these means he was worth a great sum; which (in reward for the small loss of his ears) he enjoyed in prison till his death, and quietly left to his executor.

Ver. 96. *Die, and endow a college, or a cat.*] A famous Duchess of Richmond, in her last will, left considerable legacies and annuities to her cats.

Ver. 100. *Bond damns the poor, &c.*] This epistle was written in the year 1730, when a corporation was established to lend money to the poor upon pledges, by the name of the *Charitable Corporation*. It was under the direction of the Rt Hon. Sir R. S. Sir A. G. Mr Denis Bond, Mr Burroughs, &c. But the whole was turned only to an iniquitous method of enriching particular people, to the ruin of such numbers, that it became a parliamentary concern to endeavour the relief of those unhappy sufferers, and three of the managers, who were members of the house, were expelled. By the report of the committee appointed to inquire into that iniquitous affair, it appears, that when it was objected to the intended removal of the office, that the poor, for whose use it was erected, would be hurt by it, Bond, one of the

The grave Sir Gilbert holds it for a rule, 108
That ev'ry man in want is knave or fool :

“ God cannot love ” (says Blunt, with tearless eyes)

“ The wretch he starves, ” — and piously denies :

But the good Bishop, with a meeker air, 105
Admits, and leaves them, Providence's care.

Yet to be just to these poor men of pelf,
Each does but hate his neighbour as himself :

Damn'd to the mines, an equal fate betides

The slave that digs it, and the slave that hides. 110

B. Who suffer thus, mere charity should own,

Must act on motives pow'rful, though unknown.

P. Some war, some plague, or famine they foresee,
Some revelation hid from you and me.

Why Shylock wants a meal, the cause is found, 115
He thinks a loaf will rise to fifty pound.

What made directors cheat in South-sea year ?

To live on ven'son when it sold so dear.

Ask you why Phryne the whole auction buys ?

Phryne foresees a general excise : 120

Why she and Sappho raise that monstrous sum ?

Alas ! they fear a man will cost a plum.

Wife Peter sees the world's respect for gold,
And therefore hopes this nation may be sold :

NOTES.

directors, replied, *Damn the poor*. That “ God hates the poor,” and, “ That every man in want is knave or fool,” &c. were the genuine apophthegms of some of the persons here mentioned.

Ver. 118. *To live on ven'son*.] In the extravagance and luxury of the South-sea year, the price of a haunch of venison was from three to five pounds.

Ver. 120. — *general excise*.] Many people, about the year 1733, had a conceit that such a thing was intended, of which it is not improbable this lady might have some intimation.

Ver. 123. *Wife Peter*.] PETER WALTER, a person not only eminent in the wisdom of his profession, as a dexterous attorney, but allowed to be a good, if not a safe, conveyancer; extremely respected by the nobility of this land, though free from all manner of luxury and ostentation. His wealth was never seen, and his bounty never heard of, except to his own son, for whom he procured an employment of considerable profit, of which he gave him as much as was *necessary*. Therefore the taxing this gentleman with any ambition, is certainly a great wrong to him.

Glorious

Glorious ambition! Peter, swell thy store, 125
And be what Rome's great Didius was before.

The crown of Poland, venal twice an age,
To just three millions stinted modest Gage.
But nobler scenes Maria's dreams unfold,
Hereditary realms, and worlds of gold. 130
Congenial souls! whose life one av'rice joins,
And one fate buries in th' Asturian mines.

“Much injur'd Blunt! why bears he Britain's hate?
A wizard told him in these words our fate:

“At length Corruption, like a gen'ral flood, 135

“(So long by watchful ministers withstood),

“Shall deluge all; and Av'rice creeping on,

“Spread like a low-borne mist, and blot the sun;

“Statesman and patriot ply alike the stocks,

“Peerefs and butler share alike the box, 140

“And Judges job, and Bishops bite the town,

“And mighty Dukes pack cards for half a crown.

NOTES.

Ver. 126. *Rome's great Didius.*] A Roman lawyer, so rich as to purchase the empire when it was set to sale upon the death of Pertinax.

Ver. 127. *The crown of Poland, &c.*] The two persons here mentioned were of quality, each of whom in the Mississippi despised to realize above *three hundred thousand pounds*; the gentleman, with a view to the purchase of the crown of Poland; the lady, on a vision of the like royal nature. They since retired into Spain, where they are still in search of gold in the mines of the Asturias.

Ver. 133. *Much injur'd Blunt!*] Sir JOHN BLUNT, originally a scrivener, was one of the first projectors of the South-sea company, and afterwards one of the directors and chief managers of the famous scheme in 1720. He was also one of those who suffered most severely by the bill of pains and penalties on the said directors. He was a dissenter, of a most religious deportment, and professed to be a great believer. Whether he did really credit the prophecy here mentioned, is not certain; but it was constantly in this very style he declaimed against the corruption and luxury of the age, the partiality of parliaments, and the misery of party-spirit. He was particularly eloquent against *avarice* in great and noble persons, of which he had indeed lived to see many miserable examples. He died in the year 1732.

" See Britain sunk in Lucre's sordid charms,
 " And France reveng'd of ANNE's and EDWARD's
 " arms !"

'Twas no court-badge, great scriv'ner ! fir'd thy brain,
 Nor lordly luxury, nor city-gain : 146

No, 'twas thy righteous end, ashamed to see
 Senates degen'rate, patriots disagree,
 And nobly wishing party-rage to cease,
 To buy both sides, and give thy country peace. 150

" All this is madness," cries a sober sage :
 But who, my friend, has reason in his rage ?

" The Ruling Passion, be it what it will,

" The Ruling Passion conquers Reason still."

Less mad the wildest whimsey we can frame, 155

Than ev'n that passion, if it has no aim ;

For though such motives folly you may call,

The folly's greater to have none at all.

Hear then the truth : "'Tis Heav'n each passion
 " sends,

" And diff'rent men directs to diff'rent ends. 160

" Extremes in Nature equal good produce,

" Extremes in Man concur to gen'ral use."

Ask we what makes one keep, and one bestow ?

That Pow'r who bids the ocean ebb and flow,

Bids seed-time, harvest, equal course maintain, 165

Through reconcil'd extremes of drought and rain ;

Builds life on death, on change duration founds,

And gives th' eternal wheels to know their rounds.

Riches, like insects, when conceal'd they lie,

Wait but for wings, and in their season fly. 170

Who sees pale Mammon pine amidst his store,

Sees but a backward steward for the poor ;

This year a reservoir, to keep and spare ;

The next, a fountain, spouting through his heir,

In lavish streams to quench a country's thirst, 175

And men and dogs shall drink him till they burst.

Old Cotta sham'd his fortune and his birth,

Yet was not Cotta void of wit or worth :

What though (the use of barb'rous spits forgot)

His kitchen vy'd in coolness with his groat ? 180

His

His court with nettles, moats with cresses stor'd,
 With soups unbought, and fallads bless'd his board?
 If Cotta liv'd on pulse, it was no more
 Than bramins, saints, and sages did before;
 To cram the rich was prodigal expense, 185
 And who would take the poor from Providence?
 Like some lone Chartreux stands the good old hall,
 Silence without, and fasts within the wall;
 No rafter'd roofs with dance and tabor sound,
 No noon-tide bell invites the country round: 190
 Tenants with sighs the smokeless tow'rs survey,
 And turn th' unwilling steeds another way:
 Benighted wanderers, the forest o'er,
 Curs'd the sav'd candle, and unop'ning door;
 While the gaunt mastiff growling at the gate, 195
 Affrights the beggar whom he longs to eat.
 Not so his son; he mark'd this oversight,
 And then mistook reverse of wrong for right.
 (For what to shun, will no great knowledge need;
 But what to follow, is a task indeed.) 200
 Yet sure, of qualities deserving praise,
 More go to ruin fortunes, than to raise.
 What slaughter'd hecatombs, what floods of wine,
 Fill the capacious 'quire, and deep divine!
 Yet no mean motive this profusion draws: 205
 His oxen perish in his country's cause;
 'Tis GEORGE and LIBERTY that crowns the cup,
 And zeal for that great house which eats him up:
 The woods recede around the naked seat,
 The sylvans groan—no matter—for the fleet: 210
 Next goes his wool—to clothe our valiant bands,
 Last, for his country's love, he sells his lands.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 182. *With soups unbought.*]

——*dapibus mensas onerabat inemptis.*

VIRG.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 200. The following lines in the MS.

Yet sure, of qualities deserving praise,

More go to ruin fortunes, than to raise,

To town he comes, completes the nation's hope,
 And heads the bold train-bands, and burns a Pope.
 And shall not Britain now reward his toils, 215
 Britain, that pays her patriots with her spoils?
 In vain at court the bankrupt pleads his cause,
 His thankless country leaves him to her laws.

The sense to value riches, with the art
 T' enjoy them, and the virtue to impart, 220
 Not meanly, nor ambitiously pursu'd,
 Not sunk by sloth, nor rais'd by servitude;
 To balance fortune by a just expense;
 Join with œconomy, magnificence;
 With splendour, charity; with plenty, health; 225
 Oh teach us, BATHURST! yet unspoil'd by wealth!
 That secret rare, between th' extremes to move
 Of mad Good-nature, and of mean Self-love.

B. Toworth or want well-weigh'd, be bounty giv'n,
 And ease, or emulate, the care of Heav'n; 230
 (Whose measure full o'erflows on human race),
 Mend Fortune's fault, and justify her grace.
 Wealth in the gross is death, but life diffus'd;
 As poison heals, in just proportion us'd:
 In heaps, like ambergris, a stink it lies, 235
 But well-dispers'd, is incense to the skies.

P. Who starves by nobles, or with nobles eats?
 The wretch that trusts them, and the rogue that
 cheats.

Is there a lord who knows a chearful noon
 Without a fiddler, flatt'rer, or buffoon? 240

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 218. in the MS.

Where one lean herring furnish'd Cotta's board,
 And nettles grew, fit porridge for their lord;
 Where mad good-nature, bounty misapply'd,
 In lavish Curio blaz'd a while and dy'd;
 There Providence once more shall shift the scene,
 And shewing H—y, teach the golden mean.

After ver. 226. in the MS.

That secret rare, with affluence hardly join'd,
 Which W—n lost, yet B—y ne'er could find;
 Still mis'd by Vice, and scarce by Virtue hit,
 By G——'s goodness, or by S——'s wit,

Whose

Whose table, wit, or modest merit share,
 Unelbow'd by a gamester, pimp, or play'r?
 Who copies yours, or OXFORD's better part,
 To ease th' oppress'd, and raise the sinking heart?
 Where-e'er he shines, oh Fortune, gild the scene,
 And angels guard him in the golden mean! 246
 There, English Bounty yet a while may stand,
 And Honour linger ere it leaves the land.

But all our praises why should lords ingross?
 Rise, honest Muse! and sing the MAN of ROSS: 250
 Pleas'd Vaga echoes through her winding bounds,
 And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.
 Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?
 From the dry rock who bade the waters flow;
 Not to the skies in useless columns tost, 255
 Or in proud falls magnificently lost;
 But clear and artless, pouring through the plain
 Health to the sick, and solace to the swain?
 Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?
 Whose seats the weary traveller repose? 260
 Who taught that heav'n-directed spire to rise?
 "The MAN of ROSS," each lisping babe replies.
 Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread!
 The MAN of ROSS divides the weekly bread:

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 250. in the MS.

Trace humble worth beyond Sabrina's shore;
 Who sings not him, oh may he sing no more!

NOTES.

Ver. 243.—OXFORD's better part.] Edward Harley, Earl of Oxford; the son of Robert, created Earl of Oxford, and Earl Mortimer, by Q. Anne. This nobleman died regretted by all men of letters, great numbers of whom had experienced his benefits. He left behind him one of the most noble libraries in Europe.

Ver. 250. *The MAN of ROSS.*] The person here celebrated, who with a small estate actually performed all these good works, and whose true name was almost lost, (partly by the title of *the Man of Ross* given him by way of eminence, and partly by being buried without so much as an inscription), was called *Mr John Kyrle*. He died in the year 1724, aged 90, and lies interred in the chancel of the church of Ross in Herefordshire.

He

He feeds yon almshouse, neat, but void of state, 265
 Where Age and Want sit smiling at the gate:
 Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans blest,
 The young who labour, and the old who rest.
 Is any sick? the MAN of ROSS relieves,
 Prescribes, attends, the med'cine makes, and gives.
 Is there a variance? enter but his door, 271
 Balk'd are the courts, and contest is no more.
 Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,
 And vile attorneys, now an useless race.

B. Thrice happy man! enabled to pursue 275
 What all so wish, but want the pow'r to do!
 Oh say, what sums that gen'rous hand supply?
 What mines, to swell that boundless charity?

A. Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear,
 This man possess'd—five hundred pounds a-year. 280
 Blush, Grandeur, blush! proud courts, withdraw
 your blaze!

Ye little stars! hide your diminish'd rays.

B. And what? no monument, inscription, stone?
 His race; his form, his name almost unknown?

A. Who builds a church to God, and not to Fame,
 Will never mark the marble with his name. 286

Go, search it there, where to be born and die,
 Of rich and poor makes all the history;
 Enough, that Virtue fill'd the space between;
 Prov'd, by the ends of being, to have been. 290
 When Hopkins dies, a thousand lights attend
 The wretch, who living sav'd a candle's end:

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 287. thus in the MS.

The register inrolls him with his poor,

Tells he was born and dy'd, and tells no more.

Just as he ought, he fill'd the space between;

Then stole to rest, unheeded and unseen.

NOTES.

Ver. 281. *Blush, Grandeur, blush! proud courts, withdraw your blaze! &c.*] In this sublime apostrophe, they are not bid to *blush*, because *outstripped* in virtue, for no such contention is supposed; but for being *outshined* in their own proper pretensions to splendour and magnificence. SCRIB.

Ver. 287. *Go, search it there.*] The parish-register.

Should'ring

Should'ring God's altar a vile image stands,
 Belies his features, nay extends his hands;
 'That live-long wig which Gorgon's self might own,
 Eternal buckle takes in Parian stone. 296
 Behold what blessings Wealth to life can lend!
 And see, what comfort it affords our end!

In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half-
 hung,

The floors of plaster, and the walls of dung, 300
 On once a flock-bed, but repair'd with straw,
 With tape-ty'd curtains, never meant to draw,
 The George and Garter dangling from that bed
 Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
 Great Villiers lies — Alas! how chang'd from him,
 That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim! 306
 Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's proud alcove,
 The bow'r of wanton Shrewsbury and love;
 Or just as gay, at council, in a ring
 Of mimic'd statesmen, and their merry king. 310
 No wit to flatter, left of all his store!
 No fool to laugh at, which he valu'd more.
 There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
 And fame, this lord of useless thousands ends.

His Grace's fate sage Cutler could foresee, 315
 And well (he thought) advis'd him, "Live like me."

NOTES.

Ver. 296. *Eternal buckle takes in Parian stone.*] The poet ridicules the wretched taste of carving large perriwigs on bustos, of which there are several vile examples in the tombs at Westminster, and elsewhere.

Ver. 305. *Great Villiers lies—*] This Lord, yet more famous for his vices than his misfortunes, having been possessed of about 50,000 l. a-year, and passed through many of the highest posts in the kingdom, died in the year 1687, in a remote inn in Yorkshire, reduced to the utmost misery.

Ver. 307. *Cliveden*] A delightful palace, on the banks of the Thames, built by the Duke of Buckingham.

Ver. 308. *Shrewsbury*] The Countess of Shrewsbury, a woman abandoned to gallantries. The Earl her husband was killed by the Duke of Buckingham in a duel; and it has been said, that during the combat she held the Duke's horses in the habit of a page.

As well his Grace reply'd, " Like you, Sir John ?
 " That I can do, when all I have is gone."
 Resolve me, Reason, which of these is worse,
 Want with a full, or with an empty purse ? 320
 Thy life more wretched, Cutler, was confess'd ;
 Arise, and tell me, was thy death more blest'd ?
 Cutler saw tenants break, and houses fall,
 For very want ; he could not build a wall.
 His only daughter in a stranger's pow'r, 325
 For very want ; he could not pay a dow'r.
 A few gray hairs his rev'rend temples crown'd,
 'Twas very want that sold them for two pound.
 What ev'n deny'd a cordial at his end,
 Banish'd the doctor, and expell'd the friend ? 330
 What but a want, which you perhaps think mad,
 Yet numbers feel, the want of what he had !
 Cutler and Brutus, dying, both exclaim,
 " Virtue ! and Wealth ! what are ye but a name !"
 Say, for such worth are other worlds prepar'd ?
 Or are they both, in this their own reward ? 336
 A knotty point ! to which we now proceed.
 But you are tir'd — I'll tell a tale — *B.* Agreed.
P. Where London's column, pointing at the skies
 Like a tall bully, lifts the head, and lies ; 340

NOTES.

Ver. 322.—*Cutler—Arise, and tell me, &c.*] This is to be understood as a solemn evocation of the shade of this illustrious Knight, in the manner of the ancients ; who used to call up their departed heroes by two things they principally loved and detested, as the most potent of all charms. Hence this sage is conjured by the powerful mention of a full, and of an empty purse. SCRIB.

Ver. 339. *Where London's column*] The monument, built in memory of the fire of London, with an inscription importing that city to have been burnt by the Papists.

Ver. 340. *Like a tall bully, lifts the head, and lies ;*] It were to be wished, the city-monument had been compared to something of more dignity : as, to the court-champion ; when, like him, it only spoke the sense of the government. SCRIB.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 337. in the former editions,
 That knotty point, my Lord, shall I discuss,
 Or tell a tale ? — A tale. — It follows thus.

There.

There dwelt a citizen of sober fame,
 A plain good man, and Balaam was his name;
 Religious, punctual, frugal, and so forth;
 His word would pass for more than he was worth;
 One solid dish his week-day meal affords, 345
 An added pudding solemniz'd the Lord's:
 Constant at church, and change; his gains were sure,
 His givings rare, save farthings to the poor.

The dev'l was piqu'd such faintship to behold,
 And long'd to tempt him like good Job of old: 350
 But Satan now is wiser than of yore,
 And tempts by making rich, not making poor.
 Rous'd by the Prince of Air, the whirlwinds sweep
 The surge, and plunge his father in the deep;
 Then full against his Cornish lands they roar, 355
 And two rich shipwrecks bless the lucky shore.

Sir Balaam now, he lives like other folks,
 He takes his chirping pint, and cracks his jokes:
 "Live like yourself," was soon my Lady's word;
 And lo! two puddings smok'd upon the board. 360

Asleep and naked as an Indian lay,
 An honest factor stole a gem away:
 He pledg'd it to the Knight; the Knight had wit,
 So kept the di'mond, and the rogue was bit.
 Some scruple rose; but thus he eas'd his thought:
 "I'll now give sixpence where I gave a groat; 366
 "Where once I went to church, I'll now go twice—
 "And am so clear too of all other vice."

The tempter saw his time; the work he ply'd;
 Stocks and subscriptions pour on ev'ry side, 370
 Till all the dæmon makes his full descent
 In one abundant show'r of cent per cent.

NOTES.

Ver. 355. *Cornish*] The author has placed the scene of these shipwrecks in Cornwall, not only from their frequency on that coast, but from the inhumanity of the inhabitants to those to whom that misfortune arrives. When a ship happens to be stranded there, they have been known to bore holes in it, to prevent its getting off; to plunder, and sometimes even to massacre the people. Nor has the parliament of England been yet able wholly to suppress these barbarities.

Sinks deep within him, and possesses whole,
Then dubs director, and secures his soul.

Behold Sir Balaam, now a man of spirit, 375
Ascribes his gettings to his parts and merits;
What late he call'd a blessing, now was wit,
And God's good providence, a lucky hit.
Things change their titles, as our manners turn:
His counting-house employ'd the Sunday-morn:
Seldom at church, ('twas such a busy life), 381
But duly sent his family and wife.

There (so the dev'l ordain'd) one Christmas-tide
My good old Lady catch'd a cold, and dy'd.

A nymph of quality admires our Knight; 385
He marries, bows at court, and grows polite:
Leaves the dull cits, and joins (to please the fair)
The well-bred cuckolds in St James's air:
First, for his son a gay commission buys,
Who drinks, whores, fights, and in a duel dies. 390
His daughter flaunts a Viscount's tawdry wife;
She bears a coronet and p-x for life.
In Britain's senate he a seat obtains,
And one more pensioner St Stephen gains.
My Lady falls to play; so bad her chance, 395
He must repair it; takes a bribe from France;
The house impeach him; Coningsby harangues;
The court forsake him, and Sir Balaam hangs.
Wife, son, and daughter, Satan! are thy own,
His wealth, yet dearer, forfeit to the crown: 400
The devil and the king divide the prize.
And sad Sir Balaam curses God and dies.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 394. *And one more pensioner St Stephen gains]*
— *atque unum civem donare Sibyllæ.* Juv.

ARGU.

ARGUMENT of EPISTLE IV.

Of the use of RICHES.

The vanity of expense in people of wealth and quality. The abuse of the word Taste, ver. 13. That the first principle and foundation in this, as in every thing else, is Good Sense, ver. 39. The chief proof of it is to follow Nature, even in works of mere luxury and elegance. Instanced in Architecture and Gardening, where all must be adapted to the Genius and Use of the Place, and the beauties not forced into it, but resulting from it, ver. 47. How men are disappointed in their most expensive undertakings, for want of this true foundation, without which nothing can please long, if at all; and the best Examples and Rules will but be perverted into something burdensome or ridiculous, ver. 65. &c. to 98. A description of the false Taste of Magnificence; the first grand error of which is to imagine that Greatness consists in the Size and Dimension, instead of the Proportion and Harmony of the whole, ver. 99.; and the second, either in joining together Parts incoherent, or too minutely resembling, or in the Repetition of the same too frequently, ver. 105. &c. A word or two of false taste in Books, in Music, in Painting, even in Preaching and Prayer, and lastly in Entertainments, ver. 133. &c. Yet PROVIDENCE is justified in giving wealth to be squandered in this manner, since it is dispersed to the poor and laborious part of mankind, ver. 169. [recurring to what is laid down in the Essay on Man, Epist. 2. and in the epistle preceding this, ver. 159. &c.]. What are the proper Objects of Magnificence, and a proper field for the expense of Great Men, ver. 177. &c. and finally the great and public works which become a Prince, ver. 191. to the end.

E P I S T L E IV*.

T O

RICHARD BOYLE, Earl of BURLINGTON.

TIS strange, the miser should his cares employ
 To gain those riches he can ne'er enjoy:
 Is it less strange, the prodigal should waste
 His wealth, to purchase what he ne'er can taste?
 Not for himself he sees, or hears, or eats; 5
 Artists must chuse his pictures, music, meats:
 He buys for Topham, drawings and designs;
 For Pembroke, statues, dirty gods, and coins;
 Rare monkish manuscripts for Hearne alone,
 And books for Mead, and butterflies for Sloane. 10
 Think we all these are for himself? no more
 Than his fine wife, alas! or finer where.

NOTES.

* First printed in the year 1732.

Ver. 7. *Topham*] A gentleman famous for a judicious collection of drawings.

Ver. 8. *For Pembroke, statues, dirty gods, and coins;*] The author speaks here, not as a philosopher or divine, but as a *connoisseur* and antiquary. Consequently the *dirty* attribute here assigned these gods of old renown, is not in disparagement of their worth, but in high commendation of their genuine pretensions.

Ver. 10. *And books for Mead, and butterflies for Sloane.*] Two eminent physicians; the one had an excellent library, the other the finest collection in Europe of natural curiosities; both men of great learning and humanity.

Ver. 12. *Than his fine wife, alas! or finer whore.*] By the author's manner of putting together these two different utensils of *false magnificence*, it appears, that, properly speaking, neither the *wife* nor the *whore* is the real object of *modern taste*, but the *finery* only: and whoever wears it, whether the wife or the whore, it matters not; any further than that the *latter* is thought to deserve it best, as appears from her having most of it; and so indeed becomes, by accident, the more fashionable thing of the two. SCRIB.

For

For what has Virro painted, built, and planted ?
 Only to shew how many tastes he wanted.
 What brought Sir Visto's ill-got wealth to waste ? 15
 Some dæmon whisper'd, " Visto ! have a taste."
 Heav'n visits with a taste the wealthy fool,
 And needs no rod but Ripley with a rule.
 See ! sportive Fate, to punish awkward pride,
 Bids Bubo build, and sends him such a guide : 20
 A standing sermon, at each year's expense,
 That never coxcomb reach'd magnificence !

You show us, Rome was glorious, not profuse,
 And pompous buildings once were things of use.
 Yet shall (my Lord) your just, your noble rules, 25
 Fill half the land with imitating fools ;
 Who random drawings from your sheets shall take,
 And of one beauty many blunders make ;
 Load some vain church with old theatric state,
 Turn arcs of triumph to a garden-gate ; 30
 Reverse your ornaments, and hang them all
 On some patch'd dog-hole ek'd with ends of wall ;
 Then clap four slices of pilaster on't,
 That, lac'd with bits of rustic, makes a front :
 Shall call the winds through long arcades to roar, 35
 Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door ;
 Conscious they act a true Palladian part,
 And if they starve, they starve by rules of art.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 22. in the MS.

Must bishops, lawyers, statesmen have the skill
 To build, to plant, judge paintings, what you will ?
 Then why not Kent as well our treaties draw,
 Bridgman explain the gospel, Gibbs the law ?

NOTES.

Ver. 18. *Ripley*] This man was a carpenter, employed by a first minister, who raised him to an architect, without any genius in the art ; and after some wretched proofs of his insufficiency in public buildings, made him comptroller of the board of works.

Ver. 23. The Earl of Burlington was then publishing the designs of Inigo Jones, and the antiquities of Rome by Palladio.

Oft have you hinted to your brother peer,
 A certain truth, which many buy too dear; 40
 Something there is more needful than expense,
 And something previous ev'n to Taste—'tis Sense:
 Good Sense, which only is the gift of Heav'n,
 And though no science, fairly worth the sev'n:
 A light, which in yourself you must perceive; 45
 Jones and Le Nôtre have it not to give.

To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
 To rear the column, or the arch to bend,
 To swell the terrace, or to sink the grot;
 In all, let Nature never be forgot. 50
 But treat the goddess like a modest fair,
 Nor over-dress, nor leave her wholly bare;
 Let not each beauty ev'ry where be spy'd,
 Where half the skill is decently to hide.
 He gains all points, who pleasingly confounds, 55
 Surprises, varies, and conceals the bounds.

Consult the genius of the place in all;
 That tells the waters or to rise, or fall;
 Or helps th' ambitious hill the heav'ns to scale,
 Or scoops in circling theatres the vale; 60
 Calls in the country, catches op'ning glades,
 Joins willing woods, and varies shades from shades;
 Now breaks, or now directs, th' intending lines;
 Paints as you plant, and, as you work, designs.

Still follow Sense, of ev'ry art the soul, 65
 Parts answ'ring parts shall slide into a whole,
 Spontaneous beauties all around advance,
 Start ev'n from difficulty, strike from chance;
 Nature shall join you; time shall make it grow
 A work to wonder at—perhaps a Stow. 70

Without it, proud Versailles! thy glory falls;
 And Nero's terraces desert their walls:

NOTES.

Ver. 46. *Inigo Jones*, the celebrated architect; and *M. Le Nôtre*, the designer of the best gardens of France.

Ver. 70. The seat and gardens of the Lord Viscount Cobham in Buckinghamshire.

The

The vast parterres a thousand hands shall make,
 Lo! COBHAM comes, and floats them with a lake :
 Or cut wide views thro' mountains to the plain, 75
 You'll wish your hill or shelter'd seat again :
 Ev'n in an ornament its place remark,
 Nor in an Hermitage set Dr Clarke.

Behold Villario's ten years toil complete ;
 His quincunx darkens, his espaliers meet ; 80
 The wood supports the plain, the parts unite,
 And strength of shade contends with strength of light ;
 A waving glow the bloomy beds display,
 Blushing in bright diversities of day,
 With silver-quiv'ring rills mæander'd o'er — 85
 Enjoy them, you ! Villario, can no more ;
 Tir'd of the scene parterres and fountains yield,
 He finds at last he better likes a field.

Thro' his young woods how pleas'd Sabinus stray'd,
 Or sat delighted in the thick'ning shade, 90
 With annual joy the redd'ning shoots to greet,
 Or see the stretching branches long to meet !
 His son's fine taste an op'ner vista loves,
 Foe to the Dryads of his father's groves ;
 One boundless green, or flourish'd carpet views, 95
 With all the mournful family of yews ;
 The thriving plants, ignoble broomsticks made,
 Now sweep those alleys they were born to shade.

NOTES.

Ver. 75. 76. *Or cut wide views thro' mountains to the plain, You'll wish your hill or shelter'd seat again.* [This was done in Hertfordshire, by a wealthy citizen, at the expense of above 5000 l. by which means (merely to overlook a dead plain) he let in the north wind upon his house and parterre, which were before adorned and defended by beautiful woods.

Ver. 95. The two extremes in parterres, which are equally faulty; a *boundless green*, large and naked as a field, or a *flourish'd carpet*, where the greatness and nobleness of the piece is lessened by being divided into too many parts, with scrolled works and beds, of which the examples are frequent.

Ver. 96.—*mournful family of yews*;] Touches upon the ill taste of those who are so fond of ever-greens (particularly yews, which are the most tonsile), as to destroy the nobler forest-trees, to make way for such little ornaments as pyramids of dark green continually repeated, not unlike a funeral procession.

At Timon's villa let us pass a day,
 Where all cry out, "What sums are thrown away!"
 So proud, so grand; of that stupendous air, 101
 Soft and Agreeable come never there.
 Greatness, with Timon, dwells in such a draught
 As brings all Brobdignag before your thought.
 To compass this, his building is a town, 105
 His pond an ocean, his parterre a down.
 Who but must laugh, the master when he sees,
 A puny insect, shiv'ring at a breeze!
 Lo, what huge heaps of littleness around!
 The whole, a labour'd quarry above ground. 110
 Two Cupids squirt before: a lake behind
 Improves the keenness of the northern wind.
 His gardens next your admiration call,
 On ev'ry side you look, behold the wall!
 No pleasing intricacies intervene, 115
 No artful wildness to perplex the scene;
 Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,
 And half the platform just reflects the other.
 The suff'ring eye inverted Nature sees,
 Trees cut to statues, statues thick as trees; 120
 With here a fountain, never to be play'd;
 And there a summer-house, that knows no shade;
 Here Amphitrite sails through myrtle-bow'rs;
 There gladiators fight, or die, in flow'rs;
 Unwater'd see the drooping sea-horse mourn, 125
 And swallows roost in Nilus' dusty urn.
 My Lord advances with majestic mien,
 Smit with the mighty pleasure, to be seen:
 But soft—by regular approach—not yet—
 First thro' the length of yon hot terrace sweat; 130

NOTES.

Ver. 99. *At Timon's villa*] This description is intended to comprise the principles of a false taste of magnificence, and to exemplify what was said before, that nothing but good sense can attain it.

Ver. 124. The two statues of the *Gladiator pugrans* and *Gladiator moriens*.

Ver. 130. The *approaches* and *communication* of house with garden, or of one part with another, ill-judged, and inconvenient.

And

And when up ten steep slopes you've dragg'd your
thighs,

Just at his study-door he'll bless your eyes.

His study! with what authors is it stor'd?

In books, not authors, curious is my Lord;

To all their dated backs he turns you round; 135

These Aldus printed, those Du Suëil has bound.

Lo some are vellum, and the rest as good

For all his Lordship knows, but they are wood.

For Locke or Milton 'tis in vain to look,

These shelves admit not any modern book. 140

And now the chapel's silver bell you hear,

That summons you to all the pride of pray'r:

Light quirks of music, broken and uneven,

Make the soul dance upon a jig to heav'n.

On painted ceilings you devoutly stare, 145

Where sprawl the saints of Verrio or Laguerre,

On gilded clouds in fair expansion lie,

And bring all paradise before your eye.

To rest, the cushion and soft Dean invite,

Who never mentions hell to ears polite. 150

NOTES.

Ver. 133. *His study! &c.*] The false taste in *books*; a satire on the vanity in collecting them, more frequent in men of fortune than the study to understand them. Many delight chiefly in the elegance of the print, or of the binding; some have carried it so far, as to cause the upper shelves to be filled with painted books of wood; others pique themselves so much upon books in a language they do not understand, as to exclude the most useful in one they do.

Ver. 143. The false taste in *music*, improper to the subjects, as of light airs in churches, often practised by the organist, &c.

Ver. 145.— And in *painting* (from which even Italy is not free) of naked figures in churches, &c. which has obliged some popes to put draperies on some of those of the best masters.

Ver. 146. *Verrio or Laguerre*] Verrio (Antonio) painted many ceilings, &c. at Windsor, Hampton-court, &c. and Laguerre at Blenheim-castle, and other places.

Ver. 150. *Who never mentions hell to ears polite.*] This is a fact. A Reverend Dean preaching at court, threatened the sinner with punishment in "a place which he thought it not decent to name" in so polite an assembly."

But

But hark ! the chiming clocks to dinner call ;
 A hundred footsteps scrape the marble hall ;
 The rich buffet well-colour'd serpents grace,
 And gaping Tritons spew to wash your face.
 Is this a dinner ? this a genial room ? 155
 No, 'tis a temple, and a hetacomb ;
 A solemn sacrifice, perform'd in state,
 You drink by measure, and to minutes eat.
 So quick retires each flying course, you'd swear
 Sancho's dread doctor and his wand were there. 160
 Between each act the trembling salvers ring,
 From soup to sweet-wine, and God bless the King.
 In plenty starving, tantaliz'd in state,
 And complaisantly help'd to all I hate,
 Treated, caress'd, and tir'd, I take my leave, 165
 Sick of his civil pride from morn to eve ;
 I curse such lavish cost, and little skill,
 And swear no day was ever pass'd so ill.
 Yet hence the poor are cloth'd, the hungry fed ;
 Health to himself, and to his infants bread 170
 The lab'rer bears : What his hard heart denies,
 His charitable vanity supplies.
 Another age shall see the golden ear
 Imbrown the slope, and nod on the parterre ;

NOTES.

Ver. 153. Taxes the incongruity of ornaments, (though sometimes practised by the ancients), where an open mouth ejects the water into a fountain, or where the shocking images of serpents, &c. are introduced in grottoes or buffets.

Ver. 155. *Is this a dinner, &c.*] The proud festivals of some men are here set forth to ridicule, where pride destroys the ease, and formal regularity all the pleasurable enjoyment of the entertainment.

Ver. 156. — *a hetacomb*] Alluding to the hundred footsteps before.

Ver. 160. *Sancho's dread doctor*] See Don Quixote, chap. xlvii.

Ver. 169. *Yet hence the poor, &c.*] The moral of the whole, where PROVIDENCE is justified in giving wealth to those who squander it in this manner. A bad taste employs more hands, and diffuses expense more than a good one. This recurs to what is laid down in the *Essay on Man*, Epist. 2. ver. 231. &c. and in the epistle preceding this, ver. 159. &c.

Deep

Deep harvests bury all his pride has plann'd, 175
And laughing Ceres reassume the land.

Who then shall grace, or who improve the soil?
Who plants like BATHURST, or who builds like
BOYLE.

'Tis use alone that sanctifies expense,
And Splendour borrows all her rays from Sense. 180

His father's acres who enjoys in peace,
Or makes his neighbours glad, if he increase;
Whose cheerful tenants bless their yearly toil,
Yet to their lord owe more than to the soil;
Whose ample lawns are not asham'd to feed 185
The milky heifer and deserving steed;
Whose rising forests, not for pride or show,
But future buildings, future navies, grow:
Let his plantations stretch from down to down,
First shade a country, and then raise a town. 190

You too proceed! make falling arts your care,
Erect new wonders, and the old repair;
Jones and Palladio to themselves restore,
And be whate'er Vitruvius was before:
Till kings call forth th' ideas of your mind, 195
(Proud to accomplish what such hands design'd),
Bid harbours open, public ways extend,
Bid temples, worthier of the God, ascend;

Bid

NOTES.

Ver. 195. 197. &c.] *Till kings—Bid harbours open, &c.*] The poet, after having touched upon the proper objects of magnificence and expense, in the private works of great men, comes to those great and public works which become a prince. This poem was published in the year 1732, when some of the new-built churches, by the act of Queen Anne, were ready to fall, being founded in boggy land, (which is satirically alluded to in our author's imitation of Horace, lib. 2. sat. 2. ver. 119. vol. 1.

Shall half the new-built churches round thee fall?)

others were vilely executed, through fraudulent cabals between undertakers, officers, &c. Dagenham breach had done very great mischiefs; many of the highways throughout England were hardly passable; and most of those which were repaired by turnpikes were made jobs for private lucre, and infamously executed, even to the entrance of London itself: The proposal of building a bridge at Westminster had been petitioned against and

Bid the broad arch the dang'rous flood contain,
 The mole projected break the roaring main; 200
 Back to his bounds their subject sea command,
 And roll obedient rivers through the land :
 These honours peace to happy Britain brings,
 These are imperial works, and worthy kings.

NOTES.

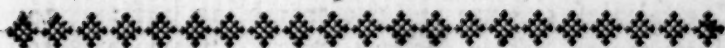
rejected; but in two years after the publication of this poem, an act for building a bridge passed through both houses. After many debates in the committee, the execution was left to the carpenter above mentioned, who would have made it a wooden one; to which our author alludes in these lines,

Who builds a bridge that never drove a pile?
 Should Ripley venture, all the world would smile.

See the note on ver. 18. of this epistle, p. 123.

M I S.

MISCELLANIES.



EPISTLES to several Persons.

EPISTLE I

T O

Mr ADDISON.

Occasioned by his Dialogues on MEDALS*.

SEE the wild waste of all-devouring years!
 How Rome her own sad sepulchre appears,
 With nodding arches, broken temples spread!
 The very tombs now vanish'd like their dead!
 Imperial wonders rais'd on nations spoil'd, 5
 Where mix'd with slaves the groaning martyr toil'd:
 Huge theatres, that now unpeopled woods,
 Now drain'd a distant country of her floods:
 Fanes, which admiring gods with pride survey,
 Statues of men, scarce less alive than they! 10
 Some felt the silent stroke of mould'ring age,
 Some hostile fury, some religious rage.
 Barbarian blindness, Christian zeal conspire,
 And Papal piety, and Gothic fire.
 Perhaps by its own ruins sav'd from flame, 15
 Some buried marble half preserves a name;

* This was originally written in the year 1715, when Mr Addison intended to publish his book of Medals; it was some time before he was Secretary of State, but not published till Mr Tickell's edition of his works; at which time the verses on Mr Craggs, which conclude the poem, were added, viz. in 1720.

That

That name the learn'd with fierce disputes pursue,
And give to Titus old Vespasian's due.

Ambition sigh'd : She found it vain to trust
The faithless column and the crumbling bust : 20
Huge moles, whose shadow stretch'd from shore to
shore,

Their ruins perish'd, and their place no more !
Convinc'd, she now contracts her vast design,
And all her triumphs shrink into a coin.

A narrow orb each croud'd conquest keeps, 25
Beneath her palm here sad Judæa weeps.

Now scantier limits the proud arch confine,
And scarce are seen the prostrate Nile or Rhine ;
A small Euphrates through the piece is roll'd,
And little eagles wave their wings in gold. 30

The Medal, faithful to its charge of fame,
Through climes and ages bears each form and name :
In one short view subjected to our eye,

Gods, emp'rors, heroes, sages, beauties, lie.
With sharpen'd sight pale antiquaries pore, 35
Th' inscription value, but the rust adore.

This the blue varnish, that the green endears,
The sacred rust of twice ten hundred years !
To gain Pescennius one employs his schemes,
One grasps a Cecrops in ecstatic dreams. 40

Poor Vadius, long with learned spleen devour'd,
Can taste no pleasure since his shield was scour'd :
And Curio, restless by the fair-one's side,
Sighs for an Otho, and neglects his bride.

Theirs is the vanity, the learning thine : 45
Touch'd by thy hand, again Rome's glories shine ;
Her gods and godlike heroes rise to view,
And all her faded garlands bloom anew.

Nor blush, these studies thy regard engage ;
These pleas'd the fathers of poetic rage ; 50
The verse and sculpture bore an equal part,
And Art reflected images to Art.

Oh when shall Britain, conscious of her claim,
Stand emulous of Greek and Roman fame ?
In living medals see her wars inroll'd, 55
And vanquish'd realms supply recording gold ?

Here,

Here, rising bold, the patriot's honest face ;
 There warriors frowning in historic brass ?
 Then future ages with delight shall see
 How Plato's, Bacon's, Newton's looks agree ; 60
 Or in fair series laurell'd bards be shown,
 A Virgil there, and here an Addison.
 Then shall thy CRAGGS, (and let me call him mine),
 On the cast ore, another Pollio, shine ;
 With aspect open shall erect his head, 65
 And round the orb in lasting notes be read,
 " Statesman, yet friend to Truth ! of soul sincere,
 " In action faithful, and in honour clear ;
 " Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
 " Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend ; 70
 " Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,
 " And prais'd, unenvy'd, by the muse he lov'd."

NOTES.

Ver. 67. *Statesman, yet friend to truth, &c.*] It should be remembered, that this poem was written to be printed before Mr Addison's *Discourse on Medals*, in which there is the following censure of long legends upon coins. " The first fault I find with
 " a modern legend is its diffusiveness. You have sometimes the
 " whole side of a medal over-run with it. One would fancy the
 " author had a design of being Ciceronian—but it is not only the
 " tediousness of these inscriptions that I find fault with ; suppo-
 " sing them of a moderate length, why must they be in verse ?
 " We should be surpris'd to see the title of a serious book in
 " rhyme."—*Dial. iii.*

Ver. ult. *And prais'd, unenvy'd, by the muse he lov'd.*] It was not likely that men acting in so different spheres as were those of Mr Craggs and Mr Pope, should have their friendship disturbed by envy. We must suppose then that some circumstances in the friendship of Mr Pope and Mr Addison are hinted at in this place. See vol. 1. p. 299. in the notes.

E P I S T L E II.

T O

ROBERT Earl of OXFORD, and
Earl MORTIMER*.

SUCH were the notes thy once-lov'd poet sung,
Till Death untimely stopp'd his tuneful tongue.
Oh just beheld! and lost! admir'd and mourn'd!
With softest manners, gentlest arts adorn'd!
Bless'd in each science, bless'd in ev'ry strain! 5
Dear to the Muse! to HARLEY dear—in vain!

For him, thou oft hast bid the world attend,
Fond to forget the statesman in the friend;
For SWIFT and him, despis'd the farce of state,
The sober follies of the wise and great; 10
Dextrous, the craving, fawning croud to quit,
And pleas'd to 'scape from Flattery to Wit.

Absent or dead, still let a friend be dear,
(A sigh the absent claims, the dead a tear);
Recall those nights that clos'd thy toilsome days; 15
Still hear thy Parnell in his living lays,
Who, careless now of int'rest, fame, or fate,
Perhaps forgets that OXFORD e'er was great;
Or deeming meanest what we greatest call,
Beholds thee glorious only in thy fall. 20

And sure, if aught below the seats divine
Can touch immortals, 'tis a soul like thine:
A soul supreme, in each hard instance try'd,
Above all pain, all passion, and all pride,
The rage of pow'r, the blast of public breath, 25
The lust of lucre, and the dread of death.

* This epistle was sent to the Earl of Oxford with Dr Parnell's poems published by our author, after the said Earl's imprisonment in the tower, and retreat into the country, in the year 1721.

In vain to deserts thy retreat is made;
 The muse attends thee to thy silent shade:
 'Tis hers the brave man's latest steps to trace,
 Rejudge his acts, and dignify disgrace. 30
 When int'rest calls off all her sneaking train,
 And all th' oblig'd desert, and all the vain;
 She waits, or to the scaffold, or the cell,
 When the last ling'ring friend has bid farewell.
 Ev'n now she shades thy ev'ning-walk with bays, 35
 (No hireling she, no prostitute to praise);
 Ev'n now, observant of the parting ray,
 Eyes the calm sun-set of thy various day;
 Through Fortune's cloud one truly great can see,
 Nor fears to tell, that MORTIMER is he. 40

E P I S T L E III.

TO JAMES CRAGGS, Esq;
 SECRETARY OF STATE*.

A Soul as full of worth, as void of pride,
 Which nothings seeks to shew, or needs to hide,
 Which nor to guilt, nor fear, its caution owes,
 And boasts a warmth that from no passion flows.
 A face untaught to feign; a judging eye, 5 }
 That darts severe upon a rising lie,
 And strikes a blush through frontless flattery. }
 All this thou wert; and being this before,
 Know, Kings and Fortune cannot make thee more.
 Then scorn to gain a friend by servile ways, 10
 Nor wish to lose a foe these virtues raise;
 But candid, free, sincere, as you began,
 Proceed—a minister, but still a man.
 Be not (exalted to whate'er degree)
 Asham'd of any friend, not ev'n of me: 15
 The patriot's plain, but untrod path pursue;
 If not, 'tis I must be asham'd of you.

* In the year 1720.

E P I S T L E IV*.

To Mr J E R V A S,

With Mr DRYDEN's translation of FRESNOY's
Art of Painting.

THis verse be thine, my friend, nor thou refuse
This, from no venal or ungrateful muse.
Whether thy hand strike out some free design,
Where Life awakes, and dawns at ev'ry line;
Or blend in beauteous tints the colour'd mass, 5
And from the canvas call the mimic face:
Read these instructive leaves, in which conspire
Fresnoy's close art, and Dryden's native fire:
And reading with, like theirs, our fate and fame,
So mix'd our studies, and so join'd our name; 10
Like them to shine through long succeeding age,
So just thy skill, so regular my rage.

Smit with the love of sister-arts we came,
And met congenial, mingling flame with flame;
Like friendly colours found them both unite, 15
And each from each contract new strength and light.
How oft in pleasing tasks we wear the day,
While summer-suns roll unperceiv'd away?
How oft our slowly-growing works impart,
While images reflect from art to art? 20
How oft review; each finding like a friend
Something to blame, and something to commend?

What flatt'ring scenes our wand'ring fancy wrought,
Rome's pompous glories rising to our thought!
Together o'er the Alps methinks we fly, 25
Fir'd with ideas of fair Italy.

With thee, on Raphael's monument I mourn,
Or wait inspiring dreams at Maro's urn:

* This epistle, and the two following, were written some years before the rest, and originally printed in 1717.

With

With thee repose, where Tully once was laid,
 Or seek some ruin's formidable shade : 30
 While Fancy brings the vanish'd piles to view,
 And builds imaginary Rome anew,
 Here thy well-study'd marbles fix our eye ;
 A fading fresco here demands a sigh :
 Each heav'nly piece unweary'd we compare, 35
 Match Raphael's grace with thy lov'd Guido's air,
 Carracci's strength, Correggio's softer line,
 Paulo's free stroke, and Titian's warmth divine.

How finish'd with illustrious toil appears
 This small, well-polish'd gem, the work of years * !
 Yet still how faint by precept is express, 41
 The living image in the painter's breast ?
 Thence endless streams of fair ideas flow,
 Strike in the sketch, or in the picture glow ;
 Thence Beauty, waking all her forms, supplies 45
 An angel's sweetness, or Bridgewater's eyes.

Muse ! at that name thy sacred sorrows shed,
 Those tears eternal that embalm the dead :
 Call round her tomb each object of desire,
 Each purer frame inform'd with purer fire : 50
 Bid her be all that cheers or softens life,
 The tender sister, daughter, friend, and wife :
 Bid her be all that makes mankind adore ;
 Then view this marble, and be vain no more !

Yet still her charms in breathing paint engage ; 55
 Her modest cheek shall warm a future age.
 Beauty, frail flow'r that ev'ry season fears,
 Blooms in thy colours for a thousand years.
 Thus Churchill's race shall other hearts surprise,
 And other beauties envy Worsley's eyes ; 60
 Each pleasing Blount shall endless smiles bestow,
 And soft Belinda's blush for ever glow.

Oh lasting as those colours may they shine,
 Free as thy stroke, yet faultless as thy line ;
 New graces yearly like thy works display, 65
 Soft without weakness, without glaring gay ;

* Fresnoy employed above twenty years in finishing his poem.

Led by some rule, that guides, but not constrains;
 And finish'd more through happiness than pains.
 The kindred arts shall in their praise conspire,
 One dip the pencil, and one string the lyre. 70
 Yet should the graces all thy figures place,
 And breathe an air divine on ev'ry face;
 Yet should the muses bid my numbers roll
 Strong as their charms, and gentle as their soul;
 With Zeuxis' Helen thy Bridgewater vie, 75
 And these be sung till Granville's Myra die:
 Alas! how little from the grave we claim!
 Thou but preserv'st a face, and I a name.

E P I S T L E V.

To Mrs BLOUNT,

With the WORKS of VOITURE.

IN these gay thoughts the loves and graces shine,
 And all the writer lives in ev'ry line;
 His easy art may happy Nature seem,
 Trifles themselves are elegant in him.
 Sure to charm all was his peculiar fate, 5
 Who without flatt'ry pleas'd the fair and great;
 Still with esteem no less convers'd than read;
 With wit well-natur'd, and with books well bred:
 His heart, his mistress, and his friend did share;
 His time, the muse, the witty, and the fair. 10
 Thus wisely careless, innocently gay,
 Cheerful he play'd the trifle, life, away;
 Till Fate scarce felt his gentle breath suppress,
 As smiling infants sport themselves to rest.
 Ev'n rival wits did Voiture's death deplore, 15
 And the gay mourn'd who never mourn'd before;
 The truest hearts for Voiture heav'd with sighs,
 Voiture was wept by all the brightest eyes:

The

The smiles and loves had dy'd in Voiture's death,
But that for ever in his lines they breathe. 20

Let the strict life of graver mortals be
A long, exact, and serious comedy;
In ev'ry scene some moral let it teach,
And, if it can, at once both please and preach.
Let mine, an innocent gay farce appear, 25
And more diverting still than regular,
Have humour, wit, a native ease and grace,
Though not too strictly bound to time and place:
Critics in wit, or life, are hard to please;
Few write to those, and none can live to these. 30

Too much your sex is by their forms confin'd,
Severe to all, but most to womankind;
Custom, grown blind with age, must be your guide;
Your pleasure is a vice, but not your pride;
By Nature yielding, stubborn but for fame; 35
Made slaves by honour, and made fools by shame.
Marriage may all those petty tyrants chase,
But sets up one, a greater, in their place:
Well might you wish for change, by those accurs'd,
But the last tyrant ever proves the worst. 40
Still in constraint your suff'ring sex remains,
Or bound in formal, or in real chains:
Whole years neglected, for some months ador'd,
The fawning servant turns a haughty lord.
Ah quit not the free innocence of life, 45
For the dull glory of a virtuous wife;
Nor let false shews, nor empty titles please:
Aim not at joy, but rest content with ease.

The gods, to curse Pamela with her pray'rs,
Gave the gilt coach and dappled Flanders mares, 50
The shining robes, rich jewels, beds of state,
And, to complete her bliss, a fool for mate.
She glares in balls, front-boxes, and the ring,
A vain, unquiet, glitt'ring, wretched thing!
Pride, pomp, and state, but reach her outward part;
She sighs, and is no duchess at her heart. 56

But, Madam, if the Fates withstand, and you
Are destin'd Hymen's willing victim too;

Trust

Trust not too much your now resistless charms ;
 Those, age or sickness, soon or late disarms : 60
 Good humour only teaches charms to last,
 Still makes new conquests, and maintains the past.
 Love, rais'd on beauty, will like that decay ;
 Our hearts may bear its slender chain a day ;
 As flow'ry bands in wantonness are worn, 65
 A morning's pleasure, and at ev'ning torn :
 This binds in ties more easy, yet more strong,
 The willing heart, and only holds it long.

Thus Voiture's * early care still shone the same,
 And Monthausier was only chang'd in name : 70
 By this, ev'n now they live, ev'n now they charm,
 Their wit still sparkling, and their flame still warm.

Now crown'd with myrtle, on th' Elysian coast,
 Amid those lovers, joys his gentle ghost :
 Pleas'd, while with smiles his happy lines you view,
 And finds a fairer Ramboüillet in you. 76
 The brightest eyes of France inspir'd his muse ;
 The brightest eyes of Britain now peruse ;
 And dead, as living, 'tis our author's pride
 Still to charm those who charm the world beside. 80

E P I S T L E VI.

To the same,

On her leaving the Town after the CORO-
 NATION †.

AS some fond virgin, whom her mother's care
 Drags from the town to wholesome country-air,
 Just when she learns to roll a melting eye,
 And hear a spark, yet think no danger nigh ;

* Mademoiselle Paulet.

† *Coronation*] of King George I. 1715.

From the dear man unwilling she must sever, 5
 Yet takes one kiss before she parts for ever :
 Thus from the world fair Zephalinda flew,
 Saw others happy, and with sighs withdrew ;
 Not that their pleasures caus'd her discontent,
 She sigh'd not that they staid, but that she went. 10
 She went to plain-work, and to purling brooks,
 Old-fashion'd halls, dull aunts, and croaking rooks :
 She went from op'ra, park, assembly, play,
 To morning-walks, and pray'rs three hours a-day ;
 To part her time 'twixt reading and bohea, 15
 To muse, and spill her solitary tea,
 Or o'er cold coffee trifle with the spoon,
 Count the slow clock, and dine exact at noon ;
 Divert her eyes with pictures in the fire,
 Hum half a tune, tell stories to the squire ; 20
 Up to her godly garret after seven,
 There starve and pray, for that's the way to heav'n.

Some 'squire, perhaps, you take delight to rack ;
 Whose game is Whisk, whose treat a toast in sack ;
 Who visits with a gun, presents you birds, 25
 Then gives a smacking buss, and cries,—No words !
 Or with his hound comes hallooing from the stable,
 Makes love with nods, and knees beneath a table ;
 Whose laughs are hearty, tho' his jests are coarse,
 And loves you best of all things—but his horse. 30

In some fair ev'ning, on your elbow laid,
 You dream of triumphs in the rural shade ;
 In pensive thought recall the fancy'd scene,
 See coronations rise on ev'ry green ;
 Before you pass th' imaginary fights. 35
 Of lords, and earls, and dukes, and garter'd knights,
 While the spread fan o'er shades your closing eyes ;
 Then give one flirt, and all the vision flies.
 Thus vanish sceptres, coronets, and balls,
 And leave you in lone woods, or empty walls ! 40

So when your slave, at some dear idle time,
 (Not plagu'd with headachs, or the want of rhyme),
 Stands in the streets, abstracted from the crew,
 And while he seems to study, thinks of you ;

Just

Just when his fancy points your sprightly eyes, 45
 Or sees the blush of soft Parthenia rise,
 Gay pats my shoulder, and you vanish quite,
 Streets, chairs, and coxcombs rush upon my sight;
 Vex'd to be still in town, I knit my brow,
 Look sour, and hum a tune, as you may now. 50

TO MRS M. B. ON HER BIRTH-DAY *.

OH be thou bless'd with all that Heav'n can send,
 Long health, long youth, long pleasure, and
 a friend:

Not with those toys the female world admire,
 Riches that vex, and vanities that tire.
 With added years, if life bring nothing new, 5
 But like a sieve let ev'ry blessing through;
 Some joy still lost, as each vain year runs o'er,
 And all we gain, some sad reflection more;
 Is that a birth-day? 'tis, alas! too clear,
 'Tis but the fun'ral of the former year. 10
 Let joy or ease, let affluence or content,
 And the gay conscience of a life well spent,
 Calm ev'ry thought, inspirit ev'ry grace,
 Glow in thy heart, and smile upon thy face.
 Let day improve on day, and year on year, 15
 Without a pain, a trouble, or a fear;
 Till death unfelt that tender frame destroy,
 In some soft dream, or ecstasy of joy,
 Peaceful sleep out the sabbath of the tomb,
 And wake to raptures in a life to come. 20

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 15. originally thus in the MS.

And oh, since Death must that fair frame destroy,
 Die by some sudden ecstasy of joy;
 In some soft dream may thy mild soul remove,
 And be thy latest gasp a sigh of love.

* See Mr Pope's will at the end of vol. 4. This lady, Mr Pope's intimate friend, died in 1763.

To Mr THOMAS SOUTHERN,

On his BIRTH-DAY, 1742.

Resign'd to live, prepar'd to die,
 With not one sin, but poetry,
 This day Tom's fair account has run,
 Without a blot, to eighty-one.
 Kind Boyle, before his poet, lays 5
 A table, with a cloth of bays;
 And Ireland, mother of sweet fingers,
 Presents her harp still to his fingers.
 The feast, his tow'ring genius marks
 In yonder wild-goose and the larks! 10
 The mushrooms shew his wit was sudden!
 And for his judgment, lo a pudden!
 Roast beef, though old, proclaims him stout,
 And grace, although a bard, devout.
 May Tom, whom Heav'n sent down to raise 15
 The price of prologues and of plays,
 Be ev'ry birthday more a winner,
 Digest his thirty-thousandth dinner;
 Walk to his grave without reproach,
 And scorn a rascal and a coach. 20

To Mr JOHN MOORE,

AUTHOR of the celebrated WORM-
 POWDER.

HOW much, egregious *Moore*, are we
 Deceiv'd by shews and forms!
 Whate'er we think, whate'er we see,
 All humankind are worms.

Man

Man is a very worm by birth, 5
 Vile, reptile, weak, and vain!
 A while he crawls upon the earth,
 Then shrinks to earth again.

That woman is a worm, we find
 E'er since our grand-dame's evil; 10
 She first convers'd with her own kind,
 That ancient worm, the devil.

The learn'd themselves we book-worms name,
 The blockhead is a slow-worm;
 The nymph whose tail is all on flame, 15
 Is aptly term'd a glow-worm.

The fops are painted butterflies,
 That flutter for a day;
 First from a worm they take their rise,
 And in a worm decay. 20

The flatterer an earwig grows;
 Thus worms suit all conditions;
 Misers are muck-worms, silk-worms beaus,
 And death-watches physicians.

That statesmen have the worm, is seen, 25
 By all their winding play;
 Their conscience is a worm within,
 That gnaws them night and day.

Ah *Moore*! thy skill were well employ'd,
 And greater gain would rise, 30
 If thou couldst make the courtier void,
 The worm that never dies!

O learned friend of *Abchurch-lane*,
 Who sett'st our entrails free;
 Vain is thy art, thy powder vain, 35
 Since worms shall eat ev'n thee.

Our

Our fate thou only canst adjourn
Some few short years, no more !
Ev'n *Button's* wits to worms shall turn,
Who maggots were before.

The BASSET-TABLE,

An ECLOGUE.

CARDELIA. SMILINDA.

Car. THE *Basset-table* spread, the *Tallier* come;
Why itays SMILINDA in the dressing-
room ?

Rise, pensive nymph, the *Tallier* waits for you. }

Smi. Ah, Madam, since my SHARPER is untrue,
I joyless make my once ador'd *Alpen*. }

I saw him stand behind OMBRELIA's chair,
And whisper with that soft, deluding air,
And those feign'd signs which cheat the list'ning
fair. }

Car. Is this the cause of your romantic strains ?
A mightier grief my heavy heart sustains. 10
As you by Love, so I by Fortune cross'd ;
One, one bad *Deal*, three *Septleva's* have lost.

Smi. Is that the grief which you compare with
mine ?
With ease the smiles of fortune I resign :
Would all my gold in one bad *Deal* were gone ; 15
Were lovely SHARPER mine, and mine alone.

Car. A lover lost, is but a common care ;
And prudent nymphs against that change prepare :

146 The BASSET-TABLE.

The KNAVE OF CLUBS thrice lost: Oh! who could
guess

This fatal stroke, this unforeseen distress? 20

Smi. See BETTY LOVET! very *à propos*,
She all the cares of *Love* and *Play* does know:
Dear BETTY shall th' important point decide;
BETTY, who oft the pain of each has try'd;
Impartial, she shall say who suffers most, 25
By cards' ill usage, or by lovers lost.

Lovet. Tell, tell your griefs; attentive will I stay,
Though time is precious, and I want some tea.

Car. Behold this *equipage*, by *Mathers* wrought,
With fifty guineas (a great pen'worth) bought. 30
See on the tooth-pick, Mars and Cupid strive;
And both the struggling figures seem alive.
Upon the bottom shines the Queen's bright face;
A myrtle foliage round the thimble-case.
Jove, Jove himself, does on the scissars shine; 35
The metal, and the workmanship, divine!

Smi. This *snuff-box*;—once the pledge of SHARP-
ER'S love,
When rival beauties for the present strove;
At *Corticelli's* he the raffle won;
Then first his passion was in public shown: 40
HAZARDIA blush'd, and turn'd her head side,
A rival's envy (all in vain) to hide.
This *snuff-box*,—on the hinge see brilliants shine:
This *snuff-box* will I stake; the prize is mine.

Car. Alas! far lesser losses than I bear, 45
Have made a soldier sigh, a lover swear.
And oh! what makes the disappointment hard,
'Twas my own lord that drew the fatal card.
In complaisance, I took the Queen he gave;
Though my own secret wish was for the Knave. 50
The

The *Knave* won *Sonica*, which I had chose ;
And the next *pull*, my *Septleva* I lose.

Smi. But ah ! what aggravates the killing smart,
The cruel thought, that stabs me to the heart ;
This curs'd OMBRELLA, this undoing fair, 55
By whose vile arts this heavy grief I bear ;
She, at whose name I shed these spiteful tears,
She owes to me the very charms she wears.
An awkward thing, when first she came to town ;
Her shape unfashion'd, and her face unknown : 60
She was my friend ; I taught her first to spread
Upon her fallow cheeks enliv'ning red :
I introduc'd her to the park and plays ;
And, by my int'rest, *Coxens* made her stays,
Ungrateful wretch, with mimic airs grown pert, 65
She dares to steal my fav'rite lover's heart.

Car. Wretch that I was, how often have I sworn
When WINNALL tally'd, I would *punt* no more ?
I know the bite, yet to my ruin run ;
And see the folly, which I cannot shun. 70

Smi. How many maids have SHARPER's vows de-
ceiv'd ?
How many curs'd the moment they believ'd ?
Yet his known falsehoods could no warning prove :
Ah ! what is warning to a maid in love ?

Car. But of what marble must that breast be-
form'd, 75
To gaze on *Basset*, and remain unwarm'd ?
When *Kings*, *Queens*, *Knaves* are set in decent rank ;
Expos'd in glorious heaps the tempting bank,
Guineas, half-guineas, all the shining train ;
The winner's pleasure, and the loser's pain : 80
In bright confusion open *Rouleaus* lie,
They strike the soul, and glitter in the eye.
Fir'd by the sight, all Reason I disdain ;
My passions rise, and will not bear the rein.

Look upon *Basset*, you who reason boast; 85
And see if Reason must not *there* be lost.

Smi. What more than marble must that heart compose,
Can hearken coldly to my SHARPER's vows?
Then, when he trembles! when his blushes rise!
When awful Love seems melting in his eyes! 90
With eager beats his mechlin cravat moves:
He loves,—I whisper to myself, *He loves*!
Such unfeign'd passion in his looks appears,
I lose all mem'ry of my former fears;
My panting heart confesses all his charms, 95
I yield at once, and sink into his arms:
Think of that moment, you who prudence boast;
For such a moment, prudence well were lost.

Car. At the Groom-porter's batter'd bullies play,
Some DUKES at *Mary-bone* bowl time away. 100
But who the bowl or rattling dice compares
To *Basset*'s heav'nly joys, and pleasing cares?

Smi. Soft SIMPLICETTA dotes upon a beau;
PRUDINA likes a man, and laughs at show.
Their sev'ral graces in my SHARPER meet; 105
Strong as the footman, as the master sweet.

Lovet. Cease your contention, which has been too long;
I grow impatient, and the tea's too strong.
Attend, and yield to what I now decide:
The *equipage* shall grace SMILINDA's side; 110
The *snuff-box* to CARDELIA I decree.
Now leave complaining, and begin your tea.

Verbatim from BOILEAU.

Un jour, dit un auteur, &c.

ONce (says an author, where I need not say)
 Two trav'lers found an oyster in their way ;
 Both fierce, both hungry ; the dispute grew strong,
 While scale in hand Dame *Justice* pass'd along.
 Before her each with clamour pleads the laws, 5
 Explain'd the matter, and would win the cause.
 Dame *Justice* weighing long the doubtful right,
 Takes, opens, swallows it, before their sight.
 The cause of strife remov'd so rarely well,
 There take, (says *Justice*), take ye each a *shell*. 10
 We thrive at *Westminster* on fools like you :
 'Twas a fat oyster—Live in peace—Adieu.

ANSWER to the following Question
 of Mrs HOWE.

WHat is PRUDERY ?
 'Tis a beldam,
 Seen with wit and beauty seldom.
 'Tis a fear that starts at shadows.
 'Tis (no, 'tisn't) like Miss *Meadows*. 5
 'Tis a virgin hard of feature,
 Old, and void of all good-nature ;
 Lean and fretful ; would seem wise ;
 Yet plays the fool before she dies.
 'Tis an ugly envious shrew,
 That rails at dear *Lepell* and you. 10

Occasioned by some Verses of his Grace
the Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

MUse, 'tis enough : at length thy labour ends,
And thou shalt live, for BUCKINGHAM com-
mends.

Let crouds of critics now my verse assail,
Let Dennis write, and nameless numbers rail :
This more than pays whole years of thankless pain,
Time, health, and fortune are not lost in vain. 6
SHEFFIELD approves, consenting Phœbus bends,
And I and Malice from this hour are friends.

A

P R O L O G U E

By Mr P O P E,

To a Play for Mr DENNIS's benefit, in 1733,
when he was old, blind, and in great di-
strefs, a little before his death.

AS when that hero, who in each campaign
Had brav'd the *Goth*, and many a *Vandal* slain,
Lay Fortune struck, a spectacle of wo !
Wept by each friend, forgiv'n by ev'ry foe :
Was there a gen'rous, a reflecting mind, 5
But pity'd BELISARIUS old and blind ?
Was there a chief but melted at the sight ?
A common soldier, who but clubb'd his mite ?
Such, such emotions should in *Britons* rise,
When press'd by want and weakness DENNIS lies ;
Dennis,

Dennis, who long had warr'd with modern *Huns*, 11
 Their quibbles routed, and defy'd their puns;
 A desp'rate *bulwark*, sturdy, firm, and fierce,
 Against the *Gothic* sons of frozen verse:
 How chang'd from him who made the boxes groan,
 And shook the stage with thunders all his own! 16
 Stood up to dash each vain *PRETENDER's* hope,
 Maul the French tyrant, or pull down the *POPE*!
 If there's a *Briton* then, true bred and born,
 Who holds dragoons and wooden shoes in scorn; 20
 If there's a critic of distinguish'd rage;
 If there's a senior, who contains this age;
 Let him to-night his just assistance lend,
 And be the *critic's*, *Briton's*, *Old Man's* friend.

M A C E R:

A C H A R A C T E R.

W HEN simple *Macer*, now of high renown,
 First sought a poet's fortune in the town,
 'Twas all th' ambition his high soul could feel,
 To wear red stockings, and to dine with *Steel*.
 Some ends of verse his betters might afford, 5
 And gave the harmless fellow a good word.
 Set up with these, he ventur'd on the town,
 And, with a borrow'd play, outdid poor *Crown*.

NOTES.

Ver. 12. *Their quibbles routed, and defy'd their puns*] See *Dunciad*, note on ver. 63. b. r. vol. 2.

Ver. 13. *A desp'rate bulwark, &c.*] See *Dunc.* note on ver. 268. b. 2.

Ver. 16. *And shook the stage with thunders all his own*] See *Dunc.* note on ver. 226. b. 2.

Ver. 17. *Stood up to dash, &c.*] See *Dunc.* note on ver. 173. b. 3.

Ver. 18. *Maul the French tyrant—*] See *Dunc.* note on ver. 413. b. 2.

Ibid. or pull down the POPE] See *Dunc.* note on ver. 63. b. 1.

Ver. 21 *If there's a critic of distinguish'd rage*] See *Dunc.* notes on ver. 106. b. 1.

There

152 SONG by a PERSON of QUALITY.

There he stopp'd short, nor since has write a tittle,
 But has the wit to make the most of little : 10
 Like stunted hide-bound trees, that just have got
 Sufficient sap at once to bear and rot.
 Now he begs verse, and what he gets commends,
 Not of the wits his foes, but fools his friends.
 So some coarse country-wench, almost decay'd, 15
 Trudges to town, and first turns chambermaid ;
 Awkward and supple, each devoir to pay ;
 She flatters her good lady twice a-day ;
 Thought wondrous honest, though of mean degree,
 And strangely lik'd for her *simplicity* : 20
 In a translated suit, then tries the town,
 With borrow'd pins, and patches not her own ;
 But just endur'd the winter she began,
 And in four months a batter'd harridan.
 Now nothing left, but wither'd, pale, and shrunk,
 To bawd for others, and go shares with punk. 26

SONG, by a Person of Quality.

Written in the year 1733.

I.

FLutt'ring spread thy purple pinions,
 Gentle *Cupid*, o'er my heart ;
 I a slave in my dominions ;
 Nature must give way to art.

II.

Mild *Arcadians*, ever blooming,
 Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,
 See my weary days consuming,
 All beneath yon flow'ry rocks.

III.

Thus the *Cyprian* goddess weeping,
 Mourn'd *Adonis*, darling youth : 10
 Him the boar in silence creeping,
 Gor'd with unrelenting tooth.

IV.

On a certain LADY at COURT. 153

IV.

Cynthia, tune harmonious numbers;
Fair *Discretion*, string the lyre;
Sooth my ever-waking slumbers:
Bright *Apollo*, lend thy choir. 15

V.

Gloomy *Pluto*, King of terrours,
Arm'd in adamantine chains,
Lead me to the crystal mirrours,
Wat'ring soft Elysian plains. 20

VI.

Mournful cypress, verdant willow,
Gilding my *Aurelia*'s brows,
Morpheus hov'ring o'er my pillow,
Hear me pay my dying vows.

VII.

Melancholy smooth *Mæander*, 25
Swiftly purling in a round,
On the margin lovers wander,
With thy flow'ry chaplets crown'd.

VIII.

Thus when *Philomela* drooping,
Softly seeks her silent mate, 30
See the bird of *Juno* stooping;
Melody resigns to Fate.

On a certain LADY at COURT.

I Know the thing that's most uncommon;
(Envy be silent, and attend!)
I know a reasonable woman,
Handsome and witty, yet a friend. Not

154 On his GROTTO at TWICKENHAM.

Not warp'd by passion, aw'd by rumour ;
 Not grave through pride, or gay through folly ;
 An equal mixture of good humour,
 And sensible soft melancholy.

" Has she no faults then, (Envy says), Sir ?"
 Yes, she has one, I must aver ;
 When all the world conspires to praise her,
 The woman's deaf, and does not hear.

On his GROTTO at Twickenham,

Composed of marbles, spars, gems, ores, and
 minerals.

THou who shalt stop, where *Thames'* translucent
 wave

Shines a broad mirrour through the shadowy cave ;
 Where ling'ring drops from min'ral roofs distill,
 And pointed crystals break the sparkling rill,
 Unpolish'd gems no ray on pride bestow,
 And latent metals innocently glow :

Approach. Great Nature studiously behold !
 And eye the mine without a wish for gold.

Approach : But awful ! Lo ! th' Ægerian grott,
 Where, nobly pensive, ST JOHN sat and thought ;
 Where *British* sighs from dying WYNDHAM stole, II
 And the bright flame was shot through MARCH-
 MONT's soul.

Let such, such only, tread this sacred floor,
 Who dare to love their country, and be poor.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 6. in the MS.

You see that island's wealth, where, only free,
 Earth to her entrails feels not tyranny.

Ver. II. in the MS.

To Wyndham's breast the patriot passions stole.

E P I T A P H S.

*His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
Munere!*

VIRG.

I.

On CHARLES Earl of DORSET,

In the church of Withyam in Suffex.

DORSET, the grace of Courts, the Muses' pride,
Patron of Arts, and judge of Nature, dy'd.
The scourge of Pride, though sanctify'd or great,
Of fops in learning, and of knaves in state :
Yet soft his nature, though severe his lay, 5
His anger moral, and his wisdom gay.
Bless'd satirist ! who touch'd the mean so true,
As show'd, Vice had his hate, and pity too.
Bless'd courtier ! who could king and country please,
Yet sacred keep his friendships, and his ease. 10
Bless'd peer ! his great forefathers' ev'ry grace
Reflecting, and reflected in his race ;
Where other BUCKHURSTS, other DORSETS shine,
And patriots still, or poets, deck the line.

II. On

II.

On Sir WILLIAM TRUMBULL,

One of the Principal Secretaries of State to
King WILLIAM III. who having resigned
his place, died in his retirement at East-
hamsted in Berkshire, 1716.

A Pleasing form ; a firm, yet cautious mind ;
Sincere, tho' prudent ; constant, yet resign'd :
Honour unchang'd, a principle profess'd,
Fix'd to one side, but mod'rate to the rest :
An honest courtier, yet a patriot too ; 5
Just to his prince, and to his country true :
Fill'd with the sense of age, the fire of youth,
A scorn of wrangling, yet a zeal for truth ;
A gen'rous faith, from superstition free ;
A love to peace, and hate of tyranny ; 10
Such this man was ; who now, from earth remov'd,
At length enjoys that liberty he lov'd.

III.

On the Hon. SIMON HARCOURT,

Only son of the Lord Chancellor HARCOURT ;
at the church of Stanton-Harcourt in Ox-
fordshire, 1720.

TO this sad shrine, whoe'er thou art ! draw near,
Here lies the friend most lov'd, the son most
dear :
Who ne'er knew joy, but friendship might divide,
Or gave his father grief but when he dy'd.
How vain is Reason, Eloquence how weak ! 5
If *Pope* must tell what HARCOURT cannot speak.
Oh let thy once-lov'd friend inscribe thy stone,
And, with a father's sorrows, mix his own !

IV. On

IV.

On JAMES CRAGGS, Esq;

In Westminster-Abbey.

JACOBUS CRAGGS,
REGI MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ A SECRETIS
ET CONSILIIS SANCTIORIBUS,
PRINCIPIS PARITER AC POPULI AMOR ET DELICIÆ;
VIXIT TITULIS ET INVIDIA MAJOR
ANNOS, HEU PAUCOS, XXXV.
OB. FEB. XVI. MDCCXX.

Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honour clear!
Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend,
Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,
Prais'd, wept, and honour'd, by the muse he lov'd.

V.

Intended for Mr ROWE,

In Westminster-Abbey.

THY reliques, ROWE, to this fair urn we trust,
And sacred, place by DRYDEN's awful dust:
Beneath

VARIATIONS.

It is as follows, on the monument in the Abbey erected to Mr ROWE and his daughter.

Thy reliques, ROWE! to this sad shrine we trust,
And near thy SHAKESPEAR place thy honour'd bust,
Oh, next him, skill'd to draw the tender tear,
For never heart felt passion more sincere;

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† O

458 EPITAPH FOR MR ROWE.

Beneath a rude and nameless stone he lies,
To which thy tomb shall guide inquiring eyes.
Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest!
Bless'd in thy genius, in thy love too blest!
One grateful woman to thy fame supplies
What a whole thankless land to his denies.

5

VARIATIONS.

To nobler sentiment to fire the brave,
For never BRITON more disdain'd a slave.
Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest;
Bless'd in thy genius, in thy love too blest!
And bless'd, that timely from our scene remov'd,
Thy soul enjoys the liberty it lov'd.

To these so mourn'd in death, so lov'd in life!
The childless parent, and the widow'd wife,
With tears inscribes this monumental stone,
That holds their ashes, and expects her own.

NOTES.

Ver. 3. *Beneath a rude.*] The tomb of Mr Dryden was erected upon this hint by the Duke of Buckingham; to which was originally intended this epitaph,

*This SHEFFIELD rais'd. The sacred dust below
Was DRYDEN once: The rest who does not know?*

which the author since changed into the plain inscription now upon it, being only the name of that great poet.

J. D R Y D E N.

Natus Aug. 9. 1631. Mortuus Maij 1. 1700.

JOANNES SHEFFIELD DUX BUCKINGHAMIENSIS
POSUIT.

VI. On

VI.

On Mrs CORBET,

Who died of a cancer in her breast.

Here rests a woman, good without pretence,
 Bless'd with plain reason, and with sober sense:
 No conquests she, but o'er herself, desir'd;
 No arts essay'd, but not to be admir'd.
 Passion and Pride were to her soul unknown, 5
 Convinc'd that Virtue only is our own.
 So unaffected, so compos'd a mind;
 So firm, yet soft; so strong, yet so refin'd;
 Heav'n, as its purest gold, by tortures try'd!
 The faint sustain'd it, but the woman dy'd. 10

VII.

On the monument of the Honourable ROBERT DIGBY *, and of his sister MARY, erected by their father the Lord DIGBY, in the church of Sherborne in Dorsetshire, 1727.

GO! fair example of untainted youth,
 Of modest wisdom, and pacific truth:
 Compos'd in suff'rings, and in joy sedate,
 Good without noise, without pretension great:
 Just of thy word, in ev'ry thought sincere, 5
 Who knew no wish but what the world might hear:
 Of softest manners, unaffected mind,
 Lover of peace, and friend of humankind:
 Go live! for heav'n's eternal year is thine,
 Go, and exalt thy moral to divine. 10

* See lett. 18. of *Letters to and from Mr Digby*, vol. 4.

160 EPITAPH on Sir G. KNELLER.

And thou, blest'd maid, attendant on his doom,
Pensive hast follow'd to the silent tomb,
Steer'd the same course to the same quiet shore,
Not parted long, and now to part no more!
Go then, where only bliss sincere is known! 15
Go, where to love and to enjoy are one!

Yet take these tears, mortality's relief,
And till we share your joys, forgive our grief:
These little rites, a stone, a verse receive;
'Tis all a father, all a friend can give! 20

VIII.

On Sir GODFREY KNELLER,

In Westminster-Abbey, 1723.

KNELLER, by Heav'n and not a master taught,
Whose art was nature, and whose pictures
thought;

Now for two ages having snatch'd from Fate
Whate'er was beauteous, or whate'er was great,
Lies crown'd with princes' honours, poets' lays, 5
Due to his merit, and brave thirst of praise.

Living, great Nature fear'd he might outvie
Her works; and, dying, fears herself may die.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 7. Imitated from the famous epitaph on Raphael.

Raphael, timuit, quo sospite, vinci

Rerum magna parens, et moriente, mori.

IX. On

IX.

On General HENRY WITHERS,

In Westminster-Abbey, 1729.

Here, WITHERS, rest! thou bravest, gentlest
mind,
Thy country's friend, but more of humankind.
Oh born to arms! O worth in youth approv'd!
O soft humanity, in age belov'd!
For thee the hardy vet'ran drops a tear, 5
And the gay courtier feels the sigh sincere.
WITHERS, adieu! yet not with thee remove
Thy martial spirit, or thy social love!
Amidst corruption, luxury, and rage,
Still leave some ancient virtues to our age: 10
Nor let us say, (those English glories gone),
The last true Briton lies beneath this stone.

X.

On Mr ELIJAH FENTON,

At Easthamsted in Berks, 1730.

THis modest stone, what few vain marbles can,
May truly say, Here lies an honest man:
A poet, bless'd beyond the poet's fate,
Whom Heav'n kept sacred from the proud and great:
Foe to loud praise, and friend to learned ease, 5
Content with science in the vale of peace,
Calmly he look'd on either life, and here
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;
From Nature's temp'rate feast rose satisfy'd,
Thank'd Heav'n that he had liv'd, and that he dy'd.

XI.

On Mr GAY,

In Westminster-Abbey, 1732.

OF manners gentle, of affections mild ;
 In wit, a man ; simplicity, a child :
 With native humour temp'ring virtuous rage,
 Form'd to delight at once and lash the age :
 Above temptation in a low estate, 5
 And uncorrupted, ev'n among the great :
 A safe companion, and an easy friend,
 Unblam'd through life, lamented in thy end.
 These are thy honours ! not that here thy bust
 Is mix'd with heroes, or with kings thy dust ; 10
 But that the worthy and the good shall say,
 Striking their pensive bosoms—*Here lies GAY.*

XII.

Intended for Sir ISAAC NEWTON,

In Westminster-Abbey.

ISAAC NEWTONUS:

Quem Immortalem

Testantur *Tempus, Natura, Cælum* :

Mortalem

Hoc marmor fatetur.

Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night :
 GOD said, *Let Newton be !* and all was light.

XIII. On

XIII.

On Dr FRANCIS ATTERBURY,

Bishop of Rochester;

Who died in exile at Paris, 1732.

[His only daughter having expired in his arms, immediately after she arrived in France to see him *.]

DIALOGUE.

S H E.

YES, we have liv'd—one pang, and then we
part!

May Heav'n, dear Father! now have all thy heart,
Yet ah! how once we lov'd, remember still,
Till you are dust like me.

H E.

Dear Shade! I will:
Then mix this dust with thine—O spotless ghost!
O more than fortune, friends, or country lost!
Is there on earth one care, one wish beside?
Yes—SAVE MY COUNTRY, HEAV'N,
—He said, and dy'd.

* See lett. 25. of *Letters to and from Dr Atterbury*, vol. 4.

XIV. On

XIV.

On EDMUND Duke of Buckingham,

Who died in the nineteenth year of his age,
1735.

IF modest youth, with cool reflection crown'd,
And ev'ry op'ning virtue blooming round,
Could save a parent's justest pride from fate,
Or add one patriot to a sinking state;
This weeping marble had not ask'd thy tear, 5
Or sadly told, how many hopes lie here!
The living virtue now had shone approv'd,
The senate heard him, and his country lov'd.
Yet softer honours, and less noisy fame
Attend the shade of gentle BUCKINGHAM: 10
In whom a race, for courage fam'd and art,
Ends in the milder merit of the heart;
And chiefs or sages long to Britain giv'n,
Pays the last tribute of a saint to heav'n.

XV.

For one who would not be buried in
Westminster-Abbey.

HEROES, and KINGS! your distance keep:
In peace let one poor poet sleep,
Who never flatter'd folks like you:
Let Horace blush, and Virgil too.

Another,

Another, on the same.

UNder this marble, or under this fill,
 Or under this turf, or e'en what they will;
 Whatever an heir, or a friend in his stead,
 Or any good creature shall lay o'er my head,
 Lies one who ne'er car'd, and still cares not a pin 5
 What they said, or may say of the mortal within;
 But who, living and dying, serene still and free,
 'Trusts in God, that as well as he was, he shall be.

E P I G R A M S.

On one who made long Epitaphs.

FRiend! for your epitaphs I'm griev'd;
 Where still so much is said,
 One half will never be believ'd,
 The other never read.

Engraved on the collar of a *Dog* which I gave
 to his Royal Highness.

I AM his Highness' dog at Kew;
 Pray tell me, Sir, whose dog are you?

IMITA-

I M I T A T I O N S
O F
H O R A C E.

H O R A C E,
BOOK I. EPIST. VII.

Imitated in the manner of Dr S W I F T.

'TIS true, my Lord, I gave my word,
I would be with you, June the third ;
Chang'd it to August, and (in short)
Have kept it — as you do at court.
You humour me when I am sick,
Why not when I am splenetic ?

5

H O R A T I I
LIB. I. EPIST. VII.

Q Uinque dies tibi pollicitus me rure futurum,
Sextilem totum mendax desideror. atqui,
Si me vivere vis sanum recteque valentem ;
Quam mihi das ægro, dabis ægrotare timenti,
Mæcenas, veniam : dum ficus prima, calorque
Designatorem decorat lictoribus atris :

In

In town, what objects could I meet?
 The shops shut up in ev'ry street,
 And fun'rals black'ning all the doors,
 And yet more melancholy whores: 10
 And what a dust in every place?
 And a thin court that wants your face,
 And fevers raging up and down,
 And W* and H** both in town!

“ The dog-days are no more the case.” 15
 'Tis true, but winter comes apace:
 Then southward let your bard retire,
 Hold out some months 'twixt sun and fire,
 And you shall see, the first warm weather,
 Me and the butterflies together. 20

My Lord, your favours well I know;
 'Tis with distinction you bestow;
 And not to ev'ry one that comes,
 Just as a Scotsman does his plumbs.

“ Pray take them, Sir,— enough's a feast: 25

“ Eat some, and pocket up the rest.”—

What, rob your boys? those pretty rogues!

“ No, Sir, you'll leave them to the hogs.”

Thus fools with compliments besiege ye,
 Contriving never to oblige ye. 30

Scatter your favours on a fop,

Ingratitude's the certain crop;

Dum pueris omnis pater, et matercula pallet;

Officioſaque ſedulitas, et opella forenſis

Adducit febres, et teſtamenta reſignat.

Quod ſi bruma nives Albanis illinet agris;

Ad mareſcendæ vates tuus, et ſibi parcat,

Contractaque leget: te, dulcis amice, reviſet

Cum Zephyris, ſi concedes, et hirundine prima.

Non, quo more pyris veſci Calaber jubet hoſpes,

Tu me ſeciſti locupletam. Veſcere fodes.

Jam ſatis eſt. At tu quantumvis tolle. Benigne.

Non inviſa feres pueris munuſcula parvis.

Tam teneor dono, quam ſi dimittar onuſtus.

And

And 'tis but just, I'll tell ye wherefore,
 You give the things you never care for.
 A wise man always is, or shou'd 35
 Be mighty ready to do good;
 But makes a diff'rence in his thought
 Betwixt a guinea and a groat.
 Now this I'll say, you'll find in me
 A safe companion, and a free; 40
 But if you'd have me always near —
 A word, pray, in your Honour's ear.
 I hope it is your resolution
 To give me back my constitution!
 The sprightly wit, the lively eye, 45
 Th' engaging smile, the gaiety,
 That laugh'd down many a summer-sun,
 And kept you up so oft till one:
 And all that voluntary vein,
 As when Belinda rais'd my strain. 50
 A weasel once made shift to sink
 In at a corn-loft through a chink;
 But having amply stuff'd his skin,
 Could not get out as he got in:

Ut libet : hæc porcis hodie comedenda relinques.
 Prodigus et stultus donat quæ spernit et odit :
 Hæc seges ingratos tulit, et feret omnibus annis.
 Vir bonus et sapiens, dignis ait esse paratus ?
 Nec tamen ignorat, quid distent æra lupinis !
 Dignum præstabo me, etiam pro laude merentis.
 Quod si me noles usquam discedere ; reddes
 Forte latus, nigros angusta fronte capillos :
 Reddes dulce loqui : reddes ridere decorum : et
 Inter vina fugam Cynaræ meerere protervum.
 Forte per angustam tenuis nitedula rimam
 Repserat in cumeram frumenti ; pastaque, rursus
 Ire foras pleno tendebat corpore frustra.

NOTES.

Ver. 50. *As when Belinda*] A compliment he pays himself
 and the public on his *Rape of the Lock*, vol. 1.

Which

Which one belonging to the house 55

('Twas not a man, it was a mouse)

Observing, cry'd, " You scape not so,
" Lean as you came, Sir, you must go."

Sir, you may spare your application,
I'm no such beast, nor his relation; 60

Nor one that temperance advance,

Cramm'd to the throat with ortolans :

Extremely ready to resign

All that may make me none of mine.

South-sea subscriptions take who please, 65

Leave me but liberty and ease.

'Twas what I said to Craggs and Child,

Who prais'd my modesty, and smil'd.

Give me, I cry'd, (enough for me),

My bread, and independency ! 70

So bought an annual rent or two,

And liv'd — just as you see I do ;

Near fifty, and without a wife,

I trust that sinking fund, my life.

Can I retrench ? Yes, mighty well, 75

Shrink back to my paternal cell,

Cui mussela procul, Si vis, ait, effugere istinc;
Macra cavum repetes arctum, quem macra subisti.

Hac ego si compellor imagine, cuncta refigno ;

Nec somnum plebis laudo sator altitium, nec

Otia divitiis Arabum liberrima muto.

Sæpe secundum laudasti : Rexque, paterque

Audisti, nec verbo parcius absens :

Inspice, possum donata reponere lætus.

* * * * *

* * * * *

NOTES.

[Ver. 67. Craggs and Child] Mr Craggs gave him some South-sea subscriptions. He was so indifferent about them as to neglect making any benefit of them. He used to say it was a satisfaction to him that he did not grow rich (as he might have done) by the public calamity,

A little house, with trees a-row,
And, like its master, very low.
There dy'd my father, no man's débtor,
And there I'll die, nor worse nor better.

80

To set this matter full before ye,
Our old friend Swift will tell his story.
"Harley, the nation's great support,"—
But you may read it, I stop short.

Parvum parva decent. mihi jam non regia Roma,
Sed vacuum Tibur placet, aut imbelle Tarentum.
Strenuus et fortis, causisque Philippus agendis
Clarus, &c.

BOOK

BOOK II. SAT. VI.

The first part imitated in the year 1714, by Dr
SWIFT; the latter part added afterwards.

I'VE often wish'd that I had clear
For life, fix hundred pounds a-year,
A handsome house to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end,
A terrace-walk, and half a rood
Of land, set out to plant a wood.
Well, now I have all this and more,
I ask not to increase my store;
' But here a grievance seems to lie,
' All this is mine but till I die;
' I can't but think 'twould sound more clever,
' To me and to my heirs for ever.
 ' If I ne'er got or lost a groat,
 ' By any trick, or any fault;
' And if I pray by Reason's rules,
 ' And not like forty other fools:
' As thus, " Vouchsafe, oh gracious Maker!
 " To grant me this and t'other acre:

5

10

15

LIB. II. SAT. VI.

HOC erat in votis: modus agri non ita magnus,
Hortus ubi, et tecto vicinus jugis aquæ fons,
Et paulum silvæ super his foret. auctius, atque
Dî melius fecere. bene est. nil amplius oro,
Maia nate, nisi ut propria hæc mihi munera faxis.
Si neque majorem feci ratione mala rem,
Nec sum facturus vitio culpave minorem:
Si veneror stultus nihil horum, O si angulus ille
Proximus accedat, qui nunc denormat agellum!

P. 2.

"Or,

- " Or, if it be thy will and pleasure,
 " Direct my plough, to find a treasure : " 20
 ' But only what my station fits,
 ' And to be kept in my right wits.
 ' Preserve, almighty Providence !
 ' Just what you gave me, competence :
 ' And let me in these shades compose 25
 ' Something in verse as true as prose ;
 ' Remov'd from all th' ambitious scene,
 ' Nor puff'd by pride, nor sunk by spleen.
 In short, I'm perfectly content,
 Let me but live on this side Trent ; 30
 Nor cross the channel twice a-year,
 To spend six months with statesmen here.
 I must by all means come to town,
 'Tis for the service of the crown.
 " Lewis, the Dean will be of use, 35
 " Send for him up, take no excuse."
 The toil, the danger of the seas ;
 Great ministers ne'er think of these ;
 Or let it cost five hundred pound,
 No matter where the money's found : 40
 It is but so much more in debt,
 And that they ne'er consider'd yet.

O si urnam argenti fors quæ mihi monstret ! ut illi,
 Thesaurο invento qui mercenarius agrum
 illum ipsum mercatus aravit, dives amico
 Hercule : si, quod adest, gratum juvat : hac prece
 te oro,

Pingue pecus domino facias, et cetera præter
 Ingenium ; utque soles, custos mihi maximus adfis.
 Ergo ubi me in montes et in arcem ex urbe removi,
 Quid prius illustrem satiris musaque pedestri ?
 Nec mala me ambitio perdit, nec plumbeus auster,
 Autumnusque gravis, Libitinæ quæstus acerbæ.

Matutine pater, seu Jane libentius audis,
 Unde homines operum primos vitæque labores

" Good

" Good Mr Dean, go change your gown,
 " Let my Lord know you're come to town."
 I hurry me in haste away, 45
 Not thinking it is levee-day;
 And find his Honour in a pound,
 Hemm'd by a triple circle round,
 Chequer'd with ribands blue and green:
 How should I thrust myself between? 50
 Some wag observes me thus perplex't,
 And smiling, whispers to the next,
 " I thought the Dean had been too proud,
 " To juggle here among a croud."
 Another in a surly fit, 55
 Tells me I have more zeal than wit,
 " So eager to express your love,
 " You ne'er consider whom you shove,
 " But rudely press before a Duke."
 I own, I'm pleas'd with this rebuke, 60
 And take it kindly meant to show
 What I desire the world should know.
 I get a whisper, and withdraw;
 When twenty fools I never saw
 Come with petitions fairly penn'd, 65
 Desiring I would stand their friend.
 This, humbly offers me his case —
 That, begs my int'rest for a place —

Instituunt, (sic Dis placitum), tu carminis esto
 Principium : Romæ sponforem me rapis : Eia,
 Ne prior officio quisquam respondeat, argue :
 Sive Aquilo radit terras, seu bruma nivalem
 Interiore diem gyro trahit, ire necesse est.
 Postmodo, quod mi obstat, clare certumque locuto,
 Luctandum in turba, et facienda injuria tardis.
 Quid vis, insane? et quam rem agis? improbus ur-
 guet :
 Iratis precibus. tu pulses omne quod obstat,
 Ad Mæcenatem memori si mente recurras.
 Hoc juvat, et melli est; ne mentiar. at simul atras

A hundred other mens affairs,
 Like bees, are humming in my ears. 70
 " To-morrow my appeal comes on,
 " Without your help the cause is gone —
 The Duke expects my Lord and you,
 About some great affair, at two —
 " Put my Lord Bolingbroke in mind, 75
 " To get my warrant quickly sign'd :
 " Consider 'tis my first request. —
 Be satisfy'd, I'll do my best : —
 Then presently he falls to tease,
 " You may for certain, if you please; 80
 " I doubt not, if his Lordship knew —
 " And, Mr Dean, one word from you —
 'Tis (let me see) three years and more,
 (October next it will be four),
 Since HARLEY bid me first attend, 85
 And chose me for an humble friend ;
 Would take me in his coach to chat,
 And question me of this and that ;
 As, " What's o'clock ?" and, " How's the wind ?"
 " Whose chariot's that we left behind ?" 90

Ventum est Esquilias ; aliena negotia centum
 Per caput, et circa saliant latus. Ante secundam
 Roscius orabat sibi adesses ad Puteal cras.
 De re communi scribæ magna atque nova te
 Orabant hodie meminisses, Quinte, reverti.
 Imprimat his, cura, Mæcenæ signa tabellis.
 Dixeris, Experiar : si vis, potes, addit ; et instat.
 Septimus octavo propior jam fugerit annus,
 Ex quo Mæcenæ me cœpit habere suorum
 In numero : duntaxat ad hoc, quem tollere rheda
 Vellet, iter faciens, et cui concedere nugas
 Hoc genus, Hora quota est ? Threx est Gallina Sy-
 ro par.

Matutina parum cautos jam frigora mordent ;
 Et quæ rimosa bene deponuntur in aure.
 Per totum hoc tempus, subjectior in diem et horam

Or

Or gravely try to read the lines
 Writ underneath the country-signs;
 Or, "Have you nothing new to-day
 "From Pope, from Parnel, or from Gay?
 Such tattle often entertains 95
 My Lord and me as far as Stains,
 As once a-week we travel down
 To Windsor, and again to town,
 Where all that passes *inter nos*
 Might be proclaim'd at Charing-crofs. 100
 Yet some I know with envy swell,
 Because they see me us'd so well:
 "How think you of our friend the Dean?
 "I wonder what some people mean;
 "My Lord and he are grown so great, 105
 "Always together, *tête à tête*,
 "What, they admire him for his jokes—
 "See but the fortune of some folks!"
 There flies about a strange report
 Of some express arriv'd at court; 110
 I'm stopp'd by all the fools I meet,
 And catechiz'd in ev'ry street.
 "You, Mr Dean, frequent the great;
 "Inform us, will the Emp'ror treat?
 "Or do the prints and papers lie?" 115
 'Faith, Sir, you know as much as I.
 "Ah Doctor, how you love to jest?
 "'Tis now no secret"—I protest
 'Tis one to me—"Then tell us, pray,
 "When are the troops to have their pay?" 120

Invidiæ noster. ludos spectaverit una:
 Luserit in campo: fortunæ filius, omnes.
 Frigidus a rostris manat per compita rumor:
 Quicunque obvius est, me consulit; O bone (nam te
 Scire, Deos quoniam propius contingis, oportet),
 Num quid de Dacis audisti? Nil equidem. Ut tu
 Semper eris derisor! At omnes dî exagitent me,
 Si quicquam. Quid? militibus promissa Triquetra
 And,

176. IMITATIONS of HORACE. Book 2.

And, though I so'lemnly declare
I know no more than my Lord Mayor,
They stand amaz'd, and think me grown
The closest mortal ever known.

Thus in a sea of folly tost, 125
My choicest hours of life are lost;

Yet always wishing to retreat,
Oh could I see my country-seat!
There leaning near a gentle brook,
Sleep, or peruse some ancient book, 130

And there in sweet oblivion drown
Those cares that haunt the court and town.
O charming noons! and nights divine!
Or when I sup, or when I dine,
My friends above, my folks below, 135

Chatting and laughing all-a-row,
The beans and bacon set before 'em,
The grace-cup serv'd with all decorum:
Each willing to be pleas'd, and please,
And ev'n the very dogs at ease! 140

Here no man prates of idle things,
How this or that Italian sings,

*Prædia Cæsar, an est Itala tellure daturus ?
Jurantem me scire nihil miratur, ut unum
Scilicet egregii mortalem atque silenti.*

*Perditur hæc inter misero lux ; non sine votis,
O rus, quando ego te aspiciam ? quandoque licebit,
Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno et inertibus horis,
Ducere sollicitæ jucunda oblivio vitæ ?*

*O quando faba Pythagoræ cognata, simulque
Uncta satis pingui ponentur oluscula lardo ?
O noctes cœnæque Deum ! quibus ipse meique,
Ante Larem proprium vescor, vernaque procaces
Pasco libatis dapibus : cum, ut cuique libido est,
Siccant inæquales calices conviva, solutus
Legibus insanis : seu quis capit acria fortis
Pocula ; seu modicis uvescit lætius, ergo
Sermo oritur, non de villis domibusve alienis,*

A neighbour's madness, or his spouse's,
 Or what's in either of the houses :
 But something much more our concern, 145
 And quite a scandal not to learn :
 Which is the happier, or the wiser,
 A man of merit, or a miser ?
 Whether we ought to chuse our friends,
 For their own worth, or our own ends ? 150
 What good, or better, we may call,
 And what, the very best of all ?
 Our friend Dan Prior told (you know)
 A tale extremely *à propos* :
 Name a town-life, and in a trice, 155
 He had a story of two mice.
 Once on a time (so runs the fable)
 A country mouse, right hospitable,
 Receiv'd a town-mouse at his board,
 Just as a farmer might a lord. 160
 A frugal mouse upon the whole,
 Yet lov'd his friend, and had a soul,
 Knew what was handsome, and would do't,
 On just occasion, *coute qui coute*,
 He brought him bacon (nothing lean), 165
 Pudding, that might have pleas'd a dean ;

Nec male necne Lepos saltet : sed quod magis ad nos
 Pertinet, et nescire malum est, agitamus ; utrumne
 Divitiis homines, an sint virtute beati :
 Quidve ad amicitias, usus rectumne, trahat nos :
 Et quæ sit natura boni, summumque quid ejus.
 Cervius hæc inter vicinus garrit aniles
 Ex re fabellas. si quis nam laudat Arellî
 Sollicitas ignarus opes ; sic incipit : Olim
 Rusticus urbanum murem mus paupere fertur
 Accepisse cavo, veterem vetus hospes amicum ;
 Asper, et attentus quæsitis ; ut tamen arctum
 Solveret hospitii animum. quid multa ? neque ille
 Sepositi ciceris, nec longæ invidit avenæ :
 Aridum et ore ferens acinum, semesaque lardi

Cheese,

Cheese, such as men in Suffolk make,
 But wish'd it Stilton for his sake;
 Yet, to his guest though no way sparing,
 He ate himself the rind and paring. 170
 Our courtier scarce would touch a bit,
 But show'd his breeding and his wit;
 He did his best to seem to eat,

And cry'd, "I vow you're mighty neat.
 "But Lord, my friend, this savage scene! 175

"For God's sake, come, and live with men:
 "Consider, mice, like men, must die,
 "Both small and great, both you and I:
 "Then spend your life in joy and sport,
 "(This doctrine, friend, I learn'd at court.)" 180

The veriest hermit in the nation
 May yield, God knows, to strong temptation.
 Away they come, through thick and thin,
 To a tall house near Lincoln's-inn;
 ('Twas on the night of a debate, 185
 When all their Lordships had sat late.)

Behold the place, where if a poet
 Shin'd in description, he might show it;

*Frustra dedit, cupiens varia fastidia cœna
 Vincere tangentis male singula dente superbo:
 Cum pater ipse domus palea porrectus in horna
 Esset ador loliumque, dapis meliora relinquens.
 Tandem urbanus ad hunc, Quid te juvat, inquit,
 amice,*

*Prærupti nemoris patientem vivere dorso?
 Vin' tu homines urbemque feris præponere sylvis?
 Carpe viam (mihi crede) comes: terrestria quando
 Mortales animas vivunt sortita, neque ulla est,
 Aut magno aut parvo, leti fuga. quo, bone, circa,
 Dum licet, in rebus jucundis vive beatus:
 Vive memor quam sis ævi brevis. Hæc ubi dicta
 Agrestem pepulere, domo levis exilit: inde
 Ambo propositum peragunt iter, urbis aventes
 Mœnia nocturni subrepere. jamque tenebat*

Tell how the moon-beam trembling falls,
 And tips with silver all the walls; 190
 Palladian walls, Venetian doors,
 Grottesco roofs, and stucco floors:
 But let it (in a word) be said,
 The moon was up and men a-bed,
 The napkins white, the carpet red: 195 }
 The guests withdrawn had left the treat,
 And down the mice sat *tête à tête*.

Our courtier walks from dish to dish,
 Tastes for his friend of fowl and fish;
 Tells all their names, lays down the law, 200
 “*Que ça est bon ! Ah goûtez ça !*
 “ That jelly’s rich, this malmsey healing,
 “ Pray, dip your whiskers and your tail in.”
 Was ever such a happy swain ?
 He stuffs, and swills, and stuffs again. 205
 “ I’m quite ashamed—’tis mighty rude
 “ To eat so much—but all’s so good.
 “ I have a thousand thanks to give—
 “ My Lord alone knows how to live.”
 No sooner said, but from the hall 210
 Rush chaplain, butler, dogs, and all:
 “ A rat, a rat ! clap to the door”—
 The cat comes bouncing on the floor.

Nox medium cœli spatium, cum ponit uterque
 In locuplete domo vestigia : rubro ubi cocco
 Tincta super lectos canderet vestis eburnos ;
 Multaque de magna superessent fercula cœna,
 Quæ procul exstructis inerant hesternæ canistris.
 Ergo ubi purpurea porrectum in veste locavit
 Agrestem ; veluti succinctus cursitat hospes,
 Continuatque dapes : nec non verniliter ipsis
 Fungitur officiis, prælibans omne quod affert.
 Ille cubans gaudet mutata sorte, bonisque
 Rebus agit sætum convivam : cum subito ingens
 Valvarum strepitus lectis excussit utrumque.
 Currere per totum pavidi conclave ; magisque

O for the heart of Homer's mice,
 Or gods to save them in a trice! 215
 (It was by Providence they think,
 For your damn'd stucco has no chink,)
 "An't please your Honour," quoth the peasant,
 "This same dessert is not so pleasant:
 "Give me again my hollow tree, 220
 "A crust of bread, and liberty!"

Exanimes trepidare, simul domus alta Molossis
 Personuit canibus. tum rusticus, Haud mihi vita
 Est opus hac, ait, et valeas: me sylva, cavusque
 Tutus ab insidiis tenui solabitur ervo.

B O O K IV.

O D E I.

TO VENUS.

A Gain? new tumults in my breast?
 Ah spare me, Venus! let me, let me rest!
 I am not now, alas! the man
 As in the gentle reign of my Queen Anne.
 Ah sound no more thy soft alarms,
 Nor circle sober fifty with thy charms.
 Mother too fierce of dear desires!
 Turn, turn to willing hearts your wanton fires.
 To *number five* direct your doves,
 There spread round MURRAY all your blooming
 loves;

L I B E R IV.

O D E I.

AD VENEREM.

I Ntermissa, Venus, diu
 Rursus bella moves? parce, precor, precor.
 Non sum qualis eram bonæ
 Sub regno Cynaræ. desine, dulcium
 Mater sæva Cupidinum,
 Circa lustra decem flectere mollibus
 Jam durum imperiis: abi
 Quo blandæ juventum te revocant preces.
 Tempestivius in domum
 Paulli, purpureis ales oloribus,

VOL. II.

† Q

Noble

Noble and young, who strikes the heart
 With ev'ry sprightly, ev'ry decent part;
 Equal, the injur'd to defend,
 To charm the mistress, or to fix the friend.
 He, with a hundred arts refin'd,
 Shall stretch thy conquests over half the kind;
 To him each rival shall submit,
 Make but his riches equal to his wit.
 Then shall thy form the marble grace,
 (Thy Grecian form), and Chloe lend the face:
 His house, embosom'd in the grove,
 Sacred to social life and social love,
 Shall glitter o'er the pendent green,
 Where Thames reflects the visionary scene:
 Thither, the silver-sounding lyres
 Shall call the smiling loves, and young desires;
 There, ev'ry grace and muse shall throng,
 Exalt the dance, or animate the song;
 There youths and nymphs, in consort gay,
 Shall hail the rising, close the parting day.

Commessabere Maximi;
 Si torrere jecur quæris idoneum.
 Namque et nobilis, et decens,
 Et pro sollicitis non tacitus reis,
 Et centum puer artium,
 Late signa feret militiæ tuæ.
 Et, quandoque potentior
 Largis muneribus riserit æmuli,
 Albanos prope te lacus
 Ponet marmoream sub trabe citrea.
 Illic plurima naribus
 Duces thura; lyraque et Berecynthia
 Delectabere tibia
 Mixtis carminibus, non sine fistula.
 Illic bis pueri die
 Numen cum teneris virginibus tuum
 Laudantes, pede candido
 In morem Salium ter quatient humum.

With

With me, alas ! those joys are o'er ;
 For me the vernal garlands bloom no more.
 Adieu ! fond hope of mutual fire,
 The still-believing, still-renew'd desire ;
 Adieu ! the heart-expanding bowl,
 And all the kind deceivers of the soul !
 But why ? ah tell me, ah too dear !
 Steals down my cheek th' involuntary tear ?
 Why words so flowing, thoughts so free,
 Stop, or turn nonsense, at one glance of thee ?
 Thee, dress'd in Fancy's airy beam,
 Absent I follow through th' extended dream ;
 Now, now I seize, I clasp thy charms,
 And now you burst (ah cruel) from my arms ;
 And swiftly shoot along the Mall,
 Or softly glide by the canal,
 Now shown by Cynthia's silver ray,
 And now on rolling waters snatch'd away.

Me nec femina, nec puer
 Jam, nec spes animi credula mutui,
 Nec certare juvat mero,
 Nec vincere novis tempora floribus.
 Sed cur, heu ! Ligurine, cur
 Manat rara meas lacryma per genas ?
 Cur facunda parum decoro
 Inter verba cadit lingua silentio ?
 Nocturnis te ego somniis
 Jam captum teneo, jam volucrem sequor
 Te per gramina Martii
 Campi, te per aquas, dure, volubiles.

Part of the NINTH ODE of the
FOURTH BOOK.

LEst you should think that verse shall die,
Which sounds the silver Thames along,
Taught, on the wings of Truth to fly
Above the reach of vulgar song ;

Though daring Milton fits sublime,
In Spenser native muses play ;
Nor yet shall Waller yield to time,
Nor pensive Cowley's moral lay—

Sages and chiefs long since had birth
Ere Cæsar was, or Newton nam'd ;
These rais'd new empires o'er the earth ;
And those, new heav'ns and systems fram'd.

Vain was the chief's, the sage's pride !
They had no poet, and they dy'd.
In vain they schem'd, in vain they bled !
They had no poet, and are dead.

L I B. IV. O D E. IX.

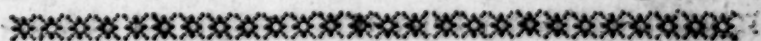
NE forte credas interitura, quæ,
Longe sonantem natus ad Ausidum,
Non ante vulgatas per artes
Verba loquor socianda chordis ;

Non, si priores Mæonius tenet
Sedes Homerus, Pindaricæ latent
Cæque, et Alcæi minaces
Stesichorique graves Camenæ :

Nec, si quid olim lussit Anacreon,
Delevit ætas : spirat adhuc amor,
Vivuntque commissi calores
Æoliæ fidibus puellæ.

Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi ; sed omnes illacrymabiles
Urgentur ignotique longa
Nocte, carent quia vate sacro.

THE
D U N C I A D,
IN
FOUR BOOKS,
WITH THE
PROLEGOMENA of SCRIBLERUS,
THE
HYPERCRITICS of ARISTARCHUS,
AND
NOTES VARIORUM.



A LETTER to the PUBLISHER,
occasioned by the first correct edition
of the DUNCIAD.

IT is with pleasure I hear, that you have procured
a correct copy of the DUNCIAD, which the many
furreptitious ones have rendered so necessary; and it
is yet with more, that I am informed it will be at-

tended with a COMMENTARY : A work so requisite, that I cannot think the author himself would have omitted it, had he approved of the first appearance of this poem.

Such *notes* as have occurred to me I herewith send you. You will oblige me by inserting them amongst those which are, or will be transmitted to you by others ; since not only the author's friends, but even strangers, appear engaged by humanity, to take some care of an orphan of so much genius and spirit, which its parent seems to have abandoned from the very beginning, and suffered to step into the world naked, unguarded, and unattended.

It was upon reading some of the abusive papers lately published, that my great regard to a person, whose friendship I esteem as one of the chief honours of my life, and a much greater respect to truth, than to him or to any man living, engaged me in inquiries, of which the inclosed *notes* are the fruit.

I perceived that most of these authors had been (doubtless very wisely) the first aggressors. They had tried, till they were weary, what was to be got by railing at each other. Nobody was either concerned or surprised, if this or that scribbler was proved a dunce. But every one was curious to read what could be said to prove Mr Pope one, and was ready to pay something for such a discovery : A stratagem which would they fairly own, it might not only reconcile them to me, but screen them from the resentment of their lawful superiours, whom they daily abuse, only (as I charitably hope) to get that *by* them, which they cannot get *from* them.

I found this was not all. Ill success in that had transported them to personal abuse, either of himself, or (what I think he could less forgive) of his friends. They had called men of virtue and honour bad men, long before he had either leisure or inclination to call them bad writers : and some had been such old offenders, that he had quite forgotten their persons as well as their slanders, till they were pleased to revive them.

Now,

Now, what had Mr POPE done before, to incense them? He had published those works which are in the hands of every body, in which not the least mention is made of any of them. And what has he done since? He has laughed, and written the DUNCIAD. What has that said of them? A very serious truth, which the public had said before, that they were dull: and what it had no sooner said, but they themselves were at great pains to procure, or even purchase room in the prints, to testify under their hands to the truth of it.

I should still have been silent, if either I had seen any inclination in my friend to be serious with such accusers, or if they had only meddled with his writings; since whoever publishes, puts himself on his trial by his country. But when his moral character was attacked, and in a manner from which neither truth nor virtue can secure the most innocent; in a manner, which, though it annihilates the credit of the accusation with the just and impartial, yet aggravates very much the guilt of the accusers; I mean by authors *without names*; then I thought, since the danger was common to all, the concern ought to be so; and that it was an act of justice to detect the authors, not only on this account, but as many of them are the same who for several years past have made free with the greatest names in church and state, exposed to the world the private misfortunes of families, abused all, even to women, and whose prostituted papers (for one or other party, in the unhappy divisions of their country) have insulted the fallen, the friendless, the exiled, and the dead.

Besides this, which I take to be a public concern, I have already confessed I had a private one. I am one of that number who have long loved and esteemed Mr POPE; and had often declared it was not his capacity or writings, (which we ever thought the least valuable part of his character), but the honest, open, and beneficent man that we most esteemed and loved in him. Now, if what these people say
were

were believed, I must appear to all my friends either a fool or a knave; either imposed on myself, or imposing on them; so that I am as much interested in the confutation of these calumnies, as he is himself.

I am no author, and consequently not to be suspected either of jealousy or resentment against any of the men, of whom scarce one is known to me by sight; and as for their writings, I have fought them (on this one occasion) in vain, in the closets and libraries of all my acquaintance. I had still been in the dark, if a gentleman had not procured me (I suppose from some of themselves, for they are generally much more dangerous friends than enemies) the passages I send you. I solemnly protest I have added nothing to the malice or absurdity of them; which it behoves me to declare, since the vouchers themselves will be so soon and so irrecoverably lost. You may in some measure prevent it by preserving at least their titles *; and discovering (as far as you can depend on the truth of your information) the names of the concealed authors.

The first objection I have heard made to the poem, is, That the persons are too *obscure* for satire. The persons themselves, rather than allow the objection, would forgive the satire; and if one could be tempted to afford it a serious answer, were not all assassins, popular insurrections, the insolence of the rabble without doors, and of domestics within, most wrongfully chastised, if the meanness of offenders indemnified them from punishment? On the contrary, obscurity renders them more dangerous, as less thought of. Law can pronounce judgment only on open facts; morality alone can pass censure on intentions of mischief; so that for secret calumny, or the arrow flying in the dark, there is no public punishment left, but what a good writer inflicts.

The next objection is, That these sort of authors are *poor*. That might be pleaded as an excuse at the Old Bailey, for lesser crimes than defamation, (for

* Which we have done in a list printed in the Appendix.

it is the case of almost all who are tried there); but sure it can be none here - for who will pretend, that the robbing another of his reputation supplies the want of it in himself? I question not but such authors are poor, and heartily wish the objection were removed by any honest livelihood. But poverty is here the accident, not the subject. He who describes malice and villany to be pale and meagre, expresses not the least anger against paleness or leanness, but against malice and villany. The apothecary in Romeo and Juliet is poor; but is he therefore justified in vending poison? Not but poverty itself becomes a just subject of satire, when it is the consequence of vice, prodigality, or neglect of one's lawful calling; for then it increases the public burden, fills the streets and highways with robbers, and the garrets with clippers, coiners, and weekly journalists.

But admitting that two or three of these offend less in their morals, than in their writings; must poverty make nonsense sacred? If so, the fame of bad authors would be much better consulted than that of all the good ones in the world; and not one of an hundred had ever been called by his right name.

They mistake the whole matter. It is not charity to encourage them in the way they follow, but to get them out of it; for men are not bunglers because they are poor, but they are poor because they are bunglers.

Is it not pleasant enough, to hear our authors crying out on the one hand, as if their persons and characters were too sacred for satire; and the public objecting on the other, that they are too mean even for ridicule? But whether bread or fame be their end, it must be allowed, our author, by and in this poem, has mercifully given them a little of both.

There are two or three, who by their rank and fortune have no benefit from the former objections, supposing them good; and these I was sorry to see in
such

such company. But if, without any provocation, two or three gentlemen will fall upon one, in an affair wherein his interest and reputation are equally embarked; they cannot certainly, after they have been content to print themselves his enemies, complain of being put into the number of them.

Others, I am told, pretend to have been once his friends. Surely they are their enemies who say so, since nothing can be more odious than to treat a friend as they have done. But of this I cannot persuade myself, when I consider the constant and eternal aversion of all bad writers to a good one.

Such as claim a merit from being his admirers, I would gladly ask, if it lays him under a personal obligation? At that rate he would be the most obliged humble servant in the world. I dare swear for these in particular, he never desired them to be his admirers, nor promised in return to be theirs. That had truly been a sign he was of their acquaintance; but would not the malicious world have suspected such an approbation of some motive worse than ignorance, in the author of the *Essay on criticism*? Be it as it will, the reasons of their admiration and of his contempt are equally subsisting; for his works and theirs are the very same that they were.

One, therefore, of their assertions I believe may be true, "That he has a contempt for their writings." And there is another, which would probably be sooner allowed by himself than by any good judge beside, "That his own have found too much success with the public." But as it cannot consist with his modesty to claim this as a justice, it lies not on him, but entirely on the public, to defend its own judgment.

There remains what, in my opinion, might seem a better plea for these people, than any they have made use of. If obscurity or poverty were to exempt a man from satire, much more should folly or dulness, which are still more involuntary; nay, as much so as personal deformity. But even this will
not

not help them. Deformity becomes an object of ridicule when a man sets up for being handsome; and so must dulness when he sets up for a wit. They are not ridiculed, because ridicule in itself is, or ought to be, a pleasure; but because it is just to undeceive and vindicate the honest and unpretending part of mankind from imposition, because particular interest ought to yield to general, and a great number who are not naturally fools, ought never to be made so, in complaisance to a few who are. Accordingly we find, that, in all ages, all vain pretenders, were they ever so poor, or ever so dull, have been constantly the topics of the most candid satirists, from the *Codrus* of JUVENAL to the *Damon* of BOILEAU.

HAVING mentioned BOILEAU, the greatest poet and most judicious critic of his age and country, admirable for his talents, and yet perhaps more admirable for his judgment in the proper application of them; I cannot help remarking the resemblance betwixt him and our author, in qualities, fame, and fortune; in the distinctions shewn them by their superiours, in the general esteem of their equals, and in their extended reputation amongst foreigners; in the latter of which ours has met with the better fate, as he has had for his translators persons of the most eminent rank and abilities in their respective nations *. But the resemblance holds in nothing more, than in their being equally abused by the ignorant

* Essay on Criticism, in French verse, by General Hamilton; the same, in verse also, by Monsieur Roboton, Counsellor and Privy Secretary to King George I.; after by the Abbé Reynel, in verse, with notes. Rape of the Lock, in French, by the Princess of Conti, Paris 1728; and in Italian verse, by the Abbé Conti, a Noble Venetian; and by the Marquis Rangoni, Envoy-extraordinary from Modena to King George II. Others of his works by Salvini of Florence, &c. His Essays and dissertations on Homer, several times translated into French. Essay on Man, by the Abbé Reynel, in verse; by Monsieur Silhouette, in prose, 1737, and since by others in French, Italian, and Latin.

pretenders to poetry of their times; of which not the least memory will remain but in their own writings, and in the notes made upon them. What BOILEAU has done in almost all his poems, our author has only in this. I dare answer for him he will do it in no more; and on this principle, of attacking few but who had slandered him, he could not have done it at all, had he been confined from censuring obscure and worthless persons, for scarce any other were his enemies. However, as the parity is so remarkable, I hope it will continue to the last; and if ever he should give us an edition of this poem himself, I may see some of them treated as gently, on their repentance or better merit, as Perrault and Quinault were at last by BOILEAU.

In one point I must be allowed to think the character of our English poet the more amiable. He has not been a follower of fortune or success; he has lived with the great without flattery; been a friend to men in power, without pensions, from whom, as he asked, so he received no favour, but what was done him in his friends. As his satires were the more just for being delayed, so were his panegyrics; bestowed only on such persons as he had familiarly known, only for such virtues as he had long observed in them, and only at such times as others cease to praise, if not begin to calumniate them; I mean, when out of power, or out of fashion*. A satire, therefore, on writers so notorious for the contrary practice, became no man so well as himself; as none, it is plain, was so little in their friendships, or so much in that of those whom they had most abused, namely the greatest and best of all parties. Let me

* As Mr Wycherley, at the time the town declaimed against his book of poems; Mr Walsh, after his death; Sir William Trumbull, when he had resigned the office of Secretary of State; Lord Bolingbroke, at his leaving England, after the Queen's death; Lord Oxford, in his last decline of life; Mr Secretary Craggs, at the end of the South-Sea year, and after his death; others only in epitaphs.

add a further reason, that, though engaged in their friendships, he never espoused their animosities; and can almost singly challenge this honour, not to have written a line of any man, which, through guilt, through shame, or through fear, through variety of fortune, or change of interests, he was ever unwilling to own.

I shall conclude with remarking, what a pleasure it must be to every reader of humanity, to see all along, that our author in his very laughter is not indulging his own ill-nature, but only punishing that of others. As to his poem, those alone are capable of doing it justice, who, to use the words of a great writer, know how hard it is (with regard both to his subject and his manner) *VETUSTIS DARE NOVITATEM, OBSOLETIS NITOREM, OBSCURIS LUCEM, FASTIDITIS GRATIAM.*

I am

Your most humble servant,

St James's,
Dec. 22. 1728.

WILLIAM CLELAND*.

* This gentleman was of Scotland, and bred at the university of Utrecht, with the Earl of Mar. He served in Spain under Earl Rivers. After the peace, he was made one of the Commissioners of the Customs in Scotland, and then of Taxes in England; in which, having shewn himself for twenty years diligent, punctual, and incorruptible, though without any other assistance of fortune, he was suddenly displaced by the minister, in the sixty-eighth year of his age; and died two months after, in 1741. He was a person of universal learning, and an enlarged conversation; no man had a warmer heart for his friend, or a sincerer attachment to the constitution of his country. — And yet, for all this, the public will not allow him to be the author of this letter.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS

H I S

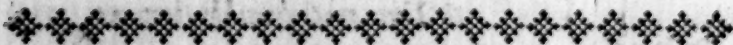
Prolegomena and Illustrations

TO THE

D U N C I A D :

WITH THE

Hypercritics of ARISTARCHUS.



DENNIS, Remarks on Pr. ARTHUR.

I Cannot but think it the most *reasonable* thing in the world, to distinguish good writers, by discouraging the bad. Nor is it an *ill-natured* thing, in relation even to the very *persons* upon whom the reflections are made. It is true, it may deprive them, a little the sooner, of a *short profit* and a *transitory reputation*; but then it may have a good effect, and oblige them (before it be too late) to decline that for which they are so very *unfit*, and to have recourse to *something* in which they may be more successful.

CHARACTER of Mr P. 1716.

The *persons* whom Boileau has attacked in his writings,

writings, have been for the most part *authors*, and most of those authors, *poets*: and the censures he hath passed upon them, have been confirmed by all Europe.

GILDON, Pref. to his NEW REHEARSAL.

It is the common cry of the *poetasters* of the town, and their fautors, that it is an *ill-natured thing* to expose the *pretenders* to wit and poetry. The judges and magistrates may with full as good reason be reproached with *ill-nature* for putting the laws in execution against a thief or impostor.—The same will hold in the republic of letters, if the critics and judges will let every *ignorant pretender* to scribbling pass on the world.

THEOBALD, Letter to Mist, June 22. 1728.

Attacks may be levelled, either against *failures in genius*, or against the *pretensions* of writing without one.

CONCANEN, Ded. to the Author of the DUNCIAD.

A *satire upon dulness* is a thing that has been used and allowed in all ages.

Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee, wicked scribbler!

T E S T I M O N I E S

O F

A U T H O R S

C O N C E R N I N G

Our PoET and his Works.

M. SCRIBLERUS Lectori S.

BEfore we present thee with our exercitations on this most delectable poem, (drawn from the many volumes of our adversaria on modern authors), we shall here, according to the laudable usage of editors, collect the various judgments of the learned concerning our poet: various indeed, not only of different authors, but of the same author at different seasons. Nor shall we gather only the testimonies of such eminent wits, as would of course descend to posterity, and consequently be read without our collection; but we shall likewise with incredible labour seek out for divers others, which, but for this our diligence, could never at the distance of a few months appear to the eye of the most curious. Hereby thou mayst not only receive the delectation of variety, but also arrive at a more certain judgment, by a grave and circumspect comparison of the witnesses with each other, or of each with himself. Hence also thou wilt be enabled to draw reflections, not only of a critical, but a moral nature, by being let into many particulars of the person as well as genius,

nius, and of the fortune as well as merit, of our author. In which if I relate some things of little concern peradventure to thee, and some of as little even to him; I entreat thee to consider how minutely all true critics and commentators are wont to insist upon such, and how material they seem to themselves, if to none other. Forgive me, gentle reader, if (following learned example) I ever and anon become tedious. Allow me to take the same pains to find whether my author were good or bad, well or ill natured, modest or arrogant; as another, whether his author was fair or brown, short or tall, or whether he wore a coat or a cassock.

We proposed to begin with his life, parentage, and education. But as to these, even his contemporaries do exceedingly differ. One saith ^a, he was educated at home; another ^b, that he was bred at St Omer's by Jesuits; a third ^c, not at St Omer's, but at Oxford; a fourth ^d, that he had no university-education at all. Those who allow him to be bred at home, differ as much concerning his tutor. One saith ^e, he was kept by his father on purpose; a second ^f, that he was an itinerant priest; a third ^g, that he was a parson; one ^h calleth him a secular clergyman of the church of Rome; another ⁱ, a monk. As little do they agree about his father; whom one ^k supposeth, like the father of Hesiod, a tradesman or merchant; another ^l, a husbandman; another ^m, a hatter, &c. Nor has an author been wanting to give our poet such a father, as Apuleius hath to Plato, Jamblichus to Pythagoras, and divers to Homer, namely, a dæmon. For thus Mr Gildon ⁿ; "Certain it is, that his original is not from
" Adam,

^a Giles Jacob's lives of Poets, vol. ii, in his life; ^b Dennis's reflections on the essay on crit. ^c Dunciad dissected, p. 4.
^d Guardian, No 40. ^e Jacob's lives, &c. vol. ii. ^f Dunciad dissected, p. 4. ^g Farmer P. and his son. ^h Dunc. dissect.
ⁱ Characters of the times, p. 45. ^k Female Dunc. p. ult. ^l Dunc. dissect. ^m Roome, paraphrase on the ivth of Genesis, printed 1729. ⁿ Character of Mr. P.

“ Adam, but the devil ; and that he wanteth nothing
 “ but horns and tail to be the exact resemblance of
 “ his infernal father.” Finding, therefore, such
 contrariety of opinions, and (whatever be ours of
 this sort of generation) not being fond to enter into
 controversy, we shall defer writing the life of our
 poet, till authors can determine among themselves
 what parents or education he had, or whether he had
 any education or parents at all.

Proceed we to what is more certain, his works,
 though not less uncertain the judgments concerning
 them ; beginning with his *ESSAY ON CRITICISM* ;
 of which hear first the most ancient of critics,

Mr JOHN DENNIS.

“ His precepts are false or trivial, or both ; his
 “ thoughts are crude and abortive, his expressions
 “ absurd, his numbers harsh and unmusical, his
 “ rhymes trivial and common : — instead of ma-
 “ jesty, we have something that is very mean ; in-
 “ stead of gravity, something that is very boyish ;
 “ and instead of perspicuity and lucid order, we
 “ have but too often obscurity and confusion.” And
 in another place : “ What rare *numbers* are here !
 “ Would not one swear, that this youngster had
 “ espoused some antiquated Muse, who had sued out
 “ a divorce from some superannuated sinner, upon
 “ account of impotence, and who being poxed by
 “ her former spouse, has got the gout in her decre-
 “ pit age, which makes her *bubble so damnably* ° ?

No less peremptory is the censure of our hypercri-
 tical historian,

and his writings, in a letter to a friend, printed for S. Popping,
 1716, p. 10. Curl, in his key to the Dunciad (first edit. said
 to be printed for A. Dodd) in the 10th page declared Gildon to
 be author of that libel ; though in the subsequent editions of his
 key he left out this assertion, and affirmed (in the Curliad,
 p. 4. & 8.) that it was written by Dennis only.

• Reflections critical and satirical on a rhapsody, called, an
Essay on Criticism, Printed for Bernard Lintot, octavo.

Mr

Mr OLDMIXON.

" I dare not say any thing of the *Essay on Criticism* in verse; but if any more curious reader has discovered in it something *new* which is not in Dryden's prefaces, dedications, and his essay on dramatic poetry, not to mention the French critics, I should be very glad to have the benefit of the discovery."

He is followed (as in fame, so in judgment) by the modest and simple-minded

Mr LEONARD WELSTED,

Who, out of great respect to our poet not naming him, doth yet glance at his Essay, together with the Duke of Buckingham's, and the Criticisms of Dryden, and of Horace, which he more openly taxeth: " As to the numerous treatises, essays, arts, &c. both in verse and prose, that have been written by the moderns on this ground-work, they do but *hackney the same thoughts over again*, making them still more *trite*. Most of their pieces are nothing but a pert, insipid heap of *common place*. Horace has even in his art of poetry thrown out several things which plainly shew, he thought an art of poetry was of no use, even while he was writing one."

To all which great authorities, we can only oppose that of

Mr ADDISON.

" The *Art of Criticism* (saith he) which was published some months since, is a masterpiece in its kind. The observations follow one another, like those in Horace's *art of poetry*, without that methodical regularity which would have been requisite in a prose writer. They are some of them *uncommon*, but such as the reader must assent to, when he sees them explained with that ease and

¶ *Essay on Criticism* in prose, octavo, 1728, by the author of the critical history of England. ¶ Preface to his poems, p. 18. 53. ¶ *Spectator*, N^o 253.

" perspicuity

" perspicuity in which they are delivered. As for
 " those which are the *most known* and the most *re-*
 " *ceived*, they are placed in so beautiful a light, and
 " illustrated with such apt allusions, that they have
 " in them all the graces of novelty ; and make the
 " reader, who was before acquainted with them, still
 " more convinced of their truth and solidity. And
 " here give me leave to mention what Monsieur
 " Boileau has so well enlarged upon in the preface
 " to his works : That wit and fine writing doth not
 " consist so much in advancing things that are new,
 " as in giving things that are known an agreeable
 " turn. It is impossible for us who live in the lat-
 " ter ages of the world, to make observations in
 " criticism, morality, or any art or science, which
 " have not been touched upon by others ; we have
 " little else left us, but to represent the common
 " sense of mankind in more strong, more beautiful,
 " or more uncommon lights. If a reader examines
 " Horace's *art of poetry*, he will find but few pre-
 " cepts in it which he may not meet with in Aristot-
 " le, and which were not commonly known by all
 " the poets of the Augustan age. His way of ex-
 " pressing and applying them, not his invention of
 " them, is what we are chiefly to admire."

" Longinus, in his reflections, has given us the
 " same kind of sublime, which he observes in the
 " several passages that occasioned them. I cannot
 " but take notice, that our English author has after
 " the same manner exemplified several of the pre-
 " cepts in the very precepts themselves." He then
 " produces some instances of a particular beauty in the
 " numbers ; and concludes with saying, that " there
 " are three poems in our tongue of the same nature,
 " and each a masterpiece in its kind ; the Essay on
 " Translated Verse ; the Essay on the Art of Poetry ;
 " and the Essay on Criticism."

Of WINDSOR FOREST, positive is the judgment
of the affirmative

Mr

Mr JOHN DENNIS,

" That it is a wretched rhapsody, impudently
 " writ in emulation of the *Cooper's-Hill* of Sir John
 " Denham; the author of it is obscure, is ambi-
 " guous, is affected, is temerarious, is barbarous &c."
 But the author of the dispensary,

Dr GARTH,

in the preface to this poem of Claremont, differs
 from this opinion; " Those who have seen those
 " two excellent poems of *Cooper's-Hill*, and *Wind-*
 " *for Forest*, the one written by Sir John Denham,
 " the other by Mr Pope, will shew a great deal of
 " candour if they approve of this."

Of the epistle of ELOISA we are told by the ob-
 scure writer of a poem called *Sawney*, " That be-
 " cause Prior's *Henry and Emma* charmed the finest
 " tastes, our author writ his *Eloise*, in opposition to it;
 " but forgot innocence and virtue. If you take a-
 " way her tender thoughts, and her fierce desires,
 " all the rest is of no value." In which, methinks,
 his judgment resembles that of a French tailor on a
 villa and gardens by the Thames: " All this is ve-
 " ry fine, but take away the river, and it is good
 " for nothing."

But very contrary hereunto was the opinion of

Mr PRIOR

himself, saying in his *Alma**,

O *Abelard*! ill fated youth,
 Thy tale will justify this truth.
 But well I weet, thy cruel wrong
 Adorns a nobler poet's song:
 Dan *Pope*, for thy misfortune griev'd,
 With kind concern and skill has weav'd
 A filken web; and ne'er shall fade
 Its colours: gently has he laid
 The mantle o'er thy sad distress,
 And Venus shall the texture bless, &c.

* Letter to B. B. at the end of the remarks on Pope's *Ho-*
mer, 1717. † Printed 1728, p. 12.

* *Alma*, cant. ii.

Come we now to his translation of the *ILIAD*, celebrated by numerous pens; yet shall it suffice to mention the indefatigable

Sir RICHARD BLACKMORE, Kt.

Who (though otherwise a severe censurer of our author) yet styleth this a "laudable translation." That ready writer

Mr OLDMIXON,

in his forementioned essay, frequently commends the same. And the painful

Mr LEWIS THEOBALD

thus extols it ^y: "The spirit of Homer breathes all through this translation—I am in doubt whether I should most admire the justness to the original, or the force and beauty of the language, or the sounding variety of the numbers. But when I find all these meet, it puts me in mind of what the poet says of one of his heroes, That he alone raised and flung with ease a weighty stone, that two common men could not lift from the ground: just so, one single person has performed in this translation, what I once despaired to have seen done by the force of several masterly hands." Indeed the same gentleman appears to have changed his sentiment in his *Essay on the art of sinking in reputation*, (printed in *Mist's Journal*, March 30. 1728), where he says thus: "In order to sink in reputation, let him take it into his head to descend into Homer, (let the world wonder as it will, how the devil he got there), and pretend to do him into English, so his version denote his neglect of the manner how." Strange variation! We are told in

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8.

"That this translation of the *Iliad* was not in all respects conformable to the fine taste of his friend

^x In his *Essays*, vol. 1. printed for E. Curl:

^y *Censor*, vol. 2. N^o 33.

“ Mr Addison; infomuch that he employed a *younger muse* in an undertaking of this kind, which he supererogated himself.” Whether Mr Addison did find it conformable to his taste, or not, best appears from his own testimony the year following its publication, in these words.

MR ADDISON, FREEHOLDER, NO 40.

“ When I consider myself as a British freeholder, I am in a particular manner pleased with the labours of those who have improved our language with the translations of old Greek and Latin authors.—We have already most of their historians in our own tongue, and what is more for the honour of our language, it has been taught to express with elegance the greatest of their poets in each nation. The illiterate among our own countrymen may learn to judge from Dryden’s Virgil of the most perfect epic performance. And those parts of Homer which have been published already by Mr Pope, give us reason to think that the Iliad will appear in English with as little disadvantage to that immortal poem.”

As to the rest, there is a slight mistake; for this *younger muse* was an *elder*; nor was the gentleman (who is a friend of our author) employed by Mr Addison to translate it *after him*, since he saith himself that he did it *before* ². Contrariwise, that Mr Addison engaged our author in this work, appeareth by declaration thereof in the preface to the Iliad, printed some time before his death, and by his own letters of Oct. 26. and Nov. 2. 1713; where he declares it is his opinion, that no other person was equal to it.

Next comes his Shakespear on the stage. “ Let him” (quoth one, whom I take to be

Mr THEOBALD, Mist’s Journal, June 8. 1728.)

“ publish such an author as he has least studied, and

² Vid. pref. to Mr Tickel’s translation of the first book of the Iliad, 4to.

“ forget

" forget to discharge even the dull duty of an editor.
 " In this project let him lend the bookseller his name
 " (for a competent sum of money) to promote the
 " credit of an exorbitant subscription." Gentle
 reader, be pleased to cast thine eye on the *proposal* be-
 low quoted, and on what follows (some months after
 the former assertion) in the same Journalist of June 8.
 " The bookseller proposed the book by subscription,
 " and raised some thousands of pounds for the same.
 " I believe the gentleman did *not* share in the profits
 " of this extravagant subscription.
 " After the Iliad he undertook (saith

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8. 1728.)

" the sequel of that work, the Odyssey; and having
 " secured the success by a numerous subscription, he
 " employed some *underlings* to perform what, ac-
 " cording to his proposals, should come from his own
 " hands." To which heavy charge we can in truth
 oppose nothing but the words of

MR POPE'S PROPOSAL for the ODYSSEY.

(Printed by J. Watts, Jan. 10. 1724.)

" I take this occasion to declare, that the subscrip-
 " tion for Shakespear belongs wholly to Mr Tonson;
 " and that the benefit of *this proposal* is not solely
 " for my own use, but for that of *two of my friends*,
 " who have *assisted me in this work*." But these very
 gentlemen are extolled above our poet himself in an-
 other of Mist's Journals, March 30. 1728, saying,
 " That he would not advise Mr Pope to try the ex-
 " periment again of getting a great part of a book
 " done by assistants, lest those extraneous parts should
 " unhappily ascend to the sublime, and retard the
 " declension of the whole." Behold! these *under-*
lings are become good writers!

If any say, that before the said proposals were
 printed, the subscription was begun without decla-
 ration of such assistance; verily those who set it on
 foot, or (as the term is) secured it, to wit, the Right
 Honourable

Honourable the Lord Viscount HARCOURT, were he living, would testify, and the Right Honourable the Lord BATHURST, now living, doth testify, the same is a falsehood.

Sorry I am, that persons professing to be learned, or of whatever rank of authors, should either falsely tax, or be falsely taxed. Yet let us, who are only reporters, be impartial in our citations, and proceed.

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8. 1728.

“ Mr Addison raised this author from obscurity, obtained him the acquaintance and friendship of the *whole body of our nobility*, and transferred his powerful interests with those great men to this rising bard, who frequently levied by that means unusual contributions on the public.” Which surely cannot be, if, as the author of the Dunciad dissected reporteth, “ Mr Wycherley had before introduced him into a familiar acquaintance with the *greatest peers and brightest wits* then living.”

“ No sooner” (saith the same Journalist) “ was his body lifeless, but this author, reviving his resentment, libelled the memory of his departed friend; and, what was still more hainous, made the scandal public.” Grievous the accusation! unknown the accuser! the person accused no witness in his own cause; the person in whose regard accused, dead! But if there be living any one nobleman whose friendship, yea any one gentleman whose subscription Mr Addison procured to our author, let him stand forth, that truth may appear! *Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates; sed magis amica veritas.* In verity, the whole story of the libel is a lie: Witness those persons of integrity, who, several years before Mr Addison's decease, did see and approve of the said verses, in no wise a libel, but a friendly rebuke sent privately in our author's own hand to Mr Addison himself, and never made public till after their own Journals, and Curll had printed the same. One name alone, which

I am here authoris'd to declare, will sufficiently evince the truth, that of the Right Honourable the Earl of BURLINGTON.

Next is he taxed with a crime, (in the opinion of some authors, I doubt, more hainous than any in morality), to wit, plagiarism, from the inventive and quaint-conceited

JAMES-MOORE SMITH, Gent.

“ a Upon reading the third volume of Pope's miscellanies, I found five lines which I thought excellent; and happening to praise them, a gentleman procured a modern comedy, (the *Rival Modes*), published last year, where were the same verses to a tittle.

“ These gentlemen are undoubtedly the first plagiarists that pretend to make a reputation by stealing from a man's works in his own lifetime, and out of a public print.” Let us join to this what is written by the author of the *Rival Modes*, the said Mr James-Moore Smith, in a letter to our author himself, who has informed him, a month before that play was acted, Jan. 27. 1726-7, that “ these verses, which he had before given him leave to insert in it, would be known for his, some copies being got abroad. He desires, nevertheless, that since the lines had been read in his comedy to several, Mr P. would not deprive it of them,” &c. Surely, if we add the testimonies of the Lord BOLINGBROKE; of the lady to whom the said verses were originally addressed; of Hugh Bethel, Esq; and others who knew them as our author's, long before the said gentleman composed his play; it is hoped, the ingenious that affect not error, will rectify their opinion by the suffrage of so honourable personages.

And yet followeth another charge, insinuating no less than his enmity both to church and state, which could come from no other informer than the said

Mr JAMES-MOORE SMITH.

“ The Memoirs of a parish-clerk was a very dull
 “ and unjust abuse of a person who wrote in defence
 “ of our religion and constitution, and who has been
 “ dead many years.” This seemeth also most untrue; it being known to divers, that these memoirs were written at the seat of the Lord Harcourt in Oxfordshire, before that excellent person (Bishop Burnet’s) death, and many years before the appearance of that history, of which they are pretended to be an abuse. Most true it is, that Mr Moore had such a design, and was himself the man who pressed Dr Arbuthnot and Mr Pope to assist him therein; and that he borrowed those memoirs of our author, when that history came forth, with intent to turn them to such abuse. But being able to obtain from our author but one single hint, and either changing his mind, or having more mind than ability, he contented himself to keep the said memoirs, and read them as his own to all his acquaintance. A noble person there is, into whose company Mr Pope once chanced to introduce him, who well remembereth the conversation of Mr Moore to have turned upon the
 “ contempt he had for the work of that Reverend
 “ prelate, and how full he was of a design he declared himself to have of exposing it.” This noble person is the Earl of PETERBOROUGH.

Here in truth should we crave pardon of all the foresaid Right Honourable and worthy personages, for having mentioned them in the same page with such weekly riff-raff railers and rhymers; but that we had their ever-honoured commands for the same; and that they are introduced, not as witnesses in the controversy, but as witnesses that cannot be controverted; not to dispute, but to decide.

Certain it is, that dividing our writers into two classes, of such who were acquaintance, and of such who were strangers to our author; the former are those

who speak well, and the other those who speak evil of him. Of the first class, the Most Noble

JOHN Duke of BUCKINGHAM,
sums up his character in these lines :

- " c And yet so wonderful, so sublime a thing,
- " As the great Iliad, scarce could make me sing ;
- " Except I justly could at once commend
- " A good companion, and as firm a friend.
- " One moral, or a mere well-natur'd deed,
- " Can all desert in sciences exceed."

So also is he decyphered by the Honourable

SIMON HARCOURT.

- " d Say, wondrous youth, what column wilt thou
chuse,
- " What laurel'd arch for thy triumphant muse ?
- " Tho' each great ancient court thee to his shrine,
- " Tho' ev'ry laurel thro' the dome be thine, —
- " Go to the good and just, an awful train !
- " Thy soul's delight. —————

Recorded in like manner for his virtuous disposition,
and gentle bearing, by the ingenious

Mr WALTER HART,

in this apostrophe :

- " e O ! ever worthy, ever crown'd with praise !
- " Bless'd in thy life, and bless'd in all thy lays,
- " Add, that the sisters ev'ry thought refine,
- " And ev'n thy life be faultless as thy line.
- " Yet Envy still with fiercer rage pursues,
- " Obscures the virtue, and defames the muse.
- " A soul like thine, in pain, in grief, resign'd,
- " Views with just scorn the malice of mankind."

The witty and moral satirist

Dr EDWARD YOUNG,
wishing some check to the corruption and evil man-

^e Verses to Mr P. on his translation of Homer, vol. i. p. x.

^d Poem prefixed to his works, vol. i. p. xxi. ^e In his poems, printed for B. Lintot.

ners of the times, calleth out upon our poet to undertake a task so worthy of his virtue.

“ ‘ Why slumbers POPE, who leads the Muses’ train,

“ Nor hears that *Virtue* which he *loves*, complain? ”

Mr MALLET,
in his epistle on Verbal Criticism :

“ Whose life severely scann’d, transcends his lays ;

“ For wit supreme is but his second praise.”

Mr HAMMOND,
that delicate and correct imitator of Tibullus, in his love-elegies, elegy 14.

“ Now fir’d by POPE and *Virtue*, leave the age

“ In low pursuit of self-undoing wrong ;

“ And trace the author thro’ his moral-page,

“ Whose blameless life still answers to his song.”

Mr THOMSON,
in his elegant and philosophical poem of the seasons :

“ Altho’ not sweeter his own Homer sings,

“ Yet is his *life* the more endearing song.”

To the same tune also singeth that learned clerk of Suffolk,

Mr WILLIAM BROOME.

“ ‘ Thus, nobly rising in fair *Virtue*’s cause,

“ From thy own *life* transcribe th’ *unerring laws*.”

And, to close all, hear the Reverend Dean of St. Patrick’s :

“ A soul with ev’ry virtue fraught,

“ By patriots, priests, and poets taught :

“ Whose filial piety excells

“ Whatever Grecian story tells :

“ A genius for each bus’ness fit,

“ Whose meanest talent is his wit,” &c.

Let us now recreate thee by turning to the other side, and shewing his character drawn by those with

* Universal passion, sat. i. ‘ In his poems, and at the end of the *Odyssey*.

whom he never conversed, and whose countenances he could not know, though turned against him : First again commencing with the high-voiced and never-enough quoted

Mr JOHN DENNIS,

who, in his reflections on the Essay on Criticism, thus describeth him : “ A little affected hypocrite, who
 “ has nothing in his mouth but candour, truth,
 “ friendship, good-nature, humanity, and magnanimity. He is so great a lover of falsehood, that,
 “ whenever he has a mind to culluminate his contemporaries, he brands them with some defect
 “ which is just *contrary to some good quality*, for
 “ which all their *friends and their acquaintance* commend them. He seems to have a particular pique
 “ to *people of quality*, and authors of that rank. —
 “ He must derive his religion from St Omer’s.” —
 But in the character of Mr P. and his writings, (printed by S. Popping, 1716.) he saith, “ Though
 “ he is a professor of the worst religion, yet he
 “ *laughs at it* ;” but that, “ nevertheless, he is a virulent Papist ; and yet a *pillar for the church of*
 “ *England*.”

Of both which opinions

Mr LEWIS THEOBALD

seems also to be ; declaring, in Mist’s journal of June 22. 1718, “ That if he is not shrewdly abused, he
 “ made it his practice to cackle to both *parties* in
 “ their own sentiments.” But, as to his *pique* against *people of quality*, the same journalist doth not agree ; but saith, (May 8. 1728.), “ He had, by
 “ some means or other, the *acquaintance and friendship*
 “ *ship of the whole body of our nobility*.”

However contradictory this may appear, Mr Dennis and Gildon, in the character last cited, make it all plain, by assuring us, “ That he is a creature
 “ that reconciles all contradictions ; he is a beast,
 “ and a man ; a Whig, and a Tory ; a writer (at one
 “ and

“ and the same time) of 2 Guardians and Examiners ; an assertor of liberty, and of the dispensing power of kings ; a Jesuitical professor of truth ; “ a base and a foul pretender to candour.” So that, upon the whole account, we must conclude him either to have been a great hypocrite, or a very honest man ; a terrible imposer upon both parties, or very moderate to either.

Be it as to the judicious reader shall seem good. Sure it is, he is little favoured of certain authors, whose wrath is perilous : for one declares he ought to have a *price set on his head*, and to be hunted down as a *wild beast* ¹. Another protests, that he does not know *what may happen* ; advises him to *insure his person* ; says he has *bitter enemies*, and expressly declares it will be well if he *escapes with his life* ². One desires he would *cut his own throat, or hang himself* ³. But Pasquin seemed rather inclined it should be done by the government, representing him engaged in grievous designs with a lord of parliament, then under prosecution ⁴. Mr Dennis himself hath written to a *minister*, that he is one of the most *dangerous persons in this kingdom* ⁵ ; and assureth the public, that he is an *open and mortal enemy* to his country ; a monster, that *will*, one day, shew as *daring a soul as a mad Indian*, who runs a *muck* to kill the first Christian he meets ⁶. Another gives information of *treason* discovered in his poem ⁷. Mr Curl boldly supplies an imperfect verse with *kings and princeesses* ⁸. And one Matthew Concanen, yet more impudent, publishes at length the two most SACRED

¹ The names of two weekly papers. ² Theobald, Letter in Mist's Journal, June 22. 1728. ³ Smedley, Pref. to Gulliveriana, p. 14. 16. ⁴ Gulliveriana, p. 332. ⁵ Anno 1723. ⁶ Anno 1729. ⁷ Preface to Rem. on the Rape of the Lock, p. 12. and in the last page of that treatise. ⁸ Page 6. 7. of the Preface, by Concanen, to a book, entitled, A Collection of all the Letters, Essays, Verses, and Advertisements, occasioned by Pope and Swift's Miscellanies, printed for A. Moore, octavo, 1712. ⁹ Key to the Dunciad, 3d edit. p. 18.

NAMES in this nation, as members of the Dunciad !

This is prodigious ; yet it is almost as strange, that in the midst of these invectives his greatest enemies have (I know not how) borne testimony to some merit in him.

Mr THEOBALD,

in censuring his Shakespear, declares, “ He has so great an *esteem* for Mr Pope, and so high an *opinion* of his *genius* and *excellencies* ; that, notwithstanding he professes a *veneration almost rising to idolatry* for the writings of this inimitable poet, he would be very loath even to do *him* justice, at the expense of that *other gentleman's* character.”

M CHARLES GILDON,

after having violently attacked him in many pieces, at last came to wish from his heart, “ That Mr Pope would be prevailed upon to give us Ovid's Epistles by his hand ; for it is certain we see the original of Sappho to Phaon with much more life and likeness in his version, than in that of Sir Car. Scrope. And this (he adds) is the more to be wished, because in the English tongue we have scarce any thing truly and naturally written upon love.” He also, in taxing Sir Richard Blackmore for his heterodox opinions of Homer, challengeth him to answer what Mr Pope hath said in his preface to that poet.

Mr OLDMIXON

calls him a great master of our tongue ; declares “ the purity and perfection of the English language to be found in his Homer ; and saying there are more good verses in Dryden's Virgil than in any other work, except this of our author only.”

^a A List of persons, &c. at the end of the forementioned Collection of all the Letters, Essays, &c.

his Shakespear restored, in quarto, p. 3.

^r Introduction to

the Duke of Buckingham's Essay, octavo, 1721. p. 97. 98.

^s Commentary

^t In his prose Essay on Criticism.

The author of a letter to Mr CIBBER says, " " Pope was so good a versifier [*once*], that " his predecessor Mr Dryden, and his contemporary " Mr Prior excepted, the harmony of his numbers " *is* equal to any body's; and that he *had* all the " merit that a man can have that way." And

Mr THOMAS COOKE, after much blemishing our author's Homer, crieth out,

" But in his other works what beauties shine,

" While sweetest music dwells in ev'ry line!

" These he admir'd, on these he stamp'd his praise,

" And bade them live to brighten future days."

So also one who takes the name of

H. STANHOPE,

the maker of certain verses to Duncan Campbell, in that poem, which is wholly a satire on Mr Pope, confesseth,

" 'Tis true, if finest notes alone could show

" (Tun'd justly high, or regularly low),

" That we should fame to these mere vocals give;

" POPE more than we can offer should receive:

" For when some gliding river is his theme,

" His lines run smother than the smoothest stream," &c.

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8. 1728.

Although he says, " The smooth numbers of the " Dunciad are all that recommend it, nor has it any " other merit;" yet that same paper hath these words: " The author is allowed to be a perfect master of an easy and elegant versification. *In all his " works we find the most happy turns, and natural " similes, wonderfully short and thick sown."*

The Essay on the Dunciad also owns, p. 25. It is

" Printed by J. Roberts, 1742, p. 11.

folio, p. 15.

Printed under the title of the Progress of Dulncis, duodecimo, 1728.

" Battle of poets,

very full of *beautiful images*. But the panegyric which crowns all that can be said on this poem, is bestowed by our Laureat,

Mr COLLEY CIBBER ;
 who " grants it to be a better poem of its kind than
 " ever was writ:" but adds, " it was a victory over
 " a parcel of poor wretches, whom it was almost
 " cowardice to conquer. — A man might as well
 " triumph for having killed so many silly flies that
 " offended him. Could he have let them alone, by
 " this time, poor souls! they had all been buried in
 " oblivion^z." Here we see our excellent Laureat
 " allows the justice of the satire on every man in it,
 but *himself*; as the great Mr Dennis did before him.
 The said

Mr DENNIS and Mr GILDON,
 in the most furious of all their works (the forecited
 character, p. 5.) do in concert^a confess, " That

^z Cibber's letter to Mr Pope, p. 9. 12. ^a *In concert*] Hear
 how Mr Dennis hath proved our mistake in this place. " As to
 " my writing in concert with Mr Gildon, I declare upon the ho-
 " nour and word of a gentleman, that I never wrote so much as
 " one line in concert with any one man whatsoever. And these
 " two letters from Gildon will plainly shew, that we are not
 " writers in concert with each other.

SIR,
 — The height of my ambition is to please men of the best judg-
 ment; and finding that I have entertained my master agreeably, I
 have the extent of the reward of my labour.

SIR,
 I had not the opportunity of hearing of your excellent pamphlet till
 this day. I am infinitely satisfied and pleased with it, and hope you
 will meet with that encouragement your admirable performance de-
 serves, &c.

CH. GILDON.

" Now, is it not plain, that any one who sends such compli-
 " ments to another, has not been used to write in partner-
 " ship with him to whom he sends them?" Dennis, Rem. on
 " the Dunc. p. 50. Mr Dennis is therefore welcome to take
 this piece to himself.

" some

“ some men of *good understanding* value him for his
“ rhymes ;” (and p. 17.) “ that he has got, like
“ Mr Bays in the Rehearsal, (that is, like Mr Dry-
“ den), a notable knack at rhyming, and writing
“ smooth verse.”

Of his *Essay on Man*, numerous were the praises
bestowed by his avowed enemies, in the imagination
that the same was not written by him, as it was
printed anonymously.

Thus sang of it even

BEZALEEL MORRIS.

“ Auspicious bard ! while all admire thy strain,
“ All but the selfish, ignorant, and vain ;
“ I, whom no bribe to servile flattery drew,
“ Must pay the tribute to thy merit due :
“ Thy muse sublime, significant, and clear,
“ Alike informs the soul, and charms the ear.”

And

MR LEONARD WELSTED

thus ^b wrote to the unknown author, on the first pu-
blication of the said essay : “ I must own, after the
“ reception which the vilest and most immoral ribal-
“ dry hath lately met with, I was surprised to see
“ what I had long despaired, a performance deser-
“ ving the name of a poet. Such, Sir, is your
“ work. It is, indeed, above all commendation,
“ and ought to have been published in an age and
“ country more worthy of it. If my testimony be
“ of weight any where, you are sure to have it in the
“ amplest manner,” &c. &c. &c.

Thus we see every one of his works hath been
extolled by one or other of his most inveterate
enemies ; and to the success of them all they do
unanimously give testimony. But it is sufficient,
inftar omnium, to behold the great critic, Mr Den-
nis, sorely lamenting it, even from the *Essay on Cri-*

^b In a letter under his hand, dated March 19. 1733.

ticism to this day of the Dunciad! " A most notorious instance (quoth he) of the depravity of genius and taste, the *approbation* this essay meets with c. — I can safely affirm, that I never attacked any of these writings, unless they had *success* infinitely beyond their merit. — This, though an empty, has been a *popular* scribbler. The epidemic madness of the times has given him *reputation* d. — If, after the cruel treatment so many extraordinary men (Spenser, Lord Bacon, Ben Johnson, Milton, Butler, Otway, and others) have received from this country, for these last hundred years, I should shift the scene, and shew all that penury changed at once to riot and profuseness; and more squandered away upon *one object*, than would have satisfied the greater part of those extraordinary men; the reader to whom this one creature should be unknown, would fancy him a prodigy of art and nature, would believe that all the great qualities of these persons were centered in him alone. — But if I should venture to assure him, that the PEOPLE OF ENGLAND had made such a choice — the reader would either believe me a *malicious enemy*, and *slanderer*, or that the reign of the last (Queen Anne's) *ministry* was designed by fate to encourage *fools* c."

But it happens, that this our poet never had any place, pension, or gratuity, in any shape, from the said glorious Queen, or any of her ministers. All he owed in the whole course of his life to any court, was a subscription for his Homer, of 200 l. from King George I. and 100 l. from the Prince and Princess.

However, lest we imagine our author's success was constant and universal, they acquaint us of certain works in a less degree of repute, whereof, although owned by others, yet do they assure us, he is

c Dennis, Pref. to his Reflect. on the Essay on Criticism.

d Pref. to his Rem. on Homer.

e Rem. on Homer, p. 8. 9.

the writer. Of this sort Mr DENNIS [†] ascribes to him *two farces*, whose names he does not tell, but assures us that *there is not one jest in them*; and an imitation of Horace, whose title he does not mention, but assures us *it is much more execrable than all his works* [‡]. The DAILY JOURNAL, May 11. 1728. assures us, "He is below Tom Durfey in the drama, because (as that writer thinks) *the Marriage-bater matched*, and the *Boarding school* are better than the *What-d'-ye-call-it*;" which is not Mr P.'s, but Mr Gay's. Mr GILDON assures us, in his New Rehearsal, p. 48. "That he was writing a *play of the Lady Jane Grey*;" but it afterwards proved to be Mr Rowe's. We are assured by another, "He wrote a pamphlet called *Dr Andrew Tripe* [§];" which proved to be one Dr Wagstaff's. Mr THEOBALD assures us, in Mist of the 27th of April, "That the treatise of the *profund* is very dull, and that Mr Pope is the author of it." The writer of Gulliveriana is of another opinion; and says, "the whole, or greatest part of the merit of this treatise, must and can only be ascribed to Gulliver [¶]." [Here, gentle reader! cannot I but smile at the strange blindness and positiveness of men; knowing the said treatise to appertain to none other but to me, Martinus Scriblerus.]

We are assured in Mist of June 8. "That his own *plays and farces* would better have adorned the Dunciad, than those of Mr Theobald; for he had neither genius for tragedy nor comedy." Which whether true or not, it is not easy to judge; in as much as he had attempted neither. Unless we will take it for granted, with Mr Cibber, that his being once very angry at hearing a friend's play abused, was an infallible proof the play was his own; the said Mr Cibber thinking it impossible for a man

[†] Ibid. p. 8.

[‡] Ibid. p. 6.

[§] Character of Mr Pope, p. 7.

[¶] Gulliv. p. 336.

to be much concerned for any but himself: "Now
 " let any man judge (saith he) by this concern, who
 " was the true mother of the child ^k?"

But from all that hath been said, the discerning reader will collect, that it little availed our author to have any candour, since, when he declared he did not write for others, it was not credited; as little to have any modesty, since, when he declined writing in any way himself, the presumption of others was imputed to him. If he singly enterprised one great work, he was taxed of boldness and madness to a prodigy^l: if he took assistants in another, it was complained of, and represented as a great injury to the public^m. The loftiest heroics, the lowest ballads, treatises against the state or church, satires on lords and ladies, raillery on wits and authors, squabbles with booksellers, or even full and true accounts of monsters, poisons, and murders; of any hereof was there nothing so good, nothing so bad, which hath not at one or other season been to him ascribed. If it bore no author's name, then lay he concealed: if it did, he fathered it upon that author to be yet better concealed: if it resembled any of his styles, then it was evident; if it did not, then disguised he it on set purpose. Yea, even direct oppositions in religion, principles, and politics, have equally been supposed in him inherent. Surely a most rare and singular character! Of which let the reader make what he can.

Doubtless most commentators would hence take occasion to turn all to their author's advantage, and from the testimony of his very enemies would affirm, That his capacity was boundless, as well as his imagination; that he was a perfect master of all styles, and all arguments; and that there was in those times

^k Cibber's Letter to Mr P. p. 19.

^l Burnet's Homerides, p. 1. of his translation of the Iliad.

^m The London and Mist's Journals, on his undertaking the Odyssey.

no other writer, in any kind, of any degree of excellence, save he himself. But as this is not our own sentiment, we shall determine on nothing; but leave thee, gentle reader, to steer thy judgment equally between various opinions, and to chuse whether thou wilt incline to the testimonies of authors avowed, or of authors concealed; of those who knew him, or of those who knew him not.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS

Of the P O E M.

THis poem, as it celebrateth the most grave and ancient of things, chaos, night, and dulness ; so is it of the most grave and ancient kind. Homer (saith Aristotle) was the first who gave the *form*, and (saith Horace) who adapted the *measure*, to heroic poesy. But even before this, may be rationally presumed from what the ancients have left written, was a piece by Homer composed, of like nature and matter with this of our poet. For of epic sort it appeareth to have been, yet of matter surely not unpleasant ; witness what is reported of it by the learned Archbishop Eustathius, in *Odyss.* x. And accordingly Aristotle, in his *poetic*, chap. iv. doth further set forth, that as the Iliad and Odysssey gave example to tragedy, so did this poem to comedy its first idea.

From these authors also it should seem, that the hero, or chief personage of it was no less *obscure*, and his understanding and sentiments no less quaint and strange (if indeed not more so) than any of the actors of our poem. MARGITES was the name of this personage, whom antiquity recordeth to have been *Dunce the First* ; and surely from what we hear of him, not unworthy to be the root of so spreading a tree, and so numerous a posterity. The poem therefore celebrating him was properly and absolutely a *Dunciad* ; which though now unhappily lost, yet is its nature sufficiently known by the infallible tokens aforesaid. And thus it doth appear, that the first Dunciad was the first epic poem, written by Homer himself, and antierour even to the Iliad or Odysssey.

Now, forasmuch as our poet hath translated those two famous works of Homer which are yet left, he did conceive it in some sort his duty to imitate that also

also which was lost : and was therefore induced to bestow on it the same form which Homer's is reported to have had, namely, that of epic poem ; with a title also framed after the ancient Greek manner, to wit, that of *Dunciad*.

Wonderful it is, that so few of the moderns have been stimulated to attempt some *Dunciad* ! since, in the opinion of the multitude, it might cost less pain and oil than an imitation of the greater epic. But possible it is also, that, on due reflection, the maker might find it easier to paint a Charlemagne, a Brute, or a Godfrey, with just pomp and dignity heroic, than a Margites, a Codrus, or a Fleckno.

We shall next declare the occasion and the cause which moved our poet to this particular work. He lived in those days, when (after Providence had permitted the invention of printing as a scourge for the sins of the learned) paper also became so cheap, and printers so numerous, that a deluge of authors covered the land : whereby not only the peace of the honest un-writing subject was daily molested, but unmerciful demands were made of his applause, yea of his money, by such as would neither earn the one nor deserve the other. At the same time, the licence of the press was such, that it grew dangerous to refuse them either : for they would forthwith publish slanders unpunished ; the authors being anonymous, and sculking under the wings of publishers, a set of men who never scrupled to vend either calumny or blasphemy, as long as the town would call for it.

* Now our author, living in those times, did conceive it an endeavour well worthy an honest satirist, to dissuade the dull, and punish the wicked ; *the only way that was left*. In that public-spirited view he laid the plan of this poem, as the greatest service he was capable (without much hurt, or being slain) to render his dear country. First, taking things from their original, he considereth the causes creative

* Vide Boſſu, du Poeme epique, ch. viii.

of such authors, namely, *Dulness* and *Poverty*; the one born with them, the other contracted by neglect of their proper talents, through self-conceit of greater abilities. This truth he wrappeth in an *allegory*^b, (as the construction of epic poesy requireth), and feigns that one of these goddesses had taken up her abode with the other, and that they jointly inspired all such writers and such works. ^cHe proceedeth to shew the *qualities* they bestow on these authors, and the *effects* they produce^d; then the *materials*, or *stock*, with which they furnish them^e; and (above all) that *self-opinion*^f, which causeth it to seem to themselves vastly greater than it is, and is the prime motive of their setting up in this sad and sorry merchandise. The great power of these goddesses acting in alliance (whereof as the one is the mother of Industry, so is the other of Plodding) was to be exemplified in some *one, great, and remarkable action*^g; And none could be more so than that which our poet hath chosen, *viz.* the restoration of the reign of Chaos and Night, by the ministry of Dulness their daughter, in the removal of her imperial seat from the city to the polite world, as the action of the *Æneid* is the restoration of the empire of Troy, by the removal of the race from thence to Latium. But as Homer singing only the wrath of Achilles, yet includes in his poem the whole history of the Trojan war; in like manner our author hath drawn into this *single action* the whole history of Dulness and her children.

A *person* must next be fixed upon to support this action. This *phantom* in the poet's mind must have a *name*^h:—He finds it to be ———; and he becomes of course the hero of the poem.

The *fable* being thus, according to the best example, one and entire, as contained in the proposition; the *machinery* is a continued chain of allegories, set-

^b Boslu, chap. vii. ^c Book I. ver. 32. &c. ^d Ver. 45.
^e to 54. ^f Ver. 57. to 77. ^g Ver. 80. ^h Ibid. chap. viii.
 viii. ⁱ Boslu, chap. viii. vide Aristot. poetic. cap. ix.

ting forth the whole power, ministry, and empire of Dulness, extended through her subordinate instruments, in all her various operations.

This is branched into *episodes*; each of which hath its moral apart, though all conducive to the main end. The croud assembled in the second book, demonstrates the design to be more extensive than to bad poets only, and that we may expect other episodes of the patrons, encouragers, or paymasters of such authors, as occasion shall bring them forth. And the third book, if well considered, seemeth to embrace the whole world. Each of the games relateth to some or other vile class of writers. The first concerneth the plagiarist, to whom he giveth the name of *More*; the second the libelous novellist, whom he styleth *Eliza*; the third, the flattering dedicatour; the fourth, the bawling critic, or noisy poet; the fifth, the dark and dirty party-writer; and so of the rest; assigning to each some *proper name* or other, such as he could find.

As for the *characters*, the public hath already acknowledged how justly they are drawn. The manners are so depicted, and the sentiments so peculiar to those to whom applied, that surely to transfer them to any other or wiser personages, would be exceeding difficult. And certain it is, that every person concerned, being consulted apart, hath readily owned the resemblance of every portrait, his own excepted. So Mr Cibber calls them, "a parcel of *poor wretches*, so many *silly flies*:" but adds, "our author's wit is remarkably more bare and barren whenever it would fall foul on *Cibber*, than upon any other person whatever¹."

The *descriptions* are singular, the *comparisons* very quaint, the *narration* various, yet of one colour: the purity and chastity of *diction* is so preserved, that in the places most suspicious, not the *words*, but only the *images*, have been censured; and yet are those images no other than have been sanctified by ancient

¹ Cibber's letter to Mr P. pag. 9. 12. 41.

and classical authority, (though, as was the manner of those good times, not so curiously wrapped up), yea, and commented upon by the most grave doctors, and approved critics.

As it beareth the name of *epic*, it is thereby subjected to such severe indispensable rules as are laid on all neoterics, a strict imitation of the ancients; inso-much that any deviation, accompanied with whatever poetic beauties, hath always been censured by the sound critic. How exact that imitation hath been in this piece, appeareth not only by its general structure, but by particular allusions infinite, many whereof have escaped both the commentator and poet himself; yea divers by his exceeding diligence are so altered and interwoven with the rest, that several have already been, and more will be by the ignorant abused, as altogether and originally his own.

In a word, the whole poem proveth itself to be the work of our author, when his faculties were in full vigour and perfection; at that exact time when years have ripened the judgment, without diminishing the imagination; which, by good critics, is held to be punctually at *forty*. For at that season it was that Virgil finished his *Georgics*; and Sir Richard Blackmore at the like age composing his *Arthurs*, declared the same to be the very *acme* and pitch of life for epic poesy; though since he hath altered it to *sixty*, the year in which he published his *Alfred*^b. True it is, that the talents for *criticism*, name, smartness, quick censure, vivacity of remark, certainty of asseveration, indeed all but acerbity, seem rather the gifts of youth than of riper age. But it is far otherwise in *poetry*; witness the works of Mr Rymer and Mr Dennis, who beginning with criticism, became afterwards such poets as no age hath paralleled. With good reason therefore did our author chuse to write his essay on that subject at twenty, and reserve for his maturer years this great and wonderful work of the *Dunciad*.

* See his *Essays*.

RICHARDUS ARISTARCHUS

O F T H E

H E R O O F T H E P O E M.

OF the nature of *Dunciad* in general, whence derived, and on what authority founded, as well as of the art and conduct of this our poem in particular, the learned and laborious Scriblerus hath, according to his manner, and with tolerable share of judgment, dissertated. But when he cometh to speak of the *person* of the *hero* fitted for such poem, in truth he miserably halts and hallucinates. For, misled by one Monsieur Boslu, a Gallic critic, he prateth of I cannot tell what phantom of a hero, only raised up to support the fable. A putid conceit! as if Homer and Virgil, like modern undertakers, who first build their house, and then seek out for a tenant, had contrived the story of a war and a wandering, before they once thought either of Achilles or Æneas. We shall therefore set our good brother and the world also right in this particular, by assuring them, that, in the greater epic, the prime intention of the muse is to exalt heroic virtue, in order to propagate the love of it among the *children* of men; and consequently that the poet's first thought must needs be turned upon a real subject meet for laud and celebration; not one whom he is to make, but one whom he may find, truly illustrious. This is the *primum mobile* of his poetic world, whence every thing is to receive life and motion. For this subject being found, he is immediately ordained, or rather acknowledged an *hero*, and put upon such action as befiteth the dignity of his character.

But the muse ceaseth not here her eagle-flight. For sometimes satiated with the contemplation of these
sons

Suns of glory, she turneth downward on her wing, and darts with Jove's lightning on the *goose* and *serpent* kind. For we may apply to the muse in her various moods, what an ancient master of wisdom affirmeth of the gods in general: *Si dii non irascuntur impiis et injustis, nec pios utique justosque diligunt. In rebus enim diversis, ut in utramque partem moveri necesse est, aut in neutram. Itaque qui bonos diligit, et malos odit; et qui malos non odit, nec bonos diligit. Quia et diligere bonos, ex odio malorum venit; et malos odisse, ex bonorum caritate descendit.* Which in our vernacular idiom may be thus interpreted. "If the gods be not provoked at evil men, neither are they delighted with the good and just. For contrary objects must either excite contrary affections, or no affections at all. So that he who loveth good men, must at the same time hate the bad; and he who hateth not bad men, cannot love the good: because to love good men, proceedeth from an aversion to evil; and to hate evil men, from a tenderness to the good." From this delicacy of the muse arose the *little epic*, (more lively and cholerick than her elder sister, whose bulk and complexion incline her to the flegmatic); and for this some notorious vehicle of vice and folly was sought out, to make thereof an example. An early instance of which (nor could it escape the accurate Scriblerus) the father of epic poem himself affordeth us. From him the practice descended to the Greek dramatic poets, his offspring, who, in the composition of their *tetralogy*, or set of four pieces, were wont to make the last a *satiric tragedy*. Happily one of these ancient *Dunciads* (as we may well term it) is come down unto us amongst the tragedies of the poet Euripides. And what doth the reader suppose may be the subject thereof? Why, in truth, and it is worthy observation, the unequal contest of an *old, dull, debauched buffoon Cyclops*, with the heaven-directed favourite of *Minerva*; who, after having quietly borne all the monster's obscene and impious ribaldry, endeth the farce in punishing him.

him with the mark of an indelible brand in his *fore-head*. May we not then be excused, if for the future we consider the epics of Homer, Virgil, and Milton, together with this our poem, as a complete *tetralogy*, in which the last worthily holdeth the place or station of the *satiric* piece.

Proceed we therefore in our subject. It hath been long, and, alas for pity! still remaineth a question, whether the hero of the *greater epic* should be an *honest man*; or, as the French critics express it, *un honnête homme* ^a? But it never admitted any doubt, but that the hero of the *little epic* should be just the contrary. Hence to the advantage of our Dunciad, we may observe how much juster the *moral* of that poem must needs be, where so important a question is previously decided.

But then it is not every knave, nor (let me add) every fool, that is a fit subject for a Dunciad. There must still exist some analogy, if not resemblance of qualities between the heroes of the two poems; and this in order to admit what neoteric critics call the *parody*, one of the liveliest graces of the little epic. Thus it being agreed, that the constituent qualities of the greater epic hero, are *wisdom*, *bravery*, and *love*, from whence springeth *heroic virtue*; it followeth, that those of the lesser epic hero should be *vanity*, *assurance*, and *debauchery*, from which happy assemblage resulteth *heroic dulness*, the never-dying subject of this our poem.

This being confessed, come we now to particulars. It is the character of true *wisdom*, to seek its chief support and confidence within itself; and to place that support in the resources which proceed from a conscious rectitude of will. And are the advantages of *vanity*, when arising to the heroic standard, at all short of this self-complacence? Nay, are they not, in the opinion of the enamoured owner, far be-

^a Si un héros poétique doit être un honnête homme. Bossu du poëme épique, lib. 5. ch. 5.

yond it? "Let the world (will such an one say) impute to me what folly or weakness they please; but till *wisdom* can give me something that will make me more heartily happy, I am content to be GAZED AT^b." This, we see, is *vanity*, according to the *heroic* gage or measure; not that low and ignoble species which pretendeth to *virtue* we have not, but the laudable ambition of being *gazed at* for glorying in those *vices* which every body knows we have. "The world may ask (says he) why I make my follies public? Why not? I have passed my time very pleasantly with them c." In short, there is no sort of *vanity* such a hero would scruple, but that which might go near to degrade him from his high station in this our Dunciad; namely, "Whether it would not be *vanity* in him to take shame to himself for *not being a wise man* d?"

Bravery, the second attribute of the true hero, is courage manifesting itself in every limb; while its correspondent virtue in the mock hero, is that same courage all collected into the *face*. And as power when drawn together, must needs have more force and spirit than when dispersed, we generally find this kind of courage in so high and heroic a degree, that it insults not only men, but gods. Mezentius is, without doubt, the bravest character in all the *Æneis*; But how? His bravery, we know, was an high courage of blasphemy. And can we say less of this brave man's, who having told us, that he placed "his *summum bonum* in those follies which he was not content barely to possess, but would likewise glory in," adds, "If I am misguided, IT IS NATURE'S FAULT, and I follow HER e." Nor can we be mistaken in making this happy quality a species of *courage*, when we consider those illustrious marks of it, which made his *FACE* "more known (as he justly boasteth) than most in the kingdom;"

^b Dedication to the life of C. C.

^c Life, p. 2. 8vo edit.

^d Life, *ibid*.

^e Life, p. 23. 8vo.

and his *language* to consist of what we must allow to be the most *daring* figure of speech, that which is taken from the *name of God*.

Gentle love, the next ingredient in the true hero's composition, is a mere bird of passage, or (as Shakespear calls it) *summer-teeming lust*, and evaporates in the heat of *youth*; doubtless by that refinement it suffers in passing through those *certain strainers* which our poet somewhere speaketh of. But when it is let alone to work upon the *lees*, it acquireth strength by *old age*, and becometh a lasting ornament to the little epic. It is true, indeed, there is one objection to its fitness for such an use; for not only the ignorant may think it *common*, but it is admitted to be so, even by him who best knoweth its value. "Don't you think" (argueth he) to say only *a man has his whore* †, "ought to go for little or nothing? because *defendit numerus*; take the first ten thousand men you meet, "and I believe you would be no loser if you betted "ten to one, that every single sinner of them, one "with another, had been guilty of the same frailty &c." But here he seemeth not to have done justice to himself. The man is sure enough a hero, who hath his lady at fourscore. How doth his modesty herein lessen the merit of a *whole well-spent* life; not taking to himself the commendation (which Horace accounted the greatest in a theatrical character) of continuing to the very *drags* the same he was from the beginning, *

————— *Servetur ad IMUM*

Qualis ab incepto procefferat. —————

But here, in justice both to the poet and the hero, let us farther remark, that the calling her *his whore*, implieth she was *his own*, and not his *neighbour's*. Truly a commendable continence! and such as Scipio

† Alluding to these lines in the epist. to Dr Arbuthnot, vol. 1.

*And has not Colley still his lord and whore,
His butchers Henley, his free-masons Moore?*

* Letter to Mr P. p. 46.

himself must have applauded. For how much self-denial was exerted not to covet his neighbour's whore? and what disorders must the coveting her have occasioned in that society, where (according to this political calculator) *nine in ten* of all ages have their *concubines*!

We have now, as briefly as we could devise, gone through the three constituent qualities of either hero. But it is not in any, or in all of these, that heroism properly or essentially resideth. It is a lucky result rather from the collision of these lively qualities against one another. Thus as from wisdom, bravery, and love, ariseth *magnanimity*, the object of *admiration*, which is the aim of the greater epic; so from vanity, impudence, and debauchery, springeth *buffoonery*, the source of *ridicule*, that "laughing ornament," as he well termeth it^b, of the little epic.

He is not ashamed (God forbid he ever should be ashamed!) of this character; who deemeth, that not *reason*, but *risibility* distinguisheth the human species from the brutal, "As Nature (saith this profound philosopher) distinguished our species from the mute creation by our risibility, her design must have been by *that faculty* as evidently to raise our HAPPINESS, as by our *O's sublime* (OUR ERECTED FACES) to lift the dignity of our FORM above them^c." All this considered, how complete a hero must he be, as well as how happy a man, whose risibility lieth not barely in his *muscles*, as in the common sort, but (as himself informeth us) in his very *spirits*? And whose *O's sublime* is not simply an *erect face*, but a brazen head, as should seem by his preferring it to one of iron, said to belong to the late king of Sweden^d.

But whatever personal qualities a hero may have, the examples of Achilles and Æneas shew us, that all those are of small avail, without the constant *assistance*

^b Letter to Mr. P. p. 31.

^c Life, p. 23. 24.

^d Letter, p. 8.

of the gods: for the subversion and erection of empires have never been adjudged the work of man. How greatly soever then he may esteem of his high talents, we can hardly conceive his personal prowess alone sufficient to restore the decayed empire of Dulness. So weighty an achievement must require the particular favour and protection of the GREAT; who being the natural patrons and supporters of *letters*, as the ancient gods were of *Troy*, must first be drawn off, and engaged in another interest, before the total subversion of them can be accomplished. To surmount, therefore, this last and greatest difficulty, we have, in this excellent man, a professed favourite and intimado of the great. And look, of what force ancient piety was to draw the gods into the party of *Æneas*, that, and much stronger is modern incense, to engage the great in the party of Dulness.

Thus have we essayed to pourtray or shadow out this noble imp of fame. But now the impatient reader will be apt to say, If so many and various graces go to the making up a hero, what mortal shall suffice to bear his character? Ill hath he read who seeth not, in every trace of this picture, that *individual*, ALL-ACCOMPLISHED PERSON, in whom these rare virtues and lucky circumstances have agreed to meet and concentre with the strongest lustre and fullest harmony.

The good Scriblerus indeed, nay the world itself might be imposed on in the late spurious editions, by I cannot tell what *sham hero*, or *phantom*. But it was not so easy to impose on HIM whom this egregious error most of all concerned. For no sooner had the fourth book laid open the high and swelling scene, but he recognised his own heroic acts: and when he came to the words,

Soft on her lap her laureat son reclines,

(though *laureat* imply no more than *one crowned with laurel*, as befiteth any associate or consort in empire), he loudly resented this indignity to violated Majesty.

Indeed not without cause, he being there represented as *fast asleep*; so misbecoming the eye of empire, which, like that of providence, should never doze nor slumber. "Hah! (saith he) fast asleep, it seems! "that's a little too strong. Pert and dull at least you "might have allowed me, but as seldom asleep as "any fool^l." However, the injured hero may comfort himself with this reflection, that though it be a *sleep*, yet it is not the *sleep of death*, but of *immortality*. Here he will ^mlive at least, though not *awake*, and in no worse condition than many an enchanted warrior before him. The famous *Durandarte*, for instance, was, like him, cast into a long slumber by *Merlin the British bard* and necromancer; and his example for submitting to it with a good grace, might be of use to our hero. For that disastrous knight being sorely pressed or driven to make his answer by several *persons of quality*, only replied with a sigh, *Patience, and shuffle the cards*ⁿ.

But now, as nothing in this world, no not the most sacred or perfect things either of religion or government, can escape the sting of envy, methinks I already hear these carpers objecting to the clearness of our hero's title.

It would never (say they) have been esteemed sufficient to make an hero for the *Iliad* or *Æneis*, that *Achilles* was brave enough to overturn one empire, or *Æneas* pious enough to raise another, had they not been goddess-born, and princes bred. What then did this author mean, by erecting a player instead of one of his patrons, (a person "never a hero even on "the stage^o,") to this dignity of colleague in the empire of Dulness, and achiever of a work that neither old *Omar*, *Attila*, nor *John of Leyden* could entirely bring to pass.

To all this we have, as we conceive, a sufficient answer from the Roman historian, *Fabrum esse suæ*

^l Letter, p. 53.
book 2. chap. 22.

^m Ibid. p. 1.

ⁿ Don Quixote, part 2.

^o See Life, p. 148.

quemque fortunæ: That every man is the smith of his own fortune. The politic Florentine, Nicholas Machiavel, goeth still farther, and affirmeth, that a man needeth but to *believe himself a hero* to be one of the worthiest. "Let him (saith he) but fancy himself capable of the highest things, and he will of course be able to achieve them." From this principle it follows, that nothing can exceed our hero's prowess, as nothing ever equalled the greatness of his conceptions. Hear how he constantly paragon himself; at one time to ALEXANDER the Great, and CHARLES XII. of Sweden, for the excess and delicacy of his ambition ^p; to HENRY IV. of France, for honest policy ^q; to the first BRUTUS, for love of liberty ^r; and to Sir ROBERT WALPOLE, for good government while in power ^s: At another time to the god-like SOCRATES, for his diversions and amusements ^t; to HORACE, MONTAIGNE, and Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE, for an elegant vanity that maketh them for ever read and admired ^u; to TWO Lord CHANCELLORS, for law, from whom, when confederate against him at the bar, he carried away the prize of eloquence ^x; and, to say all in a word, to the Right Reverend the Lord BISHOP of London himself, in the art of writing *pastoral letters* ^y.

Nor did his *actions* fall short of the sublimity of his conceit. In his early youth he met the *revolution* ^z face to face in Nottingham, at a time when his betters contented themselves with *following* her. It was here he got acquainted with *Old Battle-array*, of whom he hath made so honourable mention in one of his immortal odes. But he shone in courts as well as camps: he was *called up*, when the nation fell in labour of this *revolution* ^a: and was a gossip at her christening, with the Bishop and the ladies ^b.

As to his *birth*, it is true he pretendeth no relation either to Heathen god or goddess; but, what is as

^p See Life, p. 149. ^q P. 424. ^r P. 366. ^s P. 457.
^t P. 18. ^u P. 425. ^x P. 436. 437. ^y P. 52. ^z P. 47.
^a P. 57. ^b P. 58. 59.

good, he was descended from a *maker* of both ^c. And that he did not pass himself on the world for a hero, as well by birth as education, was his own fault: for his lineage he bringeth into his life as an anecdote, and is sensible he had it in his power *to be thought nobody's son at all*^d: and what is that but coming into the world a hero?

But be it, (the punctilious laws of epic poesy so requiring), that a hero of more than mortal birth must needs be had; even for this we have a remedy. We can easily derive our hero's pedigree from a goddess of no small power and authority amongst men; and legitimate and instal him after the right classical and authentic fashion: for, like as the ancient sages found a son of Mars in a mighty warrior; a son of Neptune in a skilful seaman; a son of Phœbus in a harmonious poet; so have we here, if need be, a son of FORTUNE in an artful *gamester*. And who fitter than the offspring of *Chance* to assist in restoring the empire of *Night* and *Chaos*?

There is in truth another objection of greater weight, namely, "That this hero still existeth, and hath not yet finished his earthly course. For if Solon said well, That no man could be called happy till his death, surely much less can any one, till then, be pronounced a hero: this species of men being far more subject than others to the caprices of fortune and humour." But to this also we have an answer, that will, we hope, be deemed decisive. It cometh from *himself*, who, to cut this matter short, hath solemnly protested; that *he will never change or amend*.

With regard to his *vanity*, he declareth that nothing shall ever part them. "Nature (saith he) hath amply supplied me in vanity; a pleasure which neither the pertness of wit, nor the gravity of wisdom, will ever persuade me to part with ^e." Our poet had charitably endeavoured to administer a

^c A statuary.^d Life, p. 6.^e P. 424.

cure to it: but he telleth us plainly, "My superiours perhaps may be mended by him; but for my part I own myself incorrigible. I look upon my follies as the best part of my fortune f." And with good reason: we see to what they have brought him!

Secondly, As to *buffoonery*, "Is it (saith he) a time of day for me to leave off these fooleries, and set up a new character? I can no more put off my follies than my skin; I have often tried, but they stick too close to me; nor am I sure my friends are displeased with them, for in this light I afford them frequent matter of mirth, &c. &c. g." Having then so publicly declared himself *incorrigible*, he is become *dead in law*, (I mean the *law Epopœian*), and devolveth upon the poet as his property: who may take him, and deal with him, as if he had been dead as long as an old Egyptian hero; that is to say, *embowel and embalm him for posterity*.

Nothing therefore (we conceive) remaineth to hinder his own prophecy of himself from taking immediate effect. A rare felicity! and, what few prophets have had the satisfaction to see, alive! Nor can we conclude better than with that extraordinary one of his, which is conceived in these oraculous words, MY DULNESS WILL FIND SOMEBODY TO DO IT RIGHT h.

*Tandem Phæbus adest, morsusque inferre parantem,
Congelat, et patulos, ut erant, INDURAT hiatus i.*

f Life, p. 19.

g P. 17.

h Ibid. p. 243. 8vo edit.

i Ovid of the serpent biting at Orpheus's head.



BY AUTHORITY.

By virtue of the authority in Us vested by the *act* for *subjecting poets to the power of a licenser*, We have revised this piece; where finding the style and appellation of KING to have been given to a certain *pretender, pseudo-poet, or phantom*, of the name of TIBBALD; and apprehending the same may be deemed in some sort a reflection on *Majesty*, or at least an insult on that legal authority which has bestowed on another person the *crown of poesy*: We have ordered the said *pretender, pseudo-poet, or phantom*, utterly to *vanish and evaporate* out of this work: And do declare the said throne of poesy from henceforth to be abdicated and vacant, unless duly and lawfully supplied by the LAUREAT *himself*. And it is hereby enacted, That no other person do presume to fill the same.

CC. Ch.

THE

T H E
D U N C I A D :

T O
DR JONATHAN SWIFT.

BOOK THE FIRST.

A R G U M E N T.

The proposition, the invocation, and the inscription. Then the original of the great empire of Dulness, and cause of the continuance thereof. The college of the goddess in the city, with her private academy for poets in particular; the governours of it, and the four cardinal virtues. Then the poem hastes into the midst of things, presenting her, on the evening of a Lord Mayor's day, revolving the long succession of her sons, and the glories past and to come. She fixes her eye on Bays to be the instrument of that great event, which is the subject of the poem. He is described pensive among his books, giving up the cause, and apprehending the period of her empire: after debating whether to betake himself to the church, or to gaming, or to party-writing, he raises an altar of proper books, and (making first his solemn prayer and declaration) purposes thereon to sacrifice all his unsuccessful writings. As the pile is kindled, the goddess, beholding the flame from her seat, flies and puts it out by casting upon it the poem of Thule. She forthwith reveals herself to him, transports him to her temple, unfolds her arts, and initiates him into her mysteries; then announcing the death of Eusden the poet laureat, anoints him, carries him to court, and proclaims him successor.

T H E

THE DUNCIAD.

BOOK I.

THE mighty mother, and her son who brings
 The Smithfield muses to the ear of kings,
 I sing. Say you, her instruments the great!
 Call'd to this work by Dulness, Jove, and Fate;
 You

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 1. *The mighty mother, &c.*] In the first editions it was thus:

Books and the man I sing, the first who brings
 The Smithfield muses to the ear of kings,
 Say, great Patricians! since yourselves inspire
 These wondrous works (so Jove and fate require),
 Say, for what cause, in vain decry'd and curst,
 Still —————

REMARKS.

It is an inconvenience to which writers of reputation are subject, that the justice of their resentment is not always rightly understood. For the calumnies of dull authors being soon forgotten, and those whom they aimed to injure, not caring to recall to memory the particulars of false and scandalous abuse, their necessary correction is suspected of severity unprovoked. But, in this case, it would be but candid to estimate the chastisement on the general character of the offender, compared with that of the person injured. Let this serve with the candid reader, in justification of the poet; and, on occasion, of the editor.

THE DUNCIAD, *sic* MS. It may well be disputed whether this be a right reading. Ought it not rather to be spelled *Dunceiad*, as the etymology evidently demands? *Dunce* with an *e*, therefore *Dunceiad* with an *e*. That accurate and punctual man of letters, the restorer of Shakespear, constantly observes the preservation of this very letter *e*, in spelling the name of his beloved author, and not like his common careless editors, with the omission of one, nay sometimes of two *ee*'s, (as *Shakspear*), which is utterly unpardonable. "Nor is the neglect of a single letter so trivial as to some it may appear; the alteration whereof in a learned language is an achievement that brings honour to the critic who advances it; and Dr Bentley will be remembered to posterity for his performances of this sort, as long as the world

You by whose care, in vain decry'd and curst,
Still Dunce the Second reigns like Dunce the First;
Say,

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"shall have any esteem for the remains of Menander and Philemon." THEOBALD.

This is surely a slip in the learned author of the foregoing note, there having been since produced, by an accurate antiquary, an *autograph* of *Shakspeare* himself, whereby it appears that he spelled his own name without the first *e*. And upon this authority it was, that those most critical curators of his monument in Westminster-abbey erased the former wrong reading, and restored the true spelling on a new piece of old Egyptian granite. Nor for this only do they deserve our thanks, but for exhibiting on the same monument the first specimen of an *edition* of an author in *marble*; where (as may be seen on comparing the tomb with the book) in the space of five lines, two words and a whole verse are changed; and it is to be hoped will there stand, and outlast whatever hath been hitherto done in paper. As for the future, our learned sister-university (the other eye of England) is taking care to perpetuate a *total new Shakspear*, at the Clarendon press.

BENTLEY.

It is to be noted, that this great critic also has omitted one circumstance; which is, that the inscription with the name of *Shakspeare* was intended to be placed on the marble scroll to which he points with his hand; instead of which it is now placed behind his back, and that specimen of an edition is put on the scroll, which indeed *Shakspeare* hath great reason to point at. ANON.

Though I have as just a value for the letter *e* as any grammarian living, and the same affection for the name of this poem as any critic for that of his author; yet cannot it induce me to agree with those who would add yet another *e* to it, and call it the *Dunceiade*; which being a French and foreign termination, is no way proper to a word entirely English, and vernacular. One *e* therefore in this case is right, and two *ee*'s wrong. Yet, upon the whole, I shall follow the manuscript, and print it without any *e* at all; moved thereto by authority, at all times, with critics, equal, if not superiour to reason. In which method of proceeding I can never enough praise my good friend, the exact Mr Tho. Hearne; who, if any word occur, which to him and all mankind is evidently wrong, yet keeps he it in the text with due reverence, and only remarks in the margin, *sic MS.* In like manner we shall not amend this error in the title itself, but only note it *obiter* to evince the learned that it was not our fault, nor any effect of our ignorance or inattention.

SCRIBLERUS.

IMITATIONS.

Say, great Patricians! since yourselves inspire
These wondrous works

— *Dii cæptis (nam vos mutastis et illas).*

Ovid, met, I,

Say, how the goddess bade Britannia sleep,
And pour'd her spirit o'er the land and deep.

In eldest time, ere mortals writ or read,
Ere Pallas issu'd from the Thund'rer's head, 10
Dulness

REMARKS.

This poem was written in the year 1726. In the next year an imperfect edition was published at Dublin, and reprinted at London in twelves; another at Dublin, and another at London in octavo, and three others in twelves the same year. But there was a perfect edition before that of London in quarto; which was attended with notes. We are willing to acquaint posterity, that this poem was presented to King George II. and his Queen, by the hands of Sir Robert Walpole, on the 12th of March 1728 9.

SCHOL. VET.

It was expressly confessed in the preface to the first edition, that this poem was not published by the author himself. It was printed originally in a foreign country. And what foreign country? Why, one notorious for blunders; where finding blanks only instead of proper names, these blunderers filled them up at their pleasure.

The very *Hero* of the poem hath been mistaken to this hour; so that we are obliged to open our notes with a discovery who he really was. We learn from the former editor, that this piece was presented by the hands of Sir Robert Walpole to King George II. Now, the author directly tells us, his hero is the man
—— who brings

The Smithfield muses to the ear of kings.

And it is notorious who was the person on whom this prince conferred the honour of the *laurel*.

It appears as plainly from the *apostrophe* to the *great* in the third verse, that Tibbald could not be the person, who was never an author in fashion, or caressed by the great: whereas this single characteristic is sufficient to point out the true hero; who, above all other poets of his time, was the *peculiar delight* and *chosen companion* of the nobility of England; and wrote, as he himself tells us, certain of his works at the *earnest desire of persons of quality*.

Lastly, The 6th verse affords full proof; this poet being the only one who was universally known to have had a *son* so exactly like him, in his theatrical, political, and moral capacities, that it could justly be said of him,

Still Dunce the Second reigns like Dunce the First.

BENTL.

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Ver. 6. Alluding to a verse of Mr Dryden, not in Mac Fleunce, (as is said ignorantly in the key to the *Dunciad*, p. 1.), but in his verses to Mr Congreve.

And Tom the Second reigns like Tom the First.

Dulness o'er all possess'd her ancient right,
 Daughter of Chaos and eternal Night,
 Fate in their dotage this fair idiot gave,
 Gross as her fire, and as her mother grave,
 Laborious,

REMARKS.

Ver. 1.—*her son who brings, &c.*] Wonderful is the stupidity of all the former critics and commentators on this work! It breaks forth at the very first line. The author of the critic prefixed to *Sawney*, a poem, p. 5. hath been so dull as to explain *the man who brings, &c.* not of the hero of the piece, but of our poet himself, as if he vaunted that *kings* were to be his readers; an honour, which though this poem hath had, yet knoweth he how to receive it with more modesty.

We remit this ignorant to the first lines of the *Æneid*, assuring him that *Virgil* there speaketh not of himself, but of *Æneas*:

*Arma virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab oris
 Italianam, fato profugus, Lavinaque venit
 Littora: multum ille et terris jactatus et alto, &c.*

I cite the whole three verses, that I may by the way offer a *conjectural emendation*, purely my own, upon each. First, *or is* should be read *aris*, it being, as we see *Æn.* ii. 513. from the altar of Jupiter Herceus that *Æneas* fled as soon as he saw Priam slain. In the second line I would read *statu* for *fato*, since it is most clear it was by winds that he arrived at the shore of Italy. *Ja-status*, in the third, is surely as improperly applied to *terris*, as proper to *alto*; to say a man is *lost on land*, is much at one with saying *he walks at sea*: *Risum teneatis, amici!* Correct it, as I doubt not it ought to be, *vexatus*. SCRIBL.—See *Virgilius Restauratus*, vol. 3.

Ver. 2. *The Smithfield muses*] *Smithfield* is the place where Bartholomew fair was kept, whose shews, machines, and dramatical entertainments, formerly agreeable only to the taste of the rabble, were, by the hero of this poem and others of equal genius, brought to the theatres of Covent-garden, Lincoln's-inn-fields, and the Hay market, to be the reigning pleasures of the court and town. This happened in the reigns of King George I. and II. See book iii. ver. 231. &c.

Ver. 4. *By Dulness, Jove, and Fate;*] i. e. By their judgments, their interests, and their inclinations.

Ver. 7. *Say, how the goddess, &c.*] The poet ventureth to sing the action of the goddess: but the passion she impresseth on her illustrious votaries, he thinketh can be only told by themselves. SCRIBL.

Ver. 12. *Daughter of Chaos, &c.*] The beauty of the whole allegory being purely of the poetical kind, we think it not our proper business, as a scholiast, to meddle with it: but leave it

Laborious, heavy, busy, bold, and blind, 15
She rul'd, in native anarchy, the mind.

Still her old empire to restore she tries,
For, born a goddess, Dulness never dies.

O thou! whatever title please thine ear,
Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver! 20

Whether thou chuse Cervantes' serious air,
Or laugh and shake in Rab'lais' easy chair,

Or praise the court, or magnify mankind,
Or thy griev'd country's copper chains unbind;

From

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 22. in the MS.

Or in the graver gown instruct mankind,

Or silent let thy morals tell thy mind.

But this was to be understood, as the poet says, *ironic*, like the 23d verse.

REMARKS.

(as we shall in general all such) to the reader; remarking only that *Chaos* (according to *Hesiod's* *Ἠσυχία*) was the progenitor of all the gods. SCRIBL.

Ver. 15. *Laborious, heavy, busy, bold, &c.*] I wonder the learned Scriblerus has omitted to advertise the reader, at the opening of this poem, that *Dulness* here is not to be taken contractedly for mere stupidity, but in the enlarged sense of the word, for all slowness of apprehension, shortness of sight, or imperfect sense of things. It includes (as we see by the poet's own words) labour, industry, and some degrees of activity and boldness: a ruling principle not inert, but turning topsy-turvy the understanding, and inducing an anarchy or confused state of mind. This remark ought to be carried along with the reader throughout the work: and without this caution he will be apt to mistake the importance of many of the characters, as well as of the design of the poet. Hence it is, that some have complained he chuses too mean a subject, and imagined he employs himself, like Domitian, in killing flies; whereas those who have the true key will find he sports with nobler quarry, and embraces a larger compass; or (as one saith, on a like occasion)

Will see his work like Jacob's ladder, rise,

Its foot in dirt, its head amid the skies. BENTL.

Ver. 20. *Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver!*] The several names and characters he assumed in his ludicrous, his splenetic, or his party writings; which take in all his works.

Ver. 24. *Or praise the court, or magnify mankind,*] *Ironical*, alluding to *Gulliver's* representations of both. — The next line

From thy Boeotia tho' her pow'r retires, 25.
Mourn not, my SWIFT, at ought our realm acquires.
Here pleas'd behold her mighty wings outspread
To hatch a new Saturnian age of lead.

Close to those walls where Folly holds her throne,
And laughs to think Monro would take her down,
Where

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 29. *Close to those walls, &c.*] In the former editions thus:

Where wave the tatter'd ensigns of Rag-fair,
A yawning ruin hangs and nods in air;
Keen hollow winds howl thro' the bleak recess,
Emblem of music caus'd by emptiness;
Here in one bed two shiv'ring sisters lie,
The cave of Poverty and Poetry.

Var. *Where wave the tatter'd ensigns of Rag-fair,*] *Rag-fair* is a place near the Tower of London, where old cloaths and frippery are sold.

Var. *A yawning ruin hangs and nods in air; —*
Here in one bed two shiv'ring sisters lie,
The cave of Poverty and Poetry.]

Hear upon this place the forecited critic on the *Dunciad*.
"These lines (saith he) have no construction, or are nonsense."
"The two shivering sisters must be the sister-caves of Poverty
and Poetry, or the bed and cave of Poverty and Poetry must
be the same, [questionless, if they lie in one bed]; and the two
sisters the Lord knows who." O the construction of grammatical heads! *Virgil* writeth thus, *Æn.* i.

Fronte sub adversa scopulis pendentibus antrum:
Intus aque dulces, virvogue sedilia saxo;
Nympharum domus. —

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relates to the papers of the *Drapier* against the currency of Wood's copper coin in Ireland, which, upon the great discontent of the people, his Majesty was graciously pleas'd to recall.

Ver. 26. *Mourn not, my SWIFT! at ought our realm acquires*] *Ironice iterum.* The politics of England and Ireland were at this time by some thought to be opposite, or interfering with each other. Dr *Swift* of course was in the interest of the latter, our author of the former.

Ver. 28. *To hatch a new Saturnian age of lead,*] The ancient golden age is by poets styl'd *Saturnian*, as being under the reign of Saturn; but in the chemical language *Saturn* is lead. She is said here only to be spreading her wings to hatch this age; which is not produced completely till the fourth book.

Where o'er the gates, by his fam'd father's hand, 31
 Great Cibber's brazen brainless brothers stand;
 One cell there is, conceal'd from vulgar eye,
 The cave of Poverty and Poetry.
 Keen, hollow winds howl thro' the bleak recess, 35
 Emblem of music caus'd by emptiness.
 Hence bards, like Proteus long in vain ty'd down,
 Escape in monsters, and amaze the town.
 Hence Miscellanies spring, the weekly boast
 Of Curl's chaste press, and Lintot's rubric post: 40

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May we not say in like manner, "The nymphs must be the
 " waters and the stones, or the waters and the stones must be
 " the houses of the nymphs?" *Insulse!* The second line *Intus*
agua, &c. is a parenthesis (as are two lines of our author, *Keen*
hollow winds, &c.); and it is the *antrum*, and the *yawning ruin*,
 in the line before that parenthesis, which are the *domus* and the
cave.

Let me again, I beseech thee, reader, present thee with ano-
 ther conjectural emendation on *Virgil's scopulis pendentibus*. He is
 here describing a place, whither the weary mariners of *Aeneas*
 repaired to dress their dinner. — *Fessis—frugisque rauceas et torrens*
parant flammis. What has *scopulis pendentibus* here to do? Indeed
 the *agua dulces* and *sedilia* are something; *sewer waters* to drink,
 and *seats* to rest on: the other is surely an error of the copyists.
 Restore it, without the least scruple, *populis prandenibus*.

But for this and a thousand more, expect our *Virgil restored*,
 vol. 3. SCRIBL.

REMARKS.

Ver. 31. *By his fam'd father's hand,*] Mr Caius-Gabriel
 Cibber, father of the poet-laureat. The two statues of the
 Lunatics over the gates of Bedlam-hospital were done by him,
 and (as the son justly says of them) are no ill monuments of his
 fame as an artist.

Ver. 34. *Poverty and Poetry.*] I cannot here omit a remark
 that will greatly endear our author to every one, who shall at-
 tentively observe that humanity and candour, which every where
 appears in him towards those unhappy objects of the ridicule of
 all mankind, the bad poets. He here imputes all scandalous
 rhymes, scurrilous weekly papers, base flatteries, wretched
 elegies, songs, and verses, (even from those sung at court, to
 ballads in the streets), not so much to malice or servility as to
 dulness; and not so much to dulness as to necessity. And thus,
 at the very commencement of his satire, he makes an apology for
 all that are to be satirised.

Hence

Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lines,
Hence Journals, Medleys, Merc'ries, MAGAZINES:
Sepulchral lies, our holy walls to grace,
And new-year odes, and all the Grub-street race.

In clouded majesty here Dulness shone; 45
Four guardian Virtues, round, support her throne:

Fierce

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 41. in the former lines,

Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lay,

Hence the soft ling-song on Cecilia's day.

Ver. 42. Alludes to the annual songs composed to music on St Cecilia's feast.

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Ver. 40. *Curl's chaste press, and Lintot's rubric post:*] Two bookfellers, of whom see book ii. The former was fined by the court of king's bench for publishing obscene books; the latter usually adorned his shop with titles in red letters.

Ver. 41. *Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lines,*] It is an ancient English custom for the malefactors to sing a psalm at their execution at Tyburn; and no less customary to print elegies on their deaths, at the same time, or before.

Ver. 42. *MAGAZINES.*] The common name of those upstart collections in prose and verse; where dulness assumes all the various shapes of folly to draw in and cajole the rabble. The eruption of every miserable scribbler; the dirty scum of every stagnant newspaper; the rags of worn-out nonsense and scandal, picked up from every dunghill; under the title of *Essays, Reflections, Queries, Songs, Epigrams, Riddles, &c.* equally the disgrace of human wit, morality, and common sense. P.

Ver. 43. *Sepulchral lies,*] Is a just satire on the flatteries and falsehoods admitted to be inscribed on the walls of churches, in epitaphs; which occasioned the following epigram,

Friend! in your epitaphs, I'm griev'd,

So very much is said:

One half will never be believ'd,

The other never read.

Ver. 44. *New-year odes,*] Made by the poet-laureat for the time being, to be sung at court on every new-year's day, the words of which are happily drowned in the voices and instruments. The *new-year odes* of the hero of this work were of a

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Ver. 41. 42. *Hence hymning Tyburn's—Hence, &c.*]

—Genus unde Latinum,

Albanique patres, atque alta moenia Romæ.

X 3

Virg. Æn. i.

Maggots half form'd in rhyme exactly meet,
 And learn to crawl upon poetic feet.
 Here one poor word an hundred clenches makes,
 And ductile Dulness new meanders takes;
 There motly images her fancy strike,
 Figures ill pair'd, and similes unlike.
 She sees a mob of metaphors advance,
 Pleas'd with the madness of the mazy dance;
 How Tragedy and Comedy embrace;
 How Farce and Epic get a jumbled race;
 How Time himself stands still at her command,
 Realms shift their place, and ocean turns to land.

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Ver. 63. *Here one poor word an hundred clenches makes,*] It may not be amiss to give an instance or two of these operations of *Dulness* out of the works of her sons, celebrated in the poem. A great critic formerly held these clenches in such abhorrence, that he declared, "he that would pun, would pick a pocket." Yet Mr Dennis's works afford us notable examples in this kind: "*Alexander Pope* hath sent abroad into the world as many *Bulls* as his namesake *Pope Alexander*. — Let us take the initial and final letters of his name, *viz.* *A. P—E*, and they give you the idea of an *Ape*. — *Pope* comes from the Latin word *Papa*, which signifies a little wart; or from *poppysma*, because he was continually *popping* out squibs of wit, or rather *Popismata*, or *Popisms*." DENNIS on *Hom.* and *Daily Journal*, June 11. 1728.

Ver. 70. &c. *How Farce and Epic—How Time himself, &c.*] Allude to the transgressions of the *Unities* in the plays of such poets. For the miracles wrought upon *Time* and *Place*, and the mixture of tragedy and comedy, farce and epic, see *Pluto* and *Proserpine*, *Penelope*, &c. if yet extant.

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Ver 55. *Here she beholds the Chaos dark and deep,
 Where nameless Somethings, &c.*]

That is to say, unformed things, which are either made into poems or plays, as the booksellers or the players bid most. These lines allude to the following in *Garth's* dispensary, cant. vi.

Within the chambers of the globe they spy
 The beds where sleeping vegetables lie,
 Till the glad summons of a genial ray
 Unbinds the glebe, and calls them out to-day.

Here

Here gay Description Egypt glads with show'rs,
 Or gives to Zembla fruits, to Barca flow'rs;
 Glitt'ring with ice here hoary hills are seen, 75
 There painted valleys of eternal green,
 In cold December fragrant chaplets blow,
 And heavy harvests nod beneath the snow.

All these, and more, the cloud-compelling queen
 Beholds thro' fogs, that magnify the scene. 80
 She, tinsel'd o'er in robes of varying hues,
 With self-applause her wild creation views;
 Sees momentary monsters rise and fall,
 And with her own fools-colours gilds them all.

'Twas on the day, when ** rich and grave, 85
 Like Cimon, triumph'd both on land and wave:
 (Pomps

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Ver 85. in the former editions,

'Twas on the day when Thorold, rich and grave:
 Sir George Thorold, Lord Mayor of London in the year 1720.

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Ver. 73. *Egypt glads with show'rs,*] In the lower Egypt rain is of no use, the overflowing of the Nile being sufficient to impregnate the soil.—These six verses represent the inconsistencies in the descriptions of poets, who heap together all glittering and gawdy images, though incompatible in one season, or in one scene.

See the Guardian No 40. parag. 6. See also Eusden's whole works, if to be found. It would not have been unpleasant to have given examples of all these species of bad writing from these authors, but that it is already done in our treatise of the *Baibos*. SCRIBL.

Ver. 85. 86. *'Twas on the day, when ** rich and grave, Like Cimon, triumph'd*] Viz. a Lord Mayor's day, his name the author had left in blanks; but most certainly could never be that which the editor foisted in formerly, and which no way agrees with the chronology of the poem. BENTL.

The procession of a Lord Mayor is made partly by land, and partly by water.—Cimon, the famous Athenian general, ob-

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Ver. 64. *And duEile dulness, &c.*] A parody on a verse in Garth, cant. i.

How ductile matter new meanders takes.

Ver. 79. *The cloud-compelling queen*] From Homer's epithet of Jupiter, *νεφεληγεῖρα Ζεὺς*.

(Pomps without guilt, of bloodless swords and maces,
Glad chains, warm furs, broad banners, and broad
faces):

Now night descending, the proud scene was o'er,
But liv'd in Settle's numbers, one day more, 90
Now May's and Shrieves all hush'd and satiate lay,
Yet eat, in dreams, the custard of the day;
While pensive poets painful vigils keep,
Sleepless themselves, to give their readers sleep.
Much to the mindful Queen the feast recalls 95
What city-swans once sung within the walls;
Much she revolves their arts, their ancient praise,
And sure succession down from Heywood's days.
She saw, with joy, the line immortal run,
Each fire impress'd and glaring in his son: 100

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tained a victory by sea, and another by land, on the same day,
over the Persians and Barbarians.

Ver. 88. *Glad chains,*] The ignorance of these moderns!
This was altered in one edition to *Gold chains*, shewing more
regard to the metal of which the chains of aldermen are
made, than to the beauty of the Latinism and Grecism, nay,
of figurative speech itself: *Latus segetes*, glad, for making
glad, &c. SCRIBL.

Ver. 90. *But liv'd in Settle's numbers, one day more,*] A beau-
tiful manner of speaking, usual with poets in praise of poetry;
in which kind nothing is finer than those lines of Mr Addison:

Sometimes, misguided by the tuneful throng,
I look for streams immortalis'd in song,
That lost in silence and oblivion lie,
Dumb are their fountains, and their channels dry;
Yet run for ever by the Muses skill,
And in the smooth description murmur still.

Ibid. *But liv'd, in Settle's numbers, one day more,*] Settle was
poet to the city of London. His office was to compose yearly
panegyrics upon the Lord Mayors, and verses to be spoken in
the pageants: but that part of the shows being at length frugally
abolished, the employment of city-poet ceased; so that upon
Settle's demise there was no successor to that place.

Ver. 98. *John Heywood*, whose interludes were printed in the
time of Henry VIII.

So watchful Bruin forms, with plastic care,
Each growing lump, and brings it to a bear.
She saw old Pryn in restless Daniel shine;
And Eusden eke out Blackmore's endless line;

She

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Ver. 103. *Old Pryn in restless Daniel*] The first edition had it,
She saw in Norton all his father shine :

a great mistake ! for Daniel de Foe had parts, but Norton de Foe was a wretched writer, and never attempted poetry. Much more justly is Daniel himself made successor to W. Pryn, both of whom wrote verses as well as politics ; as appears by the poem *De jure divino*, &c. of de Foe, and by these lines in Cowley's miscellanies, on the other :

— One lately did not fear
(Without the Muses leave) to plant verse here.
But it produc'd such base, rough, crabbed, hedge-
Rhymes, as e'en set the hearers ears on edge :
Written by William Pryn Esquire, the
Year of our Lord, six hundred thirty-three.
Brave Jersey Muse ! and he's for his high style
Call'd to this day the Homer of the idle.

And both these authors had a resemblance in their fates as well as their writings, having been alike sentenced to the pillory.

Ver. 104. *And Eusden eke out, &c.*] Laurence Eusden poet-laureat. Mr Jacob gives a catalogue of some few only of his works, which were very numerous. Mr Cook, in his battle of poets, faith of him,

Eusden, a laurel'd bard, by fortune rais'd,
By very few was read, by fewer prais'd.

Mr Oldmixon, in his arts of logic and rhetoric, p. 413. 414. affirms, " That of all the Galima'ia's he ever met with, none " comes up to some verses of this poet, which have as much " of the ridiculum and the fustian in them as can well be jum- " bled together, and are of that sort of nonsense, which so per- " fectly confounds all ideas, that there is no distinct one left in " the mind." Further he says of him, " That he hath pro- " phesied his own poetry shall be sweeter than Catullus, Ovid, " and Tibullus ; but we have little hope of the accomplishment " of it, from what he hath lately published." Upon which Mr Oldmixon has not spared a reflection, " That the putting " the laurel on the head of one who writ such verses, will give " futurity a very lively idea of the judgment and justice of those " who bestowed it." *Ibid.* p. 417. But the well-known learn- ing of that noble person who was then Lord Chamberlain, might

She saw slow Philips creep like Tate's poor page,
And all the mighty mad in Dennis rage. 106
In

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have screened him from this unmannerly reflection. Nor ought Mr Oldmixon to complain, so long after, that the laurel would have better become his own brows, or any others: it were more decent to acquiesce in the opinion of the Duke of Buckingham upon this matter:

— In rush'd Eusden, and cry'd, Who shall have it,
But I, the true laureat, to whom the King gave it?
Apollo begg'd pardon, and granted his claim,
But vow'd that till then he ne'er heard of his name:

Session of poets,

The same plea might also serve for his successor, Mr Cibber; and is further strengthened in the following epigram, made on that occasion.

In merry Old England it once was a rule,
The king had his poet, and also his fool:
But now we're so frugal, I'd have you to know it,
That Cibber can serve both for fool and for poet.

Of Blackmore, see book ii. Of Philips, book i. ver. 262. and book iii. *prope fin.*

Nahum Tate was poet-laureat, a cold writer of no invention; but sometimes translated tolerably when befriended by Mr Dryden. In his second part of Absalom and Achitophel are above two hundred admirable lines together of that great hand, which strongly shine through the insipidity of the rest. Something parallel may be observed of another author here mentioned.

Ver. 106. *And all the mighty mad*] This is by no means to be understood literally, as if Mr Dennis were really mad, according to the narrative of Dr Norris in Swift and Pope's miscellanies, vol. iii. No — it is spoken of that excellent and divine madness, so often mentioned by Plato; that poetical rage and enthusiasm, with which Mr D. hath in his time been highly possessed; and of those extraordinary hints and motions whereof he himself so feelingly treats in his preface to the Rem. on Pr. Arth. [See notes on book ii. ver. 268.]

Ibid. *And all the mighty mad in Dennis rage.*] Mr Theobald, in the Censor, vol. ii. No 33. calls Mr Dennis by the name of *Furius*. "The modern Furius is to be looked upon as more an object of pity, than of that which he daily provokes, laughter and contempt. Did we really know how much this poor man [I wish that reflection on poverty had been spared] suffers by being contradicted, or, which is the same thing in effect, by hearing another praised; we should, in compassion, some-

In each she marks her image full exprest;
 But chief in BAYS's monster-breeding breast;
Bays,

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 208. *But chief in Bay's, &c.* In the former edit, thus,
 But chief, in Tibbald's monster-breeding breast;
 Sees Gods with Dæmons in strange league engage,
 And Earth, and Heav'n, and Hell her battles wage,
 She ey'd the bard, where supperless he sat,
 And pin'd, unconscious of his rising fate;
 Studious he sat, with all his books around,
 Sinking from thought to thought, &c.

Var. Tibbald] Author of a pamphlet entitled, *Shakespeare restor'd*. During two whole years while Mr Pope was preparing his edition of Shakespeare, he published advertisements, requesting assistance, and promising satisfaction to any who could contribute to its greater perfection. But this restorer, who was at that time soliciting favours of him by letters, did wholly conceal his design, till after its publication: (which he was since not ashamed to own, in a *Daily Journal* of Nov. 26. 1728.) And then an outcry was made in the prints, that our author had joined with the bookseller to raise an *extravagant subscription*; in which he had no share, of which he had no knowledge, and against which he had publicly advertised in his own proposals for *Homer*. Probably that proceeding elevated Tibbald to the dignity he holds in this poem, which he seems to deserve no other way better than his brethren; unless we impute it to the share he had in the *Journals*, cited among the *Testimonies of Authors* prefixed to this work.

REMARKS.

" times attend to him with a silent nod, and let him go away
 " with the triumphs of his ill-nature. — Poor Furius [again]
 " when any of his contemporaries are spoken well of, quitting
 " the ground of the present dispute, steps back a thousand years
 " to call in the succour of the ancients. His very panegyric is
 " spiteful, and he uses it for the same reason as some ladies do
 " their commendations of a dead beauty, who would never have
 " had their good word, but that a living one happened to be
 " mentioned in their company. His applause is not the tribute
 " of his heart, but the sacrifice of his revenge," &c. Indeed
 " his pieces against our poet are somewhat of an angry character,
 " and as they are now scarce extant, a taste of his style may be sat-
 " isfactory to the curious. " A young, squab, short gentleman,
 " whose outward form, though it should be that of downright
 " monkey, would not differ so much from human shape as his
 " unthinking immaterial part does from human understand-

Bays, form'd by nature stage and town to bless,
And act, and be, a coxcomb with success.

Dulness

REMARKS.

"ing. — He is as stupid and as venomous as a hunch-backed
"toad. — A book through which folly and ignorance, those
"brethren so lame and impotent, do ridiculously look very big
"and very dull, and strut and hobble, cheek by jowl, with
"their arms on kimbo, being led and supported, and bully-
"backed by that blind Hector, Impudence." *Reflect. on the*
Essay on Criticism, p. 26. 29. 30.

It would be unjust not to add his reasons for this fury, they
are so strong and so coercive: "I regard him (saith he) as an e-
"nemy, not so much to me, as to my king, to my country, to
"my religion, and to that liberty which has been the sole felici-
"city of my life. A vagary of fortune, who is sometimes
"pleased to be frolicsome, and the epidemic *madness of the times*
"have given him *reputation*, and reputation (as Hobbes says) is
"power, and that has made him dangerous. Therefore I look on
"it as my duty to King George, whose faithful subject I am; to
"my country, of which I have appeared a constant lover; to the
"laws, under whose protection I have so long lived; and to
"the liberty of my country, more dear to me than life, of which
"I have now for forty years been a constant assertor, &c. I
"look upon it as my duty, I say, to do — *you shall see what* —
"to pull the lion's skin from this little ass, which popular er-
"ror has thrown round him; and to shew that this author,
"who has been lately so much in vogue, has neither sense in
"his thoughts, nor English in his expressions." DENNIS,
Rem. on Hom. pref. p. 2. 91. &c.

Besides these public-spirited reasons, Mr D. had a private one;
which, by his manner of expressing it in p. 92. appears to have
been equally strong. He was even in bodily fear of his life from
the machinations of the said Mr P. "The story (says he) is
"too long to be told, but who would be acquainted with it, may
"hear it from Mr Curl, my bookseller. — However, what
"my reason has suggested to me, that I have with a just confi-
"dence said, in defiance of his two clandestine weapons, his
"slander and his poison." Which last words of his book plain-
ly discover Mr D.'s suspicion was that of being *poisoned*, in like
manner as Mr Curl had been before him: of which fact see *A*
full and true account of a horrid and barbarous revenge, by poison,
on the body of Edmund Curl, printed in 1716, the year antecedent
to that wherein these remarks of Mr Dennis were published.
But what puts it beyond all question, is a passage in a very warm
treatise, in which Mr D. was also concerned, price two pence,
called *A true character of Mr Pope and his writings*, printed for

Dulness with transport eyes the lively dunce,
Rememb'ring she herself was Pertness once.

Now

REMARKS.

S. Popping, 1716; in the tenth page whereof he is said "to have insulted people on those calamities and diseases which he himself gave them, by administering *pain* to them:" and is called (p. 4.) "a lurking way-laying coward, and a stabber in the dark." Which (with many other things most lively set forth in that piece) must have rendered him a terrour, not to Mr Dennis only, but to all Christian people. This charitable warning only provoked our incorrigible poet to write the following epigram:

Should Dennis publish, you had stabb'd your brother,
Lampoon'd your monarch, or debauch'd your mother;
Say, what revenge on Dennis can be had?
Too dull for laughter, for reply too mad;
On one so poor you cannot take the law;
On one so old your sword you scorn to draw:
Uncag'd then let the harmless monster rage,
Secure in dulness, madness, want, and age.

For the rest; Mr John Dennis was the son of a saddler in London, born in 1657. He paid court to Mr Dryden: and having obtained some correspondence with Mr Wycherley and Mr Congreve, he immediately obliged the public with their letters. He made himself known to the government by many admirable schemes and projects; which the ministry, for reasons best known to themselves, constantly kept private. For his character, as a writer, it is given us as follows: "Mr Dennis is excellent at Pindaric writing, perfectly regular in all his performances, and a person of sound learning. That he is master of a great deal of penetration and judgment, his criticisms (particularly on *Prince Arthur*) do sufficiently demonstrate." From the same account it also appears that he writ plays "more to get reputation than money." DENNIS of himself. See Giles Jacob's lives of dram. poets, p. 68. 69. compared with p. 286.

Ver. 109. *Bays, form'd by nature, &c.*] It is hoped the poet here hath done full justice to his hero's character, which it were a great mistake to imagine was wholly sunk in stupidity: he is allowed to have supported it with a wonderful mixture of vivacity. This character is heightened according to his own desire, in a letter he wrote to our author. "Pert and dull at least you might have allowed me. What I am I only to be dull, and dull still, and again, and for ever?" He then solemnly appealed to his own conscience, that "he could not think himself so, nor believe that our poet did; but that he spoke worse of him than he could possibly think; and concluded it must be merely to

Now (shame to fortune!) an ill run at play
 Blank'd his bold visage, and a thin third day:
 Swearing and supperless the hero sat, 115
 Blasphem'd his gods, the dice, and damn'd his fate.
 Then gnaw'd his pen, then dash'd it on the ground,
 Sinking from thought to thought, a vast profound!
 Plung'd for his sense, but found no bottom there,
 Yet wrote and flounder'd on, in mere despair. 120

Round

REMARKS.

"shew his wit, or for some profit or lucre to himself." Life of C. C. chap. vii. and Letter to Mr P. p. 15. 40. 53. And to shew his claim to what the poet was so unwilling to allow him, of being *perit* as well as *dull*, he declares he will have the last word; which occasioned the following epigram:

Quoth C. bber to Pope, Tho' in verse you foreclose,
 I'll have the last word; for by G—, I'll write prose:
 Poor Colly, thy reasoning is none of the strongest,
 For know, the last word is the word that lasts longest.

Ver. 113. *shame to Fortune!*] Because she usually shews favour to persons of this character, who have a threefold pretence to it.

Ver. 115. *supperless the hero sat*] It is amazing how the sense of this hath been mistaken by all the former commentators, who most idly suppose it to imply that the hero of the poem wanted a supper. In truth a great absurdity! Not that we are ignorant that the hero of Homer's *Odyssey* is frequently in that circumstance, and therefore it can no way derogate from the grandeur of epic poem to represent such hero under a calamity, to which the greatest, not only of critics and poets, but of kings and warriors, have been subject. But much more refined, I will venture to say, is the meaning of our author: it was to give us obliquely, a curious precept, or what Boffu calls, *a disguised sentence*, that "temperance is the life of study." The language of poetry brings all into action; and to represent a critic encompassed with books but without a supper, is a picture which lively expresseth how much the true critic prefers the diet of the mind to that of the body, one of which he always castigates, and often totally neglects for the greater improvement of the other. SCRIBL.

But since the discovery of the true hero of the poem, may we not add, that nothing was so natural, after so great a loss of money at dice, or of reputation by his play, as that the poet should have no great stomach to eat a supper? Besides, how well has the poet consulted his heroic character, in adding that he *swore* all the time? BENTL.

Round him much embryo, much abortion lay,
 Much future ode, and abdicated play :
 Nonsense precipitate like running lead,
 That slipt thro' cracks and zig-zags of the head ;
 All that on Folly Frenzy could beget, 125
 Fruits of dull Heat, and footerkins of Wit.
 Next o'er his books his eyes began to roll,
 In pleasing memory of all he stole,
 How here he sipp'd, how there he plunder'd snug,
 And suck'd all o'er like an industrious bug. 130
 Here lay poor Fletcher's half-eat scenes, and here
 The frippery of crucify'd Moliere ;
 There hapless Shakespear, yet of Tibbald sore,
 Wish'd he had blotted for himself before.

The

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 121. *Round him much embryo, &c.*] In the former editions thus,

He roll'd his eyes that witness'd huge dismay,
 Where yet unpawn'd, much learned lumber lay ;
 Volumes, whose size the space exactly fill'd,
 Or which fond authors were so good to gild,
 Or where, by sculpture made for ever known,
 The page admires new beauties not its own.
 Here swells the shelf, &c. —

IMITATIONS.

Var. *He roll'd his eyes that witness'd huge dismay.*

— round he throws his eyes,

That witness'd huge affliction and dismay.

Milt. b. i.

The progress of a bad poet in his thoughts, being (like the progress of the devil in Milton) through a *chaos*, might probably suggest this imitation.

REMARKS.

Ver. 131. *poor Fletcher's half-eat scenes,*] A great number of them taken out to patch up his plays.

Ver. 132. *The frippery*] "When I fitted up an old play, it was as a good housewife will mend old linen, when she has not better employment." *Life*, p. 217. *Octavo*.

Ver. 133. *hapless Shakespear, &c.*] It is not to be doubted but Bays was a subscriber to Tibbald's Shakespear. He was frequently liberal this way ; and, as he tells us, "subscribed to Mr Pope's Homer, out of pure generosity and civility ; but when Mr Pope did so to his Nonjuror, he concluded it could be nothing but a joke." *Letter to Mr P.* p. 24.

The rest on outside merit but presume,
 Or serve (like other fools) to fill a room;
 Such with their shelves as due proportion hold,
 Or their fond parents dress'd in red and gold;
 Or where the pictures for the page alone,
 And Quarles is fav'd by beauties not his own. 140
 Here swells the shelf with Ogilby the great;
 There stamp'd with arms, Newcastle shines complete:

REMARKS.

This Tibbald, or Theobald, published an edition of Shakespear, of which he was so proud himself as to say, in one of *Mist's Journals*, June 8. "That to expose any errors in it was impracticable." And in another, April 27. "That whatever care might for the future be taken by any other editor, he would still give above five hundred emendations, that *shall* escape them all."

Ver. 134. *Wish'd be had blotted*] It was a ridiculous praise which the players gave to Shakespear, "that he never blotted a line." Ben Johnson honestly wished he had blotted a thousand; and Shakespear would certainly have wished the same, if he had lived to see those alterations in his works, which, not the actors only (and especially the daring hero of this poem) have made on the *stage*, but the presumptuous critics of our days in their editions.

Ver. 135. *The rest on outside merit, &c.*] This library is divided into three parts; the first consists of those authors from whom he stole, and whose works he mangled; the second, of such as fitted the shelves, or were gilded for shew, or adorned with pictures; the third class our author calls solid learning. old bodies of divinity, old commentaries, old English printers, or old English translations: all very voluminous, and fit to erect altars to Dulness.

Ver. 141. *Ogilby the great;*] "John Ogilby was one, who, from a late initiation into literature, made such a progress as might well style him the prodigy of his time! sending into the world so many large volumes! His translations of Homer and Virgil done to the life, and with such excellent sculptures; And (what added great grace to his works) he printed them all on special good paper, and in a very good letter." WINSTANLY, *Lives of Poets*.

Ver. 142. *There, stamp'd with arms, Newcastle shines complete;*] "The Duchess of Newcastle was one who busied herself in the ravishing delights of poetry; leaving to posterity in print three ample volumes of her studious endeavours." WINSTANLY, *ib.* Langbaine reckons up eight folios of her Grace's; which were usually adorned with gilded covers, and had her coat of arms upon them.

Here all his suff'ring brotherhood retire,
 And 'scape the martyrdom of jakes and fire :
 A Gothic library! of Greece and Rome 145
 Well purg'd, and worthy Settle, Banks, and Broome.
 But high above, more solid learning shone,
 The classics of an age that heard of none ;

There

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 146. in the first edition it was

Well-purg'd, and worthy W—y, W—s, and Bl—.

And in the following altered to Withers, Quarles, and Blome, on which was the following note:

It was printed in the surreptitious editions, W—ly, W—s, who were persons eminent for good life; the one writ the life of Christ in verse, the other some valuable pieces in the lyric kind on pious subjects. The line is here restored according to its original.

"George Withers was a great pretender to poetical zeal against the vices of the times, and abused the greatest personages in power, which brought upon him frequent correction." The "Marshalsea and Newgate were no strangers to him." WINSTANLY. Quarles was as dull a writer, but an honest man. Blome's books are remarkable for their cuts.

REMARKS.

Ver. 146. *Worthy Settle, Banks, and Broome.*] The poet has mentioned these three authors in particular, as they are parallel to our hero in his three capacities: 1. Settle was his brother-laureat; only indeed upon half-pay, for the city instead of the court; but equally famous for unintelligible flights in his poems on public occasions, such as shows, birthdays, &c. 2. Banks was his rival in *tragedy* (though more successful) in one of his tragedies, the *Earl of Essex*, which is yet alive: *Anna Boleyn*, the *Queen of Scots*, and *Cyrus the Great*, are dead and gone. These he dressed in a sort of *beggar's velvet*, or a happy mixture of the *thick fustian* and *thin prosaic*; exactly imitated in *Perolla* and *Iphigeneia*, *Cæsar in Egypt*, and the *Heroic Daughter*. 3. Broome was a serving-man of Ben Johnson, who once picked up a *comedy* from his betters, or from some cast scenes of his master, not entirely contemptible.

Ver. 147. *More solid learning*] Some have objected that books of this sort suit not so well the library of our Bays, which

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 140. in the former editions,

The page admires new beauties not its own.

Miraturque novas frondes et non sua poma. Virg. Geor. ii.

There Caxton slept with Wynkyn at his side, 149
 One clasp'd in wood, and one in strong cow-hide;
 There, sav'd by spice, like mummies, many a year,
 Dry bodies of divinity appear:
 De Lyra there a dreadful front extends,
 And here the groaning shelves Philemon bends.

Of

REMARKS.

they imagined consisted of novels, plays, and obscene books; but they are to consider, that he furnished his shelves only for ornament, and read these books no more than the *dry bodies of divinity*, which, no doubt, were purchased by his father when he designed him for the gown. See the note on ver. 200.

Ver. 149. *Caxton*] A printer in the time of Edward IV. Rich. III. and Hen. VII.; Wynkyn de Word, his successor, in that of Hen. VII. and VIII. The former translated into prose Virgil's *Æneis*, as a history; of which he speaks, in his proeme, in a very singular manner, as of a book hardly known. "Happened that to my hande came a lytyl book in frenche, whiche late was translated out of laryn by some noble clerke of fraunce, which booke is named *Eneydos* (made in latyn by that noble poete and grete clerke Vyrghyle) which book I sawe over and redde therein. How after the generall destruccyon of the grete Troy, Eneas departed berynge his old fader anchises upon his sholdres, his lytyl son yolas on his hande, his wyfe with moche other people followynge, and how he shipped and departed; wythe all thystorye of his adventures that he had er he cam to the atchievement of his conquest of ytaly, as all alonge shall be shewed in this present booke. In whiche booke I had grete playsyr, by cause of the fayr and honest termes and wordes in frenche, whiche I never sawe to fore lyke, ne none so playfant ne so well ordred; whiche booke as me semed shold be moch requysite to noble men to see, as wel for the eloquence as the hystories. How wel that many hondred yerys passed was the sayd booke of *Eneydos* wyth other workes made and lerned dayly in scolis, especyally in ytaly and other places, which historye the sayd Vyrghyle made in metre." *Tibbald* quotes a rare passage from him in *Mist's Journal of March 16. 1728*, concerning a *strange and mercurylous beaste called Sagittarye*, which he would have *Shakespeare* to mean rather than *Teucer*, the archer celebrated by *Homer*.

Ver. 153. *Nich. de Lyra*, or Harpsfield, a very voluminous commentator, whose works, in five vast folios, were printed in 1472.

Ver. 154. *Philemon Holland*, Doctor in physick. "He translated *so many books*, that a man would think he had done *nothing else*; insomuch that he might be called *Translator gene-*

Of these twelve volumes, twelve of amplest size
 Redeem'd from tapers and defrauded pies, 156
 Inspir'd he seizes: These an altar raise:
 An hecatomb of pure, unsully'd lays
 That altar crowns: A folio common-place
 Founds the whole pile, of all his works the base;
 Quartos, octavos, shape the less'ning pyre; 161
 A-twisted birthday-ode completes the spire.

Then he: Great Tamer of all human art!
 First in my care, and ever at my heart;
 Dulness! whose good old cause I yet defend, 165
 With whom my muse began, with whom shall end,
 E'er since Sir Fopling's periwig was praise,
 To the last honours of the butt and bays:

Q

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 162. *A-twisted, &c.*] in the former edd:

And last, a little Ajax tips the spire.

Var. *a little Ajax*] in *duodecimo*, translated from Sophocles by Tibbald.

REMARKS.

"*ral of his age.* The books alone of his turning into English
 "are sufficient to make a country-gentleman a complete library."

WINSTANLY.

Ver. 167. *E'er since Sir Fopling's periwig*] The first visible
 cause of the passion of the town for our hero, was a fair flaxen
 full-bottomed periwig, which, he tells us, he wore in his first
 play of the *Fool in fashion*. It attracted, in a particular manner,
 the friendship of Col. Brett, who wanted to purchase it. "What-
 "ever contempt (says he) philosophers may have for a fine pe-
 "riwig, my friend, who was not to despise the world, but to
 "live in it, knew very well that so material an article of dress
 "upon the head of a man of sense, if it became him, could
 "never fail of drawing to him a more partial regard and bene-
 "volence, than could possibly be hoped for in an ill-made one.
 "This, perhaps, may soften the grave censure, which so youth-
 "ful a purchase might otherwise have laid upon him. In a

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 166. *With whom my muse began, with whom shall end,*]

A te principium, tibi desinet.— Virg. ecl. viii.

Ex Διὸς ἀρχώμεθα, καὶ εἰς Δία λήγῃσι Μῶσαι. Theoc.

Prima dicte mihi, summa dicende Camæna,

Hor,

O thou! of bus'ness the directing soul!
 To this our head like bias to the bowl, 170
 Which, as more pond'rous, made its aim more true,
 Obliquely wadling to the mark in view:
 O! ever gracious to perplex'd mankind,
 Still spread a healing mist before the mind;
 And, lest we err by Wit's wild dancing light, 175
 Secure us kindly in our native night.
 Or, if to wit a coxcomb make pretence,
 Guard the sure barrier between that and sense;
 Or quite unravel all the reas'ning thread,
 And hang some curious cobweb in its stead! 180
 As, forc'd from wind-guns, lead itself can fly,
 And pond'rous slugs cut swiftly thro' the sky;

As

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 177. *Or, if to wit, &c.*] In the former edd.

Ah! still o'er Britain stretch that peaceful wand,
 Which lulls th' Helvetian and Batavian land;
 Where rebel to thy throne if Science rise,
 She does but shew her coward face and dies:
 There thy good scholiasts with unweary'd pains
 Make Horace flat, and humble Maro's affairs:
 Here studious I unlucky moderns save,
 Nor sleeps one error in its father's grave,
 Old puns restore, lost blunders nicely seek,
 And crucify poor Shakespear once a week.
 For thee supplying, in the worst of days,
 Notes to dull books, and prologues to dull plays;

REMARKS.

"word, he made his attack upon this periwig, as your young
 "fellows generally do upon a lady of pleasure, first by a few fa-
 "miliar praises of her person, and then a civil inquiry into
 "the price of it; and we finished our bargain that night over
 "a bottle." See *Life, octavo*, p. 303. This remarkable pe-
 riwig usually made its entrance upon the stage in a sedan,
 brought in by two chairmen, with infinite approbation of the
 audience.

Ver. 178. 179. *Guard the sure barrier — Or quite unravel, &c.*] For *wit* or *reasoning* are never greatly hurtful to Dulness, but when the first is founded in *truth*, and the other in *usefulness*.

Ver. 181. *As, forc'd from wind-guns, &c.*] The thought of these four verses is found in a poem of our author's of a very early date (namely written at fourteen years old, and soon after printed) to the author of a poem called *Successo*.

As clocks to weight their nimble motion owe,
 The wheels above urg'd by the load below :
 Me Emptiness, and Dulness could inspire, 185
 And were my elasticity, and fire.
 Some dæmon stole my pen (forgive th' offence),
 And once betray'd me into common sense :
 Else all my prose and verse were much the same ;
 This, prose on stilts ; that, poetry fall'n lame. 190
 Did on the stage my fops appear confin'd ?
 My life gave ampler lessons to mankind.
 Did the dead letter unsuccessful prove ?
 The brisk example never fail'd to move.
 Yet sure, had Heav'n decreed to save the state, 195
 Heav'n had decreed these works a longer date.

VARIATIONS.

Not that my quill to critics was confin'd,
 My verse gave ampler lessons to mankind ;
 So gravest precepts may successful prove,
 But sad examples never fail to move.

As, forc'd from wind-guns, &c.

Var. *Nor sleeps one error — Old puns restore, lost blunders, &c.*]
 As where he [Tibbald] laboured to prove *Shakespear* guilty of
 terrible *anachronisms*, or low *conundrums*, which time had covered ;
 and conversant in such authors as *Caxton* and *Wynkyn*, rather than
 in *Homer* or *Chaucer*. Nay, so far had he lost his reverence to
 this incomparable author, as to say in print, *He deserved to be*
whipt. An insolence which nothing sure can parallel ! but that
 of *Dennis*, who can be proved to have declared before company,
 that *Shakespear* was a rascal. *O tempora ! O mores !* SCRIBL.

Var. *And crucify poor Shakespear once a-week.*] For some time,
 once a week or fortnight he printed in *Mist's Journal* a single re-
 mark or poor conjecture on some word or painting of *Shakespear*,
 either in his own name, or in letters to himself as from others
 without name. Upon these somebody made this epigram,

“ 'Tis gen'rous, Tibbald ! in thee and thy brothers,
 “ To help us thus to read the works of others :
 “ Never for this can just returns be shown ;
 “ For who will help us e'er to read thy own ?

Var. *Notes to dull books, and prologues to dull plays ;*] As to *Cook's*
Hesiod, where sometimes a note, and sometimes even half a note,
 are carefully owned by him : and to *Noore's* comedy of the *Ri-
 val Modes*, and other authors of the same rank : These were
 people who writ about the year 1726.

Could

Could Troy be sav'd by any single hand,
 This grey-goose weapon must have made her stand.
 What can I now? my Fletcher cast aside,
 Take up the Bible, once my better guide? 200
 Or tread the path by vent'rous heroes trod,
 This box my thunder, this right hand my god?

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 195. *Yet sure bad Heav'n, &c.*] In the former editions,
 Had Heav'n decreed such works a longer date,
 Heav'n had decreed to spare the Grubstreet-state.
 But see great Settle to the dust descend,
 And all thy cause and empire at an end!
 Could Troy be sav'd, &c. —

REMARKS.

Ver. 198. — *grey-goose weapon*] Alluding to the old English weapon, the arrow of the long-bow, which was fletched with the feathers of the grey goose.

Ver. 199. *my Fletcher*] A familiar manner of speaking, used by modern critics, of a favourite author. Bays might as justly speak thus of Fletcher, as a French wit did of Tully, seeing his works in a library, *Ab! mon cher Ciceron! je le connois bien; c'est le même que Marc Tulle.* But he had a better title to call Fletcher his own, having made so free with him.

Ver. 200. *Take up the Bible, once my better guide?*] When, according to his father's intention, he had been a *Clergyman*, or (as he thinks himself) a *Bishop* of the church of England. Hear his own words: "At the time that the fate of K. James, the Prince of Orange, and myself were on the anvil, Providence thought fit to postpone mine, till theirs were determined: But had my father carried me a month sooner to the university, who knows but that purer fountain might have washed my imperfections into a capacity of writing, instead of plays and annual odes, sermons and *pastoral letters*?" Apology for his life, chap. iii.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 195. *Had Heav'n decreed, &c.*]

Me si cœlicolæ voluissent ducere vitam,

Has mihi servassent sedes. —

Virg. *Æn.* ii.

Ver. 197. 198. *Could Troy be sav'd — This grey-goose weapon*]

— *Si Pergama dextra*

Defendi possent, etiam hac defensa fuissent.

— Virg. *ibid.*

Ver. 202. *This box my thunder, this right hand my god.*]

Dextra mihi deus, et telum quod missile libro.

Virgil of the gods of Mezentius.

Or

Or chair'd at White's amidst the doctors sit,
 Teach oaths to gamesters, and to nobles wit?
 Or bidst thou rather Party to embrace? 205
 (A friend to Party thou, and all her race;
 'Tis the same rope at diff'rent ends they twist;
 To Dulness Ridpath is as dear as Mist).
 Shall I, like Curtis, desp'rate in my zeal,
 O'er head and ears plunge for the commonweal? 210
 Or rob Rome's ancient geese of all their glories,
 And cackling save the monarchy of Tories?

Hold

REMARKS.

Ver. 203. *at White's amidst the Doctors*] These doctors had a modest and upright appearance, no air of over-bearing; but, like true masters of arts, were only habited in *black and white*: They were justly styled *subtiles* and *graves*, but not always *irrefragabiles*, being sometimes examined, and, by a nice distinction, divided and laid open. SCRIBL.

This learned critic is to be understood allegorically: The DOCTORS in this place mean no more than *false dice*, a cant phrase used amongst gamesters. So the meaning of these four sonorous lines is only this, "Shall I play fair or foul?"

Ver. 208. *Ridpath—Mist*.] George Ridpath, author of a Whig paper, called the Flying-post; Nathanael Mist, of a famous Tory Journal.

Ver. 211. *Or rob Rome's ancient geese of all their glories*,] Relates to the well-known story of the geese that saved the capitol; of which Virgil, *Æn.* viii.

*Atque Lic auratis volitans argenteus anser
 Porticibus, Gallos in limine adesse canebat.*

A passage I have always suspected. Who sees not the antithesis of *auratis* and *argenteus* to be unworthy the Virgilian majesty? And what absurdity to say a goose *sings*? *canebat*. Virgil gives a contrary character of the voice of this silly bird in *Ecl.* ix.

—— argutos interstrepere anser olores.

Read it, therefore, *adesse strepebat*. And why *auratis porticibus*? does not the very verse preceding this inform us,

Romuleoque recens horrebat regia culmo?

Is this *thatch* in one line, and *gold* in another, consistent? I scruple not (*repugnantibus omnibus manuscriptis*) to correct it *auratis*. Horace uses the same epithet in the same sense,

Hold — to the minister I more incline ;
 'To serve his cause, O Queen ! is serving thine.
 And see ! thy very Gazetteers give o'er, 215
 Ev'n Ralph repents, and Henley writes no more.
 What then remains ? Ourselves. Still, still remain
 Cibberian forehead, and Cibberian brain.
 This brazen brightness, to the 'squire so dear ;
 This polish'd hardness, that reflects the peer : 220
 This arch absurd, that wit and fool delights ;
 This mess, tofs'd up of Hockley-hole and White's ;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 213. *Hold—to the minister—*] In the former editions,
 Yes, to my country I my pen consign,
 Yes, from this moment, mighty Mist ! am thine.

REMARKS.

—— *Auritas fidibus canoris*
Ducere quereus.

And to say that *walls have ears*, is common even to a proverb.
 SCRIBL.

Ver. 212. *And cackling save the monarchy of Tories ?*] Not out of any preference or affection to the Tories. For what Hobbes so ingenuously confesses of himself, is true of all ministerial writers whatsoever : " That he defends the supreme powers, as
 " the geese by their cackling defended the Romans, who held the
 " capitol ; for they favoured them no more than the Gauls, their
 " enemies, but were as ready to have defended the Gauls, if
 " they had been possessed of the capitol." Epist. dedic. to the Leviathan.

Ver. 215. *Gazetteers*] A band of ministerial writers, hired at the price mentioned in the note on book ii. ver. 316. who, on the very day their patron quitted his post, laid down their paper, and declared they would never more meddle in politics.

Ver. 218. *Cibberian forehead*,] So indeed all the MSS. read, but I make no scruple to pronounce them all wrong, the laureat being elsewhere celebrated by our poet for his great modesty—*modest Cibber*—Read, therefore, at my peril, *Cerberian forehead*. This is perfectly classical, and, what is more, *Homeric* ; the dog was the ancient, as the bitch is the modern, symbol of impudence : (*Κυνὸς βυπαρ' ἔχω*, says Achilles to Agamemnon), which, when in a superlative degree, may well be nominated from *Cerberus*, the dog with three heads. — But as to the latter part of this verse, *Cibberian brain*, that is certainly the genuine reading. BENTL.

Where dukes and butchers join to wreath my crown,
At once the bear and fiddle of the town.

O born in sin, and forth in folly brought! 225
Works damn'd, or to be damn'd! (your father's
fault)

Go, purify'd by flames ascend the sky,
My better and more Christian progeny!
Unstain'd, untouch'd, and yet in maiden sheets;
While all your smutty sisters walk the streets. 230

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 225. *O born in sin, &c.*] In the former editions,
Adieu, my children! better thus expire
Unstall'd, unfold; thus glorious mount in fire,
Fair without spot; than greas'd by grocer's hands,
Or shipp'd with Ward to Ape-and-monkey lands,
Or wasting ginger, round the streets to run,
And visit alchouse, where ye first begun.
With that he lifted thrice the sparkling brand,
And thrice he dropp'd it, &c. —

IMITATIONS.

Var. *And visit alehouse*] Waller on the navy,
Those tow'rs of oak o'er fertile plains may go,
And visit mountains where they once did grow.

REMARKS.

Ver. 225. *O born in sin, &c.*] This is a tender and passionate apostrophe to his own works, which he is going to sacrifice. agreeable to the nature of man in great affliction; and reflecting like a parent on the many miserable fates to which they would otherwise be subject.

Ver. 228. *My better and more Christian progeny!*] “It may be observable, that my muse and my spouse were equally prolific; that the one was seldom the mother of a child, but in the same year the other made me the father of a play. I think we had a dozen of each sort between us; of both which kinds some died in their infancy,” &c. Life of C. C. p. 217. 8vo edition.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 229. *Unstain'd, untouch'd, &c.*]

————— *Felix Priamēia virgo!*

Iussa mori: quæ sortitus non pertulit ullis,

Nec victoris heri tetigit captiva cubile!

Nos, patria incensa, diversa per æquora vecta, &c.

Virg. *Æn.* iii.

Ye

Ye shall not beg, like gratis-given Bland,
 Sent with a pass, and vagrant thro' the land;
 Nor sail with Ward, to Ape-and-monkey climes,
 Where vile Mundungus trucks for viler rhymes:
 Not sulphur-tipt, emblaze an alehouse-fire; 235
 Not wrapt up oranges, to pelt your fire!
 O! pass more innocent, in infant-state,
 To the mild limbo of our father Tate:
 Or peaceably forgot, at once be blest
 In Shadwell's bosom with eternal rest! 240
 Soon to that mass of nonsense to return,
 Where things destroy'd are swept to things unborn.
 With that, a tear (portentous sign of grace!)
 Stole from the master of the sev'nfold face:

REMARKS.

Ver. 231. *gratis-given Bland*, — *Sent with a pass*,] It was a practice so to give the Daily Gazetteer and ministerial pamphlets (in which this B. was a writer), and to send them *post-free* to all the towns in the kingdom.

Ver. 233. — *with Ward, to Ape-and-monkey clime*,] “Edward Ward, a very voluminous poet in Hudibrastic verse, but best known by the London Spy, in prose. He has of late years kept a public house in the city, (but in a genteel way), and with his wit, humour, and good liquor (ale) afforded his guests a pleasurable entertainment, especially those of the high-church party.” JACOB, *lives of poets*, vol. ii. p. 225. Great numbers of his works were yearly sold into the plantations. — Ward, in a book called *Apollo's Maggot*, declared this account to be a great falsity, protesting that his public house was not in the city, but in *Moorfields*.

Ver. 238.—240. *Tate—Shadwell*] Two of his predecessors in the laurel.

Ver. 243. *With that, a tear (portentous sign of grace!)*, &c.] It is to be observed, that our poet hath made his hero, in imitation of Virgil's, obnoxious to the tender passions. He was indeed so given to weeping, that he tells us, when Goodman the player swore, if he did not *make a good actor, he would be damn'd*; “the surprise of being commended by one, who had been himself so eminent on the stage, and in so *positive* a manner, was more than he could support. In a word, (says he) it almost took away my breath, and (laugh if you please) fairly drew tears from my eyes.” P. 149. of his life, octavo.

And thrice he lifted high the birth-day brand, 245
 And thrice he dropt it from his quiv'ring hand;
 Then lights the structure, with averted eyes:
 The rowling smoke involve the sacrifice.
 The op'ning clouds disclose each work by turns,
 Now flames the Cid; and now Perolla burns; 250
 Great

VARIATIONS.

Ver 250. *Now flames the cid, &c.*] In the former editions,
 Now flames old Memnon, now Rodrigo burns,
 In one quick flash see Proserpine expire,
 And last, his own cold Æschylus took fire.
 Then gush'd the tears, as from the Trojan's eyes
 When the last blaze, &c.

Var. *Now flames old Memnon, now Rodrigo burns,
 In one quick flash see Proserpine expire.*]

Memnon, a hero in the *Persian Princess*, very apt to take fire, as appears by these lines, with which he begins the play,

By heav'n it fires my frozen blood with rage,
 And makes it scald my aged trunk.

Rodrigo, the chief personage of the *Persidious Brother* (a play written between *Tibbald* and a Watchmaker). The *Rape of Proserpine*, one of the farces of this author, in which *Ceres* setting fire to a corn-field, endangered the burning of the play-house.

REMARKS.

Ver. 250. *Now flames the Cid, &c.*] In the first notes on the *Dunciad* it was said, that this author was particularly excellent at tragedy. "This (says he) is as unjust as to say I could not dance on a rope." But certain it is that he had attempted to dance on this rope, and fell most shamefully, having produced no less than four tragedies (the names of which the poet preserves in these few lines): the three first of them were fairly printed, acted, and damned; the fourth suppressed in fear of the like treatment.

IMITATIONS.

245. *And thrice he lifted high the birth-day brand,*] Ovid, of *Althæa* on a like occasion, burning her offspring:

*Tum conata quater flammis imponere torrem,
 Cœpta quater tenuit.*

Ver. 250. *Now flames the Cid, &c.*

— *Jam Deiphobi dedit ampla ruinam,*

Vulcano superante domus; jam proximus ardet

Ucalegon. —

Great Cæsar roars, and hisses in the fires;
 King John in silence modestly expires:
 No merit now the dear Nonjuror claims,
 Moliere's old stubble in a moment flames.
 Tears gush'd again, as from pale Priam's eyes, 255
 When the last blaze sent Ilion to the skies.

Rous'd

VARIATIONS.

Var. *And last, his own cold Æschylus took fire.*] He had been (to use an expression of our poet) *about Æschylus* for ten years, and had received subscriptions for the same, but then went *about* other books. The character of this tragic poet is fire and boldness in a high degree, but our author supposes it very much cooled by the translation: upon sight of a specimen of which was made this epigram.

“Alas! poor Æschylus! unlucky dog!”

“Whom once a lobster kill'd, and now a log.”

But this is a grievous error, for Æschylus was not slain by the fall of a lobster on his head, but of a tortoise, *teste* Val. Max. l. ix. cap. 12.

SCRIBL.

REMARKS.

Ver. 253. *the dear Nonjuror—Moliere's old stubble*] A comedy threshed out of Moliere's Tartuffe, and so much the translator's favourite, that he assures us all our author's dislike to it could only arise from *disaffection to the government*.

Qui meprise Cotin, n' estime point son Roi,

Et n'a, selon Cotin, ni Dieu, ni foi, ni loi:

Boil.

He assures us, that “when he had the honour to kiss his Majesty's hand upon presenting his dedication of it, he was graciously pleased, out of his royal bounty, to order him two hundred pounds for it. And this he doubts not grieved Mr P.”

Ver. 256. *When the last blaze sent Ilion to the skies.*] See Virgil, Æn. ii. where I would advise the reader to peruse the story of Troy's destruction, rather than in Winkyn. But I caution him alike in both to beware of a most grievous error, that of thinking it was brought about by I know not what *Trojan horse*; there having never been any such thing. For, first, it was not *Trojan*, being made by the *Greeks*; and, secondly, it was not a *horse*, but a *mare*. This is clear from many verses in Virgil:

——— *Uterumque armato milite complent,* ——
Inclusos utero Danaos ———

Rous'd by the light, old Dulness heav'd the head,
 Then snatch'd a sheet of Thule from her bed.
 Sudden she flies, and whelms it o'er the pyre,
 Down sink the flames, and with a hiss expire. 260
 Her ample presence fills up all the place:
 A veil of fogs dilates her awful face:
 Great in her charms! as when on shrieves and may'rs
 She looks, and breathes herself into their airs.
 She bids him wait her to her sacred dome: 265
 Well pleas'd he enter'd, and confess'd his home.

REMARKS.

'Can a horse be said *Utero parere*? Again,

———— *Uteraque necusso,*
Infonuere cava ———
 ——— *Atque utero sonitum quater arma dedere.*

Nay, is it not expressly said,

Scandit fatalis machina muros
Fæta armis ———

How is it possible the word *fæta* can agree with a *horse*? And indeed can it be conceived that the chaste and virgin godde's *Pallas* would employ herself in forming and fashioning the male of that species? but this shall be proved to a demonstration in our *Vingil* restored. SCROLL.

Ver. 258. *Thule*] An unfinished poem of that name, of which one sheet was printed many years ago, by Amb. Phillips, a northern author. It is an usual method of putting out a fire, to cast wet sheets upon it. Some critics have been of opinion that this sheet was of the nature of the *Asbestos*, which cannot be consumed by fire: but I rather think it an allegorical allusion to the coldness and heaviness of the writing.

Ver. 265. *sacred dome*:] Where he no sooner enters, but he reconnoitres the place of his original; as *Plato* says the spirits shall, at their entrance into the celestial regions.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 263. *Great in her charms! as when on shrieves and may'rs*
She looks and breathes herself into their airs.]

Alma parens confessa Deam; qualisque videti
Caviculis; et quanta solet ———
Et lætos oculis afflavit honores.

Vir. *Æn.* ii.

Id. *Æn.* i.

So,

So, spirits ending their terrestrial race,
 Ascend, and recognize their native place.
 This the great mother dearer held than all 269
 The clubs of Quidnuncs, or her own Guildhall:
 Here stood her opium, here she nurs'd her owls,
 And here she plann'd th' imperial seat of fools.

Here to her chosen all her works she shews,
 Prose swell'd to verse, verse loit'ring into prose:
 How random thoughts now meaning chance to find;
 Now leave all memory of sense behind: 276
 How prologues into prefaces decay,
 And these to notes are fritter'd quite away:
 How index-learning turns no student pale,
 Yet holds the eel of science by the tail: 280
 How, with less reading than makes felons 'scape,
 Less human genius than God gives an ape,
 Small thanks to France, and none to Rome or
 Greece,
 A past, vamp'd, future, old, reviv'd, new piece,

VARIATIONS.

After ver 268, in the former edd. followed these two lines,

Raptur'd he gazes round the dear retreat,
 And in sweet numbers celebrates the seat.

Var. *And in sweet numbers celebrates the seat.*] Tibbald writ a poem called the *Cave of Poverty*, which concludes with a very extraordinary wish, "That some great genius, or man of distinguished merit may be starved, in order to celebrate her power, and describe her cave." It was printed in octavo 1715.

REMARKS.

Ver. 269. *Great mother*] *Magna mater*, here applied to *Dulness*. The *Quidnuncs*, a name given to the ancient members of certain political clubs who were constantly inquiring *Quid nun?* What news?

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 269, *This the great mother, &c.*

Urbs antiqua fuit ————
Quam Juvō fertur terris magis omnibus unam
Posthabita coluisse Samo: hic illius arma,
Hic currus fuit: hic regnum Dea genibus esse
(Si qua fata sinant) jam tum tendique foretque.

Virg. *Æn. i.*

'Twixt

*Twixt Plautus, Fletcher, Shakespear, and Corneille,
Can make a Cibber, Tibbald, or Ozell. 286

The goddess then o'er his anointed head,
With mystic words, the sacred opium shed.

REMARKS.

Ver. 286. *Tibbald,*] Lewis Tibbald (as pronounced), or Theobald (as written), was bred an attorney, and son to an attorney (says Mr Jacob) of Sittenburn in Kent. He was author of some forgotten plays, translations, and other pieces. He was concerned in a paper called the *Censor*, and a translation of Ovid. "There is a notorious idiot, one height Whachum, who, from an under-spur-leather to the law, is become an under-strapper to the playhouse, who hath lately burlesqued the Metamorphoses of Ovid by a vile translation, &c." "This fellow is concerned in an impertinent paper called the *Censor*." DENNIS, Rem. on Pope's *Hom.* p. 9. 10.

Ibid. *Ozell.*] "Mr John Ozell (if we credit Mr Jacob) did go to school in Leicestershire, where somebody left him something to live on, when he shall retire from business. He was designed to be sent to Cambridge, in order for priesthood; but he chose rather to be placed in an office of accounts, in the city, being qualified for the same by his skill in arithmetic, and writing the necessary bands. He has obliged the world with many translations of French plays." JACOB, *lives of Dram. Poets*, p. 198.

Mr Jacob's character of Mr Ozell seems vastly short of his merits, and he ought to have further justice done him, having since fully confuted all sarcasms on his learning and genius, by an advertisement of Sept. 20. 1729, in a paper called the *Weekly Medley*, &c. "As to my learning, this envious wretch knew, and every body knows, that the whole bench of bishops, not long ago, were pleased to give me a purse of guineas, for discovering the erroneous translations of the Common-prayer in Portuguese, Spanish, French, Italian, &c. As for my genius, let Mr Cleland shew better verses in all Pope's works, than Ozell's version of Boileau's *Lutrin*, which the late Lord Hallifax was so pleased with, that he complimented him with leave to dedicate it to him, &c. Let him shew better and truer poetry in the Rape of the Lock, than in Ozell's Rape of the Bucket (*la Secchia rapita*). And Mr Toland and Mr Gildon publicly declared Ozell's translation of Homer to be, as it was prior, so likewise superiour to Pope's—Surely, surely, every man is free to deserve well of his country!" JOHN OZELL.

We cannot but subscribe to such reverend testimonies, as those of the bench of bishops, Mr Toland, and Mr Gildon.

And

And lo! her bird (a monster of a fowl;
 Something betwixt a heideggre and owl) 290
 Perch'd on his crown. "All hail! and hail again,
 My son! the promis'd land expects thy reign.
 Know, Eusden thirsts no more for sack or praise;
 He sleeps among the dull of ancient days;
 Safe, where no critics damn, no duns molest, 295
 Where wretched Withers, Ward, and Gildon rest,
 And high-born Howard, more majestic fire,
 With fool of quality completes the quire.
 Thou, Cibber! thou, his laurel shalt support,
 Folly, my son, has still a friend at court. 300

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 293, *Know, Eusden, &c.*] In the former editions,
 Know, Settle, cloy'd with custard and with praise,
 Is gather'd to the dull of ancient days,
 Safe where no critics damn, no duns molest;
 Where Gildon, Banks, and high-born Howard rest.
 I see a King! who leads my chosen sons
 To lands that flow with cleache; and with puns;
 Till each fam'd theatre my empire own;
 Till Albion, as Hibernia, bless my throne!
 I see! I see! — Then rapt she spoke no more,
 God save King Tibbald! Grubstreet alleys roar.
 So when Jove's block, &c.

REMARKS.

Ver. 290. *A heideggre*] A strange bird from Switzerland, and not (as some have supposed) the name of an eminent person who was a man of parts, and, as was said of Petronius, *Arbiter Elegantiarum*.

Ver. 296. *Withers*,] See on ver. 146.

Ibid. Gildon] Charles Gildon, a writer of criticisms and libels of the last age, bred at St Omer's with the Jesuits; but renouncing Popery, he published Blount's books against the divinity of Christ, the Oracles of Reason, &c. He signalized himself as a critic, having written some very bad plays; abused Mr P. very scandalously in an anonymous pamphlet of the life of Mr Wycherley, printed by Cull; in another, called *the New Rehearsal*, printed in 1714; in a third, entitled *The complete art of English poetry*, in two volumes; and others.

Ver. 297. *Howard*,] Hon. Edward Howard, author of the British princes, and a great number of wonderful pieces, celebrated by the late Earls of Dorset and Rochester, Duke of Buckingham, Mr Waller, &c.

List

Lift up your gates, ye princes, see him come!
 Sound, sound ye viols, be the cat-call dumb!
 Bring, bring the madding bay, the drunken vine;
 The creeping, dirty, courtly ivy join.
 And thou! his aid de camp, lead on my sons, 305
 Light arm'd with points, antitheses, and puns.
 Let Bawdry, Billingsgate, my daughters dear,
 Support his front, and oaths bring up the rear:
 And under his, and under Archer's wing,
 Gaming and Grub-street skulk behind the king. 310
 O! when shall rise a Monarch all our own,
 And I, a nursing-mother, rock the throne;
 'Twixt prince and people close the curtain draw,
 Shade him from light, and cover him from law;
 Fatten the courtier, starve the learned band, 315
 And suckle armies, and dry-nurse the land:
 Till senates nod to lullabies divine,
 And all be sleep, as at an ode of thine."

She ceas'd. Then swells the chapel-royal throat:
 God save King Cibber! mounts in every note. 320

REMARKS.

Ver. 309. 310. *under Archer's wing, — Gaming, &c.*] When the statute against gaming was drawn up, it was represented, that the king, by ancient custom, plays at Hazard one night in the year; and therefore a clause was inserted, with an exception as to that particular. Under this pretence, the Groom-porter had a room appropriated to gaming all the summer the court was at Kensington, which his Majesty accidentally being acquainted of, with a just indignation prohibited. It is reported the same practice is yet continued where-ever the court resides, and the hazard-table there open to all the professed gamesters in town.

Greatest and justest SOV'REIGN; know you this?
Alas! no more, than Thames' calm head can know
Whose meads his arms drown, or whose corn o'erflow.
Donne to Queen Elif.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 304. *The creeping, dirty, courtly ivy join.*]

Quorum imagines lambunt

Hedera sequaces.

Perf.

Ver. 311. *O! when shall rise a monarch, &c.*] Boileau, Lutrin, chant. ii.

Helas! qu'est devenu ce tems, cet heureux tems,
Où les Rois s'honoroient du nom de Fainéans: &c.

Familiar

Familiar White's, God save King Colly ! cries ;
 God save King Colly ! Drury-lane replies :
 To Needham's quick the voice triumphal rode,
 But pious Needham dropt the name of God ;
 Back to the Devil the last echoes roll, 325
 And Coll ! each butcher roars at Hockley-hole.
 So when Jove's block descended from on high,
 (As sings thy great forefather Ogilby),

Loud

REMARKS.

Ver. 319. *Chapel-royal*] The voices and instruments used in the service of the chapel-royal being also employed in the performance of the birth-day and new-year odes.

Ver. 324. *But pious Needham*] A matron of great fame, and very religious in her way ; whose constant prayer it was, that she might " get enough by her profession to leave it off in " time, and make her peace with God." But her fate was not so happy ; for being convicted, and set in the pillory, she was (to the lasting shame of all her great friends and votaries) so ill used by the populace, that it put an end to her days.

Ver. 325. *Back to the Devil*] The Devil-tavern in Fleet-street, where these odes are usually rehearsed before they are performed at court. Upon which a wit of those times made this epigram,

When laureats make odes, do you ask of what sort ?

Do you ask if they're good, or are evil ?

You may judge — From the Devil they come to the court,

And go from the court to the Devil.

Ver. 328. — *Ogilby*) — *God save King Log !*] See Ogilby's *Æsop's fables*, where, in the story of the frogs and their king, this excellent hemistich is to be found.

Our author manifests here, and elsewhere, a prodigious tenderness for the *bad writers*. We see he selects the only good passage, perhaps, in all that ever Ogilby writ ; which shews how candid and patient a reader he must have been. What can be more kind and affectionate than these words in the preface to his poems, where he labours to call up all our humanity and forgiveness toward these unlucky men, by the most moderate representation of their case that has ever been given by any author ? " Much may be said to extenuate the fault of bad poets : " What we call a *genius* is hard to be distinguished, by a man " himself, from a prevalent inclination : And if it be never so " great, he can at first discover it no other way than by that " strong propensity which renders him the more liable to be " mistaken. He has no other method but to make the experi- " ment by writing, and so appealing to the judgment of others :

Loud thunder to its bottom shook the bog,
And the hoarse nation croak'd, God save King Log!

REMARKS.

"And if he happens to write ill, (which is certainly no sin in itself), he is immediately made the object of ridicule! I wish we had the humanity to reflect, that even the worst authors might endeavour to please us, and, in that endeavour, deserve something at our hands. We have no cause to quarrel with them, but for their obstinacy in persisting, and even that may admit of alleviating circumstances: For their particular friends may be either ignorant, or unsincere; and the rest of the world too well bred to shock them with a truth which generally their booksellers are the first that inform them of."

But how much all indulgence is lost upon these people, may appear from the just reflection made on their constant conduct and constant fate, in the following epigram:

"Ye little wits, that gleam'd a while,

"When Pope vouchsaf'd a ray,

"Alas! depriv'd of his kind smile,

"How soon ye fade away!

"To compass Phœbus' car about,

"Thus empty vapours rise;

"Each lends his cloud, to put him out,

"That rear'd him to the skies,

"Alas! those skies are not your sphere;

"There he shall ever burn:

"Weep, weep, and fall! for earth ye were,

"And must to earth return."

THE

T H E D U N C I A D.

B O O K T H E S E C O N D.

A R G U M E N T.

The king being proclaimed, the solemnity is graced with public games and sports of various kinds; not instituted by the hero, as by Æneas in Virgil, but for greater honour by the goddess in person, (in like manner as the games Pythia, Isthmia, &c. were anciently said to be ordained by the gods, and as Thetis herself appearing, according to Homer, Odyss. xxiv. proposed the prizes in honour of her son Achilles). Hither flock the poets and critics, attended, as is but just, with their patrons and booksellers. The goddess is first pleased, for her disport, to propose games to the booksellers, and setteth up the phantom of a poet, which they contend to overtake. The races described, with their divers accidents. Next, the game for a poetess. Then follow the exercises for the poets of tickling, vociferating, diving: The first holds forth the arts and practices of dedicators, the second of disputants and fustian poets, the third of profound, dark, and dirty party-writers. Lastly, for the critics, the goddess proposes (with great propriety) an exercise not of their parts, but their patience, in bearing the works of two voluminous authors, one in verse, and the other in prose, deliberately read, without sleeping: The various effects of which, with the several degrees and manners of their operation, are here set forth; till the whole number, not of critics only, but of spectators, actors, and all present, fall fast asleep; which naturally and necessarily ends the games.

THE DUNCIAD.

BOOK II.

High on a gorgeous seat, that far outshone
Henley's gilt tub, or Fleckno's Irish throne,

REMARKS.

Two things there are, upon the supposition of which the very basis of all verbal criticism is founded and supported: The first, that an author could never fail to use the *best word on every occasion*; the second, that a critic cannot chuse but know *which that is*. This being granted, whenever any word doth not fully content us, we take upon us to conclude, first, that the author could *never have used it*; and, secondly, that he must have used *that very one*, which we conjecture, in its stead.

We cannot, therefore, enough admire the learned Scriblerus for his alteration of the text in the two last verses of the preceding book, which in all the former editions stood thus:

Hoarse thunder to its bottom shook the bog,
And the loud nation croak'd, God save King Log.

He has, with great judgment, transposed these two epithets; putting *hoarse* to the nation, and *loud* to the thunder: and this being evidently the true reading, he vouchsafed not so much as to mention the former; for which assertion of the just right of a critic, he merits the acknowledgment of all sound commentators.

Ver. 2. *Henley's gilt tub,*] The pulpit of a dissenter is usually called a tub; but that of Mr Orator Henley was covered with velvet, and adorned with gold. He had also a fair altar, and over it is this extraordinary inscription, *The Primitive Eucharist*. See the history of this person, book iii.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 1. *High on a gorgeous seat,*] Parody of Milton, book ii.

High on a throne of royal state, that far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
Show'rs on her kings Barbaric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted sat,

Or

Or that where on her Curls the public pours,
 All-bounteous, fragrant grains and golden show'rs,
 Great Cibber fat: the proud Parnassian sneer,
 The conscious smirper, and the jealous leer,
 Mix on his look: all eyes direct their rays
 On him, and crouds turn coxcombs as they gaze;

REMARKS.

Ibid. or Fleckno's Irish throne.] Richard Fleckno was an Irish priest, but had laid aside (as himself expressed it) the mechanic part of priesthood. He printed some plays, poems, letters, and travels. I doubt not, our author took occasion to mention him in respect to the poem of Mr Dryden, to which this bears some resemblance, though of a character more different from it than that of the *Æneid* from the *Iliad*, or the *Lutrin* of Boileau from the *Défait de Bouts rimées* of Sarazin.

It may be just worth mentioning, that the eminence from whence the ancient sophists entertained their auditors, was called by the pompous name of a throne; — ἐπὶ θρόνῳ τινός. ἡ σὺν ἡμῶν μάλα σοφιστικῶς καὶ σοφιστῶν. Themistius, orat. i.

Ver. 3. *Or that where on her Curls the public pours.*] Edmund Curl stood in the pillory at Charing-cross, in March 1727-8. "This (saith Edmund Curl) is a false assertion—I had indeed the corporal punishment of what the gentlemen of the long robe are pleased jocosely to call *mounting the rostrum* for one hour: but that scene of action was not in the month of March, but in February." [*Curliad*, 12mo, p. 19.] And of the history of his being tossed in a blanket, he saith, "Here, Sirs! ble, us! thou see'st in what thou assertest concerning the blanket: it was not a blanket, but a rug." p. 25. Much in the same manner Mr Cibber remonstrated, that his brothers, at Bedlam, mentioned book i. were not *braxen*, but *blocks*; yet our author let it pass unaltered, as a trifle that no way altered the relationship.

We should think (gentle reader) that we but ill performed our part, if we corrected not as well *our own errors* now, as formerly those of the *Printer*. Since what moved us to this work, was solely the love of *Truth*, not in the least any vain-glory, or desire to contend with *great authors*. And further, our mistakes, we conceive, will the rather be pardoned, as scarce possible to be avoided in writing of such persons and works as do ever shun the light. However, that we may not any way soften or extenuate the same, we give them thee in the very words of our antagonists: not defending, but retracting them from our heart, and craving excuse of the parties offended: for surely, in this work, it hath been above all things our desire, *to provoke no man*. SCRIBL.

His peers shine round him with reflected grace,
 New edge their dulness, and new bronze their face.
 So from the sun's broad beam, in shallow urns 11
 Heav'n's twinkling sparks draw light, and point
 their horns.

Not with more glee, by hands Pontific crown'd,
 With scarlet hats wide-waving circled round,
 Rome in her capitol saw Querno sit, 15
 Thron'd on seven hills, the Antichrist of wit.

And now the queen, to glad her sons, proclaims
 By herald hawkers high heroic games.
 They summon all her race: An endless band
 Pours forth, and leaves unpeopled half the land. 20
 A motly mixture! in long wigs, in bags,
 In silks, in crapes, in garters, and in rags,
 From drawing-rooms, from colleges, from garrets,
 On horse, on foot, in hacks, and gilded chariots:
 All who true Dunces in her cause appear'd, 25
 And all who knew those Dunces to reward.

Amid that area wide they took their stand,
 Where the tall may-pole once o'erlook'd the Strand,
 But now (so ANNE and Piety ordain)
 A church collects the saints of Drury-lane, 30

With authors, stationers obey'd the call,
 (The field of glory is a field for all).

REMARKS.

Ver. 15. *Rome in her capitol saw Querno sit,*] Camillo Querno was of Apulia, who hearing the great encouragement which Leo X. gave to poets, travelled to Rome with a harp in his hand, and sung to it twenty thousand verses of a poem called *Alexias*. He was introduced as a buffoon to Leo, and promoted to the honour of the *Laurel*; a jest which the court of Rome and the Pope himself entered into so far, as to cause him to ride on an elephant to the capitol, and to hold a solemn festival on his coronation; at which it is recorded the poet himself was so transported as to *weep for joy* *. He was ever after a constant frequenter of the Pope's table, drank abundantly, and poured forth verses without number. PAULUS JOVIUS, Elog. vir. doct. cap. lxxij. Some idea of his poetry is given by Fam. Strada, in his Prolusions.

* See life of C. C. chap. vi. p. 149.

Glory, and gain, th' industrious tribe provoke ;
 And gentle Dulness ever loves a joke.
 A poet's form she plac'd before their eyes, 35
 And bade the nimblest racer seize the prize ;
 No meagre, muse-rid mope, adust and thin,
 In a dun night-gown of his own loose skin ;
 But such a bulk as no twelve bards could raise,
 Twelve starv'ling bards of these degen'rate days. 40
 All as a partridge plump, full-fed and fair,
 She form'd this image of well-body'd air ;
 With pert flat eyes she window'd well its head ;
 A brain of feathers, and a heart of lead ;
 And empty words she gave, and sounding strain, 45
 But senseless, lifeless ! idol void and vain !
 Never was dash'd out, at one lucky hit,
 A fool, so just a copy of a wit ;

56

REMARKS.

Ver. 44. *A brain of feathers, and a heart of lead ;]* i. e.
A trifling head, and a contracted heart,
 as the poet, book iv. describes the *accomplished* sons of Dulness ;
 of whom this is only an *image*, or scarecrow, and so stuffed out
 with these corresponding materials. SCRIBL.

Ver. 47. *Never was dash'd out, at one lucky hit,]* Our author
 here seems willing to give some account of the possibility of

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 35. *A poet's form she plac'd before their eyes,]* This is what
 Juho does to deceive Turnus, Æn. x.

Tum dea nube cava, tenuem sine viribus umbram
 In faciem Æneæ (visu mirabile monstrum !)
 Dardaniis ornat telis, clypeumque jubaſque
 Divini assimilat capitis —

— Dat inania verba ;

Dat sine mente sonum —

The reader will observe how exactly some of these verses suit
 with their allegorical application here to a plagiarist : There
 seems to me a great propriety in this episode, where such an one
 is imaged by a phantom that deludes the grasp of the expecting
 bookseller.

Ver. 39. *But such a bulk as no twelve bards could raise,]*

Vix illud lecti bis sex —

Quæta nunc hominum producit corpora tellus.

A a 3

Vir. Æn. xii,

So like, that critics said, and courtiers swore,
A Wit it was, and call'd the phantom More.

50
All

REMARKS.

Dulness making a wit, (which could be done no other way than by chance). The fiction is the more reconciled to probability, by the known story of *Apelles*, who being at a loss to express the foam of *Alexander's* horse, dashed his pencil in despair at the picture, and happened to do it by that fortunate stroke.

Ver. 50. and call'd the phantom *More*.] *CURL*, in his key to the *Dunciad*, affirmed this to be *James-More Smith, Esq*; and it is probable (considering what is said of him in the *Testimonies*) that some might fancy our author obliged to represent this gentleman as a plagiarist, or to pass for one himself. His case indeed was like that of a man I have heard of, who, as he was sitting in company, perceived his next neighbour had stolen his handkerchief. "Sir, (said the thief, finding himself detected), do not expose me, I did it for mere want; be so good but to take it privately out of my pocket again, and say nothing." The honest man did so, but the other cried out, "See, Gentlemen, what a thief we have among us! look, he is stealing my handkerchief!"

Some time before, he had borrowed of *Dr Arbutnot*, a paper called an Historico-physical account of the *South sea*; and of *Mr Pope* the Memoirs of a Parish-clerk, which for two years he kept, and read to the Rev. *Dr Young*, — *F. Billers, Esq*; and many others, as his own. Being applied to for them, he pretended they were lost; but there happening to be another copy of the latter, it came out in *Swift* and *Pope's* Miscellanies. Upon this, it seems, he was so far mistaken as to confess his proceeding by an endeavour to hide it: unguardedly printing (in the *Daily Journal* of April 3, 1728), "That the contempt which he and others had for those pieces" (which only himself had shewn, and handed about as his own) "occasioned their being lost, and for that cause only not returned." A fact, of which as none but he could be conscious, none but he could be the publisher of it. The plagiarisms of this person gave occasion to the following epigram:

- " *More* always smiles whenever he recites;
- " He smiles (you think) approving what he writes,
- " And yet in this no vanity is shown;
- " A modest man may like what's not his own.

This young gentleman's whole misfortune was too inordinate a passion to be thought a wit. Here is a very strong instance attested by *Mr Savage*, son of the late *Earl Rivers*; who having shewn some verses of his in manuscript to *Mr More*, wherein *Mr Pope* was called *first of the tuneful train*; *Mr More* the next morning

All gaze with ardour : some a poet's name,
Others a sword-knot and lac'd suit inflame.

But lofty Lintot in the circle rose :

" This prize is mine ; who tempt it are my foes ;

" With me begun this genius, and shall end." 55

He spoke : and who with Lintot shall contend ?

REMARKS.

sent to Mr *Savage* to desire him to give those verses another turn, to wit, " That *Pope* might now be the first, because *More* had left him unrivalled in turning his style to comedy." This was during the rehearsal of the *Rival Modes*, his first and only work ; the town condemned it in the action, but he printed it in 1726-7, with this modest motto,

Hic cæstus, artemque repono.

The smaller pieces which we have heard attributed to this author are, An epigram on the bridge at *Blenheim*, by Dr *Evans* ; *Cosmelia*, by Mr *Pit*, Mr *Jones*, &c. The mock-marriage of a mad divine, with a Cl— for a parson, by Dr *W*. The saw-pit, a simile, by a friend. Certain physical works on Sir *James Baker* ; and some unowned letters, advertisements, and epigrams, against our author in the *Daily Journal*.

Notwithstanding what is here collected of the person imagined by *Curl* to be meant in this place, we cannot be of that opinion ; since our poet had certainly no need of vindicating half a dozen verses to himself, which every reader had done for him ; since the name itself is not spelled *Moore*, but *More* ; and lastly, since the learned *Scriblerus* has so well proved the contrary.

Ver. 50. *the phantom More.*] It appears from hence, that this is not the name of a real person, but fictitious. *More* from *μῶρε*, *stultus*, *περπία*, *stultitia*, to represent the folly of a plagiarist. Thus Erasmus, *Admonuit me Mori cognomen tibi, quod tam ad Moris vocabulum accedit quam ex ipse a re alienus*. Dedication of *Moris Encomium* to Sir *Tho. More*; the farewell of which may be our author's to his plagiarist, *Val, More! et moriam tuam gnariter defende*. Adieu *More* ! and be sure strongly to defend thy own folly. *SCRIBL.*

Ver. 53. *But lofty Lintot*] We enter here upon the episode of the booksellers: persons, whose names being more known and famous in the learned world than those of the authors in this poem, do therefore need less explanation. The action of Mr *Lintot* here imitates that of *Dares* in *Virgil*, rising just in this manner to lay hold on a bull. This eminent bookseller printed the *Rival Modes* before mentioned.

Fear

Fear held them mute. Alone, untaught to fear,
 Stood dauntless Curl; "Behold that rival here!
 "The race by vigour, not by vaunts is won;
 "So take the hindmost, Hell, (he said), and run."

REMARKS.

Ver. 58. *Stood dauntless Curl;*] We come now to a character of much respect, that of Mr Edmund Curl. As a plain repetition of great actions is the best praise of them, we shall only say of this eminent man, that he carried the trade many lengths beyond what it ever before had arrived at; and that he was the envy and admiration of all his profession. He possessed himself of a command over all authors whatever; he caused them to write what he pleased; they could not call their very names their own. He was not only famous among these; he was taken notice of by the state, the church, and the law, and received particular marks of distinction from each.

It will be owned, that he is here introduced with all possible dignity: He speaks like the intrepid Diomed; he runs like the swift-footed Achilles; if he falls, it is like the beloved Nisus; and (what Homer makes to be the chief of all praises) he is *favoured of the gods*; he says but three words, and his prayer is heard; a goddess conveys it to the seat of Jupiter: Though he loses the prize, he gains the victory; the great mother herself comforts him, she inspires him with expedients, she honours him with an immortal present (such as Achilles receives from Thetis, and Æneas from Venus), at once instructive and prophetic: After this he is unrivalled and triumphant.

The tribute our author here pays him is a grateful return for several unmerited obligations: many weighty animadversions on the public affairs, and many excellent and diverting pieces on private persons, has he given to his name. If ever he owed two verses to any other, he owed Mr Curl some thousands. He was every day extending his fame, and enlarging his writings: witness innumerable instances; but it shall suffice only to mention the *court-poems*, which he meant to publish as the work of the true writer, a lady of quality; but being first threatened, and afterwards punished for it by Mr Pope, he generously transferred it from *her* to *him*, and ever since printed it in his name. The single time that ever he spoke to C. was on that affair, and to that happy incident he owed all the favours since received from him: So true is the saying of Dr Sydenham, "that any one shall be, at some time or other, the better or the worse, for having but *seen* or *spoken* to a good or bad man."

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 60. *So take the hindmost, Hell,*]

Occupet extremum scabies; mihi turpe relinqui est.

Hor. de arte.

Swift

Swift as a bard the bailiff leaves behind, 61
 He left huge Lintot, and outstript the wind.
 As when a dab-chick waddles thro' the copse
 On feet and wings, and flies, and wades, and hops;
 So lab'ring on, with shoulders, hands, and head, 65
 Wide as a windmill all his figure spread,
 With arms expanded Bernard rows his state,
 And left-legg'd Jacob seems to emulate.
 Full in the middle way there stood a lake, 69
 Which Curl's Corinna chanc'd that morn to make:

REMARKS.

Ver. 70. *Curl's Corinna*] This name, it seems, was taken by one Mis T——, who procured some private letters of Mr Pope, while almost a boy, to Mr Cromwell, and sold them without the consent of either of those gentlemen to Curl, who printed them in 12mo, 1727. He discovered her to be the publisher, in his Key, p. 11. We only take this opportunity of mentioning the manner in which those letters got abroad, which the author was ashamed of as very trivial things, full not only of levities, but of wrong judgments of men and books, and only excusable from the youth and inexperience of the writer.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 61. &c. Something like this in Homer, II. x. ver. 220. of Diomed. Two different manners of the same author in his similes are also imitated in the two following; the first, of the bailiff, is short, unadorned, and (as the critics well know) from *familiar life*; the second, of the water-fowl, more extended, picturesque, and from *rural life*. The 59th verse is likewise a literal translation of one in Homer.

Ver. 64. 65. *On feet and wings, and flies, and wades, and hops;*

So lab'ring on, with shoulders, hands, and head,]

—— So eagerly the fiend

O'er bog, o'er steep, thro' straight, rough, dense, or rare,
 With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way,
 And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies.

Milton, book ii.

Ver. 67. 68. *With arms expanded, Bernard rows his state,
 And left-legg'd Jacob seems to emulate.]*

Milton, of the motion of the swan,

—— rows

His state with oary feet.

And Dryden, of another's, — *With two left legs —*

(Such

(Such was her wont, at early dawn to drop
 Her evening-cates before his neighbour's shop.)
 Here fortun'd Curl to slide; loud shout the band,
 And Bernard! Bernard! rings thro' all the Strand.
 Obscene with filth the miscreant lies bewray'd, 75
 Fall'n in the plash his wickedness had laid:
 Then first (if poets aught of truth declare)
 The caitiff Vaticide-conceiv'd a pray'r.

Hear Jove! whose name my bards and I adore,
 As much at least as any God's, or more; 80

REMARKS.

Ver. 75. *Obscene with filth, &c.*] Though this incident may seem too low and base for the dignity of an epic poem, the learned very well know it to be but a copy of Homer and Virgil; the very words *ovθ@* and *simus* are used by them, though our poet (in compliance to modern nicety) has remarkably enriched and coloured his language, as well as raised the verification, in this episode, and in the following one of Eliza. Mr Dryden in *Mac-Fleckno*, has not scrupled to mention the *morning-toast* at which the fishes bite in the Thames, *pissing alley*, *relics of the bum*, &c. but our author is more grave, and (as a fine writer says of Virgil in his *Georgics*) *tastes about his dung with an air of majesty*. If we consider that the exercises of his authors could with justice be no higher than *tickling*, *chattering*, *braying*, or *diving*, it was no easy matter to invent such games as were proportioned to the meaner degree of *booksellers*. In Homer and Virgil, Ajax and Nisus, the persons drawn in this plight, are heroes; whereas here they are such with whom it had been great impropriety to have joined any but vile ideas; besides the natural connection there is between libellers and common nuisances. Nevertheless I have heard our author own, that this part of his poem was (as it frequently happens) what cost him most trouble, and pleased him least; but that he hoped it was excusable, since levelled at such as understand no delicate satire: Thus the politest men are sometimes obliged to *swear*, when they happen to have to do with porters and oyster wenches.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 73. *Here fortun'd Curl to slide;*]

Labitur infelix, cæsis ut forte juvenis:
 Fusus humum viridesque super madefecerat herbas—
 Concidit, immundoque fimo, sacroque cinere.

Virg. *Æn.* v. of Nisus,

Ver. 74. *And Bernard! Bernard!]*

—Ut littus, Hyla, Hyla, omne sonaret.

Virg. *eccl.* vii.

And.

And him and his, if more devotions warms,
Down with the Bible, up with the Pope's arms.

A place there is, betwixt earth, air, and seas,
Where, from ambrosia, Jove retires for ease.

There in his seat two spacious vents appear, 85
On this he sits, to that he leans his ear,

And hears the various vows of fond mankind;
Some beg an eastern, some a western wind:

All vain petitions, mounting to the sky,
With reams abundant this abode supply; 90

Amus'd he reads, and then returns the bills
Sign'd with that ichor which from gods distils.

In office here fair Cloacina stands,
And ministers to Jove with purest hands.

Forth from the heap she pick'd her vot'ry's pray'r,
And plac'd it next him, a distinction rare! 96

Oft had the goddess heard her servants call,
From her black grottos near the temple-wall,

List'ning delighted to the jest unclean
Of link-boys vile, and watermen obscene; 100

Where as he fish'd her nether realms for wit,
She oft had favour'd him, and favours yet.

REMARKS.

Ver. 82. *Down with the Bible, up with the Pope's arms.*] The Bible, Curl's sign; the Cross-keys, Lintot's.

Ver. 83. See Lucian's *Icaro-Menippus*; where this fiction is more extended.]

Ver. 92. alludes to Homer, *Iliad* v.

— πῆς δ' ἀμύγορος αἶμα θείον,

Ἰχθῆς, οἷον πῆς τε πῆς μακάρων θεῶν.

A stream of nest'rous humour issuing flow'd,
Sanguine, such as celestial sp'its may bleed. *Milton.*

Ver. 93. *Cloacina*] The Roman Goddess of the common-sewers.

Ver. 101. *Where as he fish'd, &c.*] See the preface to Swift's and Pope's miscellanies.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 83. *A place there is, betwixt earth, air, and seas,*]

Orbe locus medio est, inter terrasque, fretumque,

Cœlestesque plagas ——— Ovid. met. xii.

Renew'd

Renew'd by ordure's sympathetic force,
 As oil'd with magic juices for the course,
 Vig'rous he rises; from th' effluvia strong 105
 Imbibes new life, and scours and stinks along;
 Repasses Lintot, vindicates the race,
 Nor heeds the brown dishonours of his face.

And now the victor stretch'd his eager hand
 Where the tall nothing stood, or seem'd to stand;
 A shapeless shade, it melted from his sight, 111
 Like forms in clouds, or visions of the night.
 To seize his papers, Curl, was next thy care;
 His papers light, fly diverse, toss'd in air;
 Songs, sonnets, epigrams the winds uplift, 115
 And whisk 'em back to Evans, Young, and Swift.
 Th' embroider'd suit at least he deem'd his prey,
 That suit an unpay'd tailor snatch'd away.

No

REMARKS.

Ver. 104. *As oil'd with magic juices*] Alluding to the opinion that there are ointments used by witches to enable them to fly in the air, &c.

Ver. 116. *Evans, Young, and Swift.*] Some of those persons, whose writings, epigrams, or jests he had owned. See note on ver. 50.

Ver. 118. *an unpay'd tailor*] This line has been loudly complained of in *Mist*, June 8. Dedic. to Sawney and others, as a most inhuman satire on the poverty of poets: but it is thought our author will be acquitted by a jury of tailors. To me this instance seems unluckily chosen; if it be a satire on any body, it must be on a bad paymaster, since the person to whom they have here applied it, was a man of fortune. Not but poets may well be jealous of so great a prerogative as non-payment; which

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 108. *Nor heeds the brown dishonours of his face.*]

— faciem ostentabat, et udo

Turpia membra fimo—

Virg. *Æn.* v.

Ver. 111. *A shapeless shade, &c.*]

— Effugit imago

Par levisbus ventis, volucrique simillima somno.

Virg. *Æn.* vi.

Ver. 114. *His papers, light, fly diverse, toss'd in air;*]

Vir. *Æn.* vi. of the Sibyl's leaves,

Carmina—

turbata volent rapidis ludibria ventis.

Book 2. THE DUNCIA D.

No rag, no scrap, of all the beau, or wit,
That once so flutter'd, and that once so writ. 120

Heav'n rings with laughter: of the laughter vain,
Dulness, good queen, repeats the jest again,
'Three wicked imps, of her own Grubstreet choir,
She deck'd like Congreve, Addison, and Prior;
Mears, Warner, Wilkins run: delusive thought!
Breval, Bond, Bezaleel, the varlets caught. 126
Curl stretches after Gay, but Gay is gone,
He grasps an empty Joseph for a John:
So Proteus, hunted in a nobler shape,
Became, when seiz'd, a puppy, or an ape. 130

REMARKS.

Mr Dennis so far asserts, as boldly to pronounce, that, "if Homer himself was not in debt, it was because nobody would trust him." Pref. to Rem. on the Rape of the Lock, p. 15.

Ver. 124. *like Congreve, Addison, and Prior;*] These authors being such whose names will reach posterity, we shall not give any account of them, but proceed to those of whom it is necessary. — Bezaleel Morris was author of some satires on the translators of Homer, with many other things printed in newspapers. — "Bond writ a satire against Mr P—." Capt. Breval was author of the *Confederates*, an ingenious dramatic performance to expose Mr P. Mr Gay, Dr Arb. and some ladies of quality," says CURL, Key, p. 11.

Ver 125. *Mears, Warner, Wilkins,*] Booksellers, and printers of much anonymous stuff.

Ver. 126. *Breval, Bond, Bezaleel,*] I foresee it will be objected from this line, that we were in an error in our assertion on ver. 50. of this book, that More was a fictitious name, since these persons are equally represented by the poet as phantoms. So at first sight it may seem; but be not deceived, reader; these also are not real persons. It is true, Curl declares Breval, a captain, author of a piece called *The Confederates*; but the same Curl first said it was written by Joseph Gay: Is his second assertion to be credited any more than his first? He likewise affirms Bond to be one who writ a satire on our poet: but where is such a satire to be found? where was such a writer ever heard of? As for Bezaleel, it carries forgery in the very name; nor is it, as the others are, a surname. Thou mayst depend upon it, no such authors ever lived; all phantoms. SCRIBL.

Ver. 123. *Joseph Gay*, a fictitious name put by Curl before several pamphlets, which made them pass with many for Mr Gay's. — The ambiguity of the word *Joseph*, which likewise signifies a loose upper-coat, gives much pleasantry to the idea.

To him the goddess : Son ! thy grief lay down,
 And turn this whole illusion on the town :
 As the sage dame, experienc'd in her trade,
 By names of Toasts retails each batter'd jade ;
 (Whence hapless Monsieur much complains at Paris
 Of wrongs from duchesses and Lady Maries) ; 136
 Be thine, my stationer ! this magic gift ;
 Cook shall be Prior, and Concanen, Swift :
 So shall each hostile name become our own,
 And we too boast our Garth and Addison. 140
 With

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Ver. 132. *And turn this whole illusion on the town :*] It was a common practice of this bookseller to publish vile pieces of obscure hands under the names of eminent authors.

Ver. 137. — *this magic gift*] In verity (saith *Scriblerus*) a very bungling trick. How much better might our worthy brethren of Grubstreet be taught (as in many things they have already been) by the modern masters of Polemics ? who when they make free with their neighbours, seize upon their *good works* rather than their *good name* ; as knowing that those will produce a name of their own.

Ver. 138. *Cock shall be Prior,*] The man here specified writ a thing called *The Battle of Poets*, in which Philips and Weldon were the heroes, and Swift and Pope utterly routed. He also published some malevolent things in the *British*, *London*, and *Daily Journals* ; and at the same time wrote letters to Mr Pope, protesting his innocence. His chief work was a translation of *Hesiod*, to which Theobald writ notes and half-notes, which he carefully owned.

Ver. 138. *and Concanen, Swift :*] In the first edition of this poem there were only asterisks in this place, but the names were since inserted, merely to fill up the verse, and give ease to the ear of the reader.

Ver. 140. *And we too boast our Garth and Addison.*] Nothing is more remarkable than our author's love of praising good writers. He has in this very poem celebrated Mr Locke, Sir Isaac Newton, Dr Barrow, Dr Atterbury, Mr Dryden, Mr Congreve, Dr Garth, Mr Addison ; in a word, almost every man of his time that deserved it ; even Cibber himself (presuming him to be author of the *Careless Husband*.) It was very difficult to have that pleasure in a poem on this subject, yet he has found means to insert their panegyric, and has made even Dulness out of her own mouth pronounce it. It must have been particularly agreeable to him to celebrate Dr Garth ; both as his constant friend, and as he was his predecessor in this kind of satire. The Dis-

With that she gave him (piteous of his case,
Yet smiling at his rueful length of face)

A

REMARKS.

penfary attacked the whole body of apothecaries, a much more useful one undoubtedly than that of the bad poets; if in truth this can be a body, of which no two members ever agreed. It also did, what Mr Theobald says is unpardonable, drew in *parts of private character*, and introduced *persons independent of his subject*. Much more would Boileau have incurred his censure, who left all subjects whatever, on all occasions, to fall upon the bad poets, (which, it is to be feared, would have been more immediately his concern.) But certainly next to commending good writers, the greatest service to learning is to expose the bad, who can only that way be made of any use to it. This truth is very well set forth in these lines addressed to our author:

" The craven rook, and pert jackdaw,
" (Tho' neither birds of moral kind),
" Yet serve, if hang'd, or stuff'd with straw,
" To shew us which way blows the wind.

" Thus dirty knaves, or chatt'ring fools,
" Strung up by dozens in thy lay,
" Teach more by half than Dennis' rules,
" And point instruction ev'ry way.

" With Egypt's art thy pen may strive;
" One potent drop let this but shed,
" And ev'ry rogue that stunk alive,
" Becomes a precious mummy dead."

Ver. 142. *rueful length of face*)] " The decrepit person or figure of a man are no reflections upon his *genius*: an honest mind will love and esteem a *man of worth*, though he be deformed or poor. Yet the author of the Dunciad hath libelled " a person for his *rueful length of face*!" *Mist's Journal*, June 8. This *genius* and *man of worth*, whom an honest mind should love, is Mr Curl. True it is, he stood in the pillory, an incident which will lengthen the face of any man, though it were ever so comely, therefore is no reflection on the natural beauty of Mr Curl. But as to reflections on any man's face, or figure, Mr

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Ver. 141. 142. — *piteous of his case,*
Yet smiling at his rueful length of face.)]

— *Risit pater optimus illi.* —

Me liceat casum misereri insentis amici —

Sic fatus, tergum Gætuli immane leonis, &c.

Virg. *Æn.* 7.

A shaggy tap'stry, worthy to be spread,
On Codrus' old, or Dunton's modern bed ;

Instructive

REMARKS.

Dennis saith excellently ; " Natural deformity comes not by our fault ; it is often occasioned by calamities and diseases, which a man can do more help than a monster can his deformity. There is no one misfortune, and no one disease, but what all the rest of mankind are subject to, — But the deformity of this author is visible, present, lasting, unalterable, and peculiar to himself. It is the mark of God and nature upon him, to give us warning that we should hold no society with him, as a creature not of our original, nor of our species : and they who have refused to take this warning which God and nature have given them, and have, in spite of it, by a senseless presumption ventured to be familiar with him, have severely suffered, &c. It is certain his original is not from Adam, but from the devil," &c. DENNIS, Character of Mr P. octavo, 1716.

Admirably it is observed by Mr Dennis against Mr Law, p. 33. " That the language of Billingsgate can never be the language of charity, nor consequently of Christianity." I should elie be tempted to use the language of a critic ; for what is more provoking to a commentator, than to behold his author thus portrayed ? yet I consider it really hurts not *him* ; whereas to call some others dull, might do them prejudice with a world too apt to believe it : therefore, though Mr D. may call another a *little ass* or a *young toad*, far be it from us to call him a *toothless lion* or an *old serpent*. Indeed, had I written these notes (as was once my intent) in the learned language, I might have given him the appellations of *balatro*, *caheatum caput*, *scurra in trivitiis*, being phrases in good esteem and frequent usage among the best learned : but in our mother-tongue, were I to tax any gentleman of the Dunciad, surely it should be in words not to the vulgar intelligible ; whereby Christian charity, decency, and good accord among authors, might be preserved. SCRIBL.

The good Scriblerus here, as on all occasions, eminently shews his humanity. But it was far otherwise with the gentlemen of the Dunciad, whose scurrilities were always personal, and of that nature which provoked every honest man but Mr Pope ; yet never to be lamented, since they occasioned the following amiable verses :

- " While Malice, Pope, denies thy page
- " Is own celestial fire ;
- " While critics, and while bards in rage,
- " Admiring, won't admire :

Instructive work ! whose wry-mouth'd portraiture
Display'd the fates her confessors endure. 146

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" While wayward pens thy worth assail,

" And envious tongues decry ;

" These times tho' many a friend bewail,

" These times bewail not I.

" But when the world's loud praise is thine,

" And spleen no more shall blame,

" When with thy Homer thou shalt shine

" In one establish'd fame :

" When none shall rail, and ev'ry lay

" Devote a wreath to thee ;

" That day (for come it will) that day,

" Shall I lament to see."

Ver. 143. *A shaggy tap'stry,*] A sorry kind of tapestry frequent in old inns, made of worsted or some coarser stuff: like that which is spoken of by Donne—*Faces as frightful as theirs who rob'd Christ in old hangings.* The imagery woven in it alludes to the mantle of Cloanthus, in *Æn.* v.

Ver. 144. *On Codrus' old, or Dunton's modern bed;*] Of Codrus the poet's bed, see Juvenal, describing his poverty very copiously, sat. iii. ver. 103. &c.

Letus erat Codro, &c.

Codrus had but one bed, so short to boot,

That his short wife's short legs hung dangling out;

His cupboard's head six earthen pitchers grac'd,

Beneath them was his trusty tankard plac'd;

And to support this noble plate, there lay

A bending Chiron, cast from honest clay.

His few Greek books a rotten chest contain'd,

Whose covers much of mouldiness complain'd,

Where mice and rats devour'd poetic bread,

And on heroic verse luxuriously were fed.

'Tis true poor Codrus nothing had to boast,

And yet poor Codrus all that nothing lost. DRYDEN.

BUT Mr Concanen, in his dedication of the letters, advertisements, &c. to the author of the Dunciad, assures us, " that Juvenal never satirised the poverty of Codrus."

John Dunton was a broken bookseller, and abusive scribbler: he writ Neck or Nothing, a violent satire on some ministers of state; a libel on the Duke of Devonshire, and the Bishop of Peterborough, &c.

Earless on high, stood unabash'd De Foe,
 And Tutchin flagrant from the scourge below.
 There Ridpath, Roper, cudgell'd might ye view,
 The very worsted still look'd black and blue. 150
 Himself among the story'd chiefs he spies,
 As, from the blanket, high in air he flies,
 And oh! (he cry'd) what street, what lane but knows
 Our purgings, pumpings, blankettings, and blows?
 In ev'ry loom our labours shall be seen, 155
 And the fresh vomit run for ever green!

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Ver. 148. *And Tutchin flagrant from the scourge*] John Tutchin, author of some vile verses, and of a weekly paper called the *Observer*: He was sentenced to be whipped through several towns in the west of England, upon which he petitioned King James II. to be hanged. When that prince died in exile, he wrote an invective against his memory, occasioned by some humane elegies on his death. He lived to the time of Queen Anne.

Ver. 149. *There Ridpath, Roper,*] Authors of the *Flying post* and *Post-boy*, two scandalous papers on different sides, for which they equally and alternately deserved to be cudgelled, and were so.

Ver. 151. *Himself among the story'd chiefs he spies,*] The history of Curl's being tossed in a blanket, and whipped by the scholars of Westminster, is well known. Of his purging and vomiting, see a full and true account of a horrid revenge on the body of Edm. Curl, &c. in Swift and Pope's *Miscell.*

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Ver. 151. *Himself among the story'd chiefs he spies,*]

Se queque principibus permixtum agnovit Achivis—

Constitit, et lacrymans; Quis jam locus, inquit, Achate!

Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris? Virg. *Æn.* i.

Ver. 156. *And the fresh vomit run for ever green!*] A parody on these lines of a late noble author:

His bleeding arm had furnish'd all their rooms,
 And run for ever purple in the looms.

Ver. 158. *Two babes of love close clinging to her waist;*]

Cessa genus, Phœloë, geminique sub ubere nati. Virg. *Æn.* v.

See

See in the circle next, Eliza plac'd,
 Two babes of love close clinging to her waist;
 Fair as before her works she stands confess'd, 159
 In flow'rs and pearls by bounteous Kirkall dress'd.
 The goddess then: "Who best can send on high
 "The salient spout, far streaming to the sky;
 "His be you Juno of majestic size,
 "With cow-like udders, and with ox-like eyes.

One

REMARKS.

Ver. 157. *See in the circle next, Eliza plac'd,*] In this game is exposed, in the most contemptuous manner, the profligate licentiousness of those shameless scribblers (for the most part of that sex, which ought least to be capable of such malice or impudence) who, in libellous memoirs and novels, reveal the faults or misfortunes of both sexes, to the ruin of public fame, or disturbance of private happiness. Our good poet (by the whole cast of his work being obliged not to take off the irony) where he could not shew his indignation, hath shewn his contempt, as much as possible; having here drawn as vile a picture as could be represented in the colours of epic poetry. SCRIBL.

Ibid. *Eliza Haywood*; this woman was authoress of those most scandalous books called the court of Carimania, and the new Utopia. For the *two babes of love*, see CURL, Key, p. 22. But whatever reflection he is pleased to throw upon this lady, surely it was what from him she little deserved, who had celebrated Curl's undertakings for Reformation of manners, and declared herself "to be so perfectly acquainted with the sweetness of his disposition, and that tenderness with which he considered the errors of his fellow-creatures; that, though she should find the little inadvertencies of her own life recorded in his papers, she was certain it would be done in such a manner as she could not but approve." Mrs HAYWOOD, Hist. of Clar. printed in the Female Dunciad, p. 18.

Ver. 160. *Kirkall*, the name of an engraver. Some of this lady's works were printed in four volumes in 12mo, with her picture thus dressed up before them.

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Ver. 163.

— you Juno —
 With cow-like udders, and with ox-like eyes.]

In allusion to Homer's Βούπις πότνια Hēn.

Ver. 165. *This China jordan*]

Tertius Argolica hac galea contentus abito.

Virg. *Æn.* vi.

In the games of Homer, *Iliad* xxiii. there are set together, as prizes, a lady and a kettle, as in this place, Mrs Haywood and

" This China jordan let the chief o'ercome 165

" Replenish, not ingloriously, at home."

Osborne and Curl accept the glorious strife,
(Tho' this his son dissuades, and that his wife).

One on his manly confidence relies,

One on his vigour and superiour size. 170

First Osborne lean'd against his letter'd post ;

It rose, and labour'd to a curve at most.

So Jove's bright bow displays its wat'ry round,

(Sure sign, that no spectator shall be drown'd) ;

A second effort brought but new disgrace, 175

The wild Meander wash'd the artist's face :

Thus the small jet, which hasty hands unlock,

Spirts in the gard'ner's eyes who turns the cock.

Not

REMARKS.

Ver. 167. *Osborne, Thomas*] A bookseller in Gray's-inn, very well qualified by his impudence to act this part; therefore placed here instead of a less deserving predecessor. This man published advertisements for a year together, pretending to sell Mr Pope's subscription-books of Homer's Iliad at half the price : Of which books he had none, but cut to the size of them (which was quarto) the common books in folio, without copper-plates, on a worse paper, and never above half the value.

Upon this advertisement the Gazetteer hawanged thus, July 6. 1739. " How melancholy must it be to a writer to be so " unhappy as to see his works hawked for sale in a manner so

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a jordan. But there the preference in value is given to the kettle, at which Mad. Dacier is justly displeased. Mrs H. is here treated with distinction, and acknowledged to be the more valuable of the two.

Ver. 169. 170. *One on his manly confidence relies,*

One on his vigour]

Ille — melior motu, fretusque juvena ;

Hic membris et mole valens.

Virg. *Æn. v.*

Ver. 173. 174. *So Jove's bright bow —*

(Sure sign, —

The words of Homer, of the rainbow, in Iliad xi.

— ὥς τε Κρονίων

Ἐν νέφει σήξει, τέρας μερόπων ἀνθρώπων.

Que le fils de Saturne a fondre dans les nées, pour être dans tous les âges une signe à tous les mortels. Dacier.

Not so from shameless Curl; impetuous spread
 The stream, and smoking flourish'd o'er his head. 180
 So (fam'd like thee for turbulence and horns)
 Eridanus his humble fountain scorns;
 Thro' half the heav'ns he pours th' exalted urn;
 His rapid waters in their passage burn.

Swift

REMARKS.

"fatal to his fame! How, with honour to yourself, and justice
 "to your subscribers, can this be done? What an ingratitude to
 "be charged on the *only honest poet* that lived in 1738! and
 "than whom *Virtue* has not had a *shriller trumpeter* for many
 "ages! That you were once *generally admired and esteemed*, can
 "be denied by none; but that you and your works are now de-
 "spised, is verified by *this fact*:" which being utterly false, did
 not indeed much humble the author, but drew this just chastise-
 ment on the bookseller.

Ver. 183. *Thro' half the heav'ns he pours th' exalted urn;*] In a
 manuscript *Dunciad* (where are some marginal corrections of
 some gentlemen, some time deceased) I have found another
 reading of these lines, thus,

And lifts his urn, thro' half the heav'ns to flow;
 His rapid waters in their passage glow.

This I cannot but think the right: For, first, though the dif-
 ference between *burn* and *glow* may seem not very material to
 others, to me I confess the latter has an elegance, a *je ne sçay*
quoy, which is much easier to be conceived than explained. Se-
 condly, every reader of our poet must have observed how fre-
 quently he used this word *glow* in other parts of his works. To
 instance only in his *Homer*:

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Ver. 181. 182. *So (fam'd like thee for turbulence and horns)*
Eridanus]

Virgil mentions these two qualifications of Eridanus, Georg.
 iv.

Et gemina auratus taurino cornua cultu,
Eridanus; quo non alius per pinguis culta
In mare purpureum violentior influit amnis.

The poets fabled of this river Eridanus, that it flowed through
 the skies. Denham, Cooper's Hill:

Heav'n her Eridanus no more shall boast,
 Whose fame in thine, like lesser currents lost;
 Thy nobler stream shall visit Jove's abodes,
 To shine among the stars, and bathe the gods.

Swift as it mounts, all follow with their eyes : 185
Still happy Impudence obtains the prize.

Thou triumph'st, victor of the high-wrought day,
And the pleas'd dame, soft-smiling, lead'st away.
Osborne, thro' perfect modesty o'ercome,
Crown'd with the jordan, walks contented home.

But now for authors nobler palms remain ; 191
Room for my Lord ! three jockeys in his train ;
Six huntsmen with a shout precede his chair :
He grins, and looks broad Nonsense with a stare.
His Honour's meaning Dulness thus exprest, 195
“ He wins this patron, who can tickle best.”

He

REMARKS.

- (1.) Iliad ix. ver. 726. — With one resentment glows.
- (2.) Iliad xi. ver. 626. — There the battle glows.
- (3.) Ibid. ver. 985. — The closing flesh that instant ceas'd
to glow.
- (4.) Iliad xii. ver. 45. — Encompass'd Hector glows.
- (5.) Ibid. ver. 475. — His beating breast with gen'rous ardour glows.
- (6.) Iliad xviii. ver. 591. — Another part glow'd with resurgent arms.
- (7.) Ibid. ver. 654. — And curl'd on silver props in order glow.

I am afraid of growing too luxuriant in examples, or I could stretch this catalogue to a great extent ; but these are enough to prove his fondness for this *beautiful word*, which, therefore, let *all future editions* replace here.

I am aware, after all, that *burn* is the proper word to convey an idea of what was said to be Mr Curl's condition at this time. But from that very reason I infer the direct contrary. For surely every *lover of our author* will conclude he had more *humanity* than to insult a man on such a misfortune or calamity, which could never befall him purely by his *own fault*, but from an unhappy communication with another. This note is half Mr THEOBALD, half SCRIBLER.

Ver. 187. *The high-wrought day*,] Some affirm, this was originally, *well-p—st day* ; but the poet's decency would not suffer it.

Here the learned Scriblerus manifests great anger ; he exclaims against all such *conjectural emendations*, in this manner : “ Let it suffice, O Pallas ! that every noble ancient, *Greek*, “ or *Roman*, hath suffered the impertinent correction of every “ *Dutch, German, and Switz* schoolmaster ! Let our English at

He chinks his purse; and takes his seat of state :
 With ready quills the dedicators wait ;
 Now at his head the dextrous task commence,
 And, instant, fancy feels th' imputed sense ; 200
 Now gentle touches wanton o'er his face,
 He struts Adonis, and affects grimace :
 Rolli the feather to his ear conveys.
 Then his nice taste directs our operas :
 Bentley his mouth with classic flatt'ry opes, 205
 And the puff'd orator bursts out in tropes.

But

REMARKS.

* least escape, whose intrinsic is scarce of marble so solid, as
 " not to be impaired or soiled by such rude and dirty hands.
 " Suffer them to call their works their own, and after death at
 " least to find rest and sanctuary from critics ! When these men
 " have ceased to rail, let them not begin to do worse, to com-
 " ment ! Let them not conjecture into nonsense, correct out of
 " all correctness, and restore into obscurity and confusion. Mi-
 " serable fate ! which can befall only the sprightliest wits that
 " have written, and will befall them only from such dull ones as
 " could never write !"

Ver. 203. *Paolo Antonio Rolli*, an Italian poet, and writer of many operas in that language, which, partly by the help of his genius, prevailed in England near twenty years. He taught Italian to some fine gentlemen, who affected to direct the operas.

Ver. 205. *Bentley his mouth, &c.*] Not spoken of the famous Dr Richard Bentley, but of one Tho. Bentley, a small critic, who aped his uncle in a *little Horace*. The great one was intended to be dedicated to the Lord Hallifax, but (on a change of the ministry) was given to the Earl of Oxford ; for which reason the little one was dedicated to his son the Lord Harley. A taste of his *classic elocution* may be seen in his following panegyric on the peace of Utrecht. *O cupinus patrem tuum, fulgentissimum illud orbis Anglicani jubar, adorare ! O ingens reipublicæ nostræ column ! O fortunatam tanto heroe Britanniam ! Illi tali tantoque viro DEUM per omnia adfuisse, manumque ejus et mentem direxisse CERTISSIMUM EST. Hujus enim unius ferme opera, æquissimis et perhonorificis conditionibus, diuturno, beu nimium ! bello, finem impositum videmus. O diem æterna memoria dignissimam ! qua terrores patriæ omnes excidit, pacemque civi exoptatam toti fere Europæ restituit, ille populi Anglicani amor, Harleius.*

Thus critically (that is, verbally) translated :

" Thy father, that most resplendent star of the Anglican orb,
 " we much desire to adore ! O mighty column of our republic !

But Welsted most the poet's healing balm
 Strives to extract from his soft, giving palm ;
 Unlucky Welsted ! thy unfeeling master,
 The more thou ticklest, gripes his fist the faster. 210
 While

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 207. in the first edition,

But Oldmixon the poet's healing balm, &c.

REMARKS.

" Oh Britain, fortunate in such an *hero* ! That to such and so
 " great a man God was ever present, in *every thing*, and all a-
 " long directed both his hand and his heart, is a *most absolute*
 " *certainty* ! For it is in a manner by the operation of this *man*
 " *alone*, that we behold a *war* (alas ! how much too long an
 " one !) brought at length to an end, *on the most just and most bo-*
 " *nourable conditions*. Oh day eternally to be memorated !
 " wherein all the terrors of his country were ended, and a
 " *PEACE* (long wished for by *almost all Europe*) was re-
 " stored by HARLEY, the love and delight of the people of
 " England."

But that this gentleman can write in a different style, may be
 seen in a letter he printed to Mr Pope, wherein several noble
 Lords are treated in a most extraordinary language, particularly
 the Lord Bolingbroke abused for that very *PEACE* which he
 here makes the *single work* of the Earl of Oxford, directed by
 God almighty.

Ver. 207. *Welsted*] Leonard Welsted, author of the *Trium-*
virate, or a letter in verse from Palamon to Celia at Bath,
 which was meant for a satire on Mr P. and some of his friends
 about the year 1718. He writ other things which we cannot
 remember. Smedley, in his *metamorphosis of Scriblerus*, men-
 tions one, the hymn of a *gentleman* to his *Creator* : And there
 was another in praise either of a cellar, or a garret. L. W.
 characterised in the treatise *Περὶ Βάβυς*, or the art of sinking,
 as a didapper, and after as an eel, is said to be this person,
 by Dennis, *Daily Journal* of May 11. 1728. He was also
 characterised under another animal, a mole, by the author
 of the ensuing simile, which was handed about at the same
 time :

" Dear Welsted, mark, in a dirty hole,
 " That painful animal, a mole :
 " Above ground never born to grow ;
 " What mighty stir it keeps below ?
 " To make a mole-hill all this strife !
 " It digs, pokes, undermines for life.

While thus each hand promotes the pleasing pain,
 And quick sensations skip from vein to vein;
 A youth unknown to Phœbus, in despair,
 Puts his last refuge all in heav'n and pray'r.
 What force have pious vows! The Queen of Love
 Her sister sends, her vot'refs, from above. 216

As taught by Venus, Paris learn'd the art
 To touch Achilles' only tender part;
 Secure, thro' her, the noble prize to carry,
 He marches off, his Grace's secretary. 220

Now turn to diff'rent sports (the goddess cries),
 And learn, my sons, the wondrous pow'r of noise.
 To move, to raise, to ravish ev'ry heart,
 With Shakespear's nature, or with Johnson's art,
 Let others aim: 'tis yours to shake the soul 225
 With thunder rumbling from the mustard bowl,
 With

REMARKS.

- "How proud a little dirt to spread;
 "Conscious of nothing o'er its head!
 "Till, lab'ring on for want of eyes,
 "It blunders into light and dies."

You have him again in book iii. ver. 169.

Ver. 213. *A youth unknown to Phœbus, &c.*] The satire of this episode being levelled at the base flatteries of authors to worthless wealth or greatness, concludes here with an excellent lesson to such men: That although their pens and praises were as exquisite as they conceit of themselves, yet (even in their own mercenary views) a creature unlettered, who serveth the passions, or pimpeth to the pleasures, of such vain, braggart, puffed nobility, shall with those patrons be much more inward, and of them much higher rewarded. SCRIBL.

Ver. 226. *With thunder rumbling from the mustard bowl,*] The old way of making thunder and mustard were the same; but since, it is more advantageously performed by troughs of wood

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 223. 225. *To move, to raise, &c.*

Let others aim: 'tis yours to shake, &c.]

Excudent alii spirantia mollius æra,

Credo equidem, vivos ducent de marmore vultus, &c.

Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento,

Hæ tibi erunt artes—

With horns and trumpets now to madness swell,
 Now sink in sorrows with a tolling bell !
 Such happy arts attention can command,
 When fancy flags, and sense is at a stand. 230
 Improve we these. Three cat-calls be the bribe
 Of him, whose chatt'ring shames the monkey-tribe ;
 And his this drum, whose hoarse heroic base
 Drowns the loud clarion of the braying ass.

Now thousand tongues are heard in one loud din :
 The monkey-mimics rush discordant in ; 236
 'Twas chatt'ring, grinning, mouthing, jabb'ring all,
 And Noise and Norton, Brangling and Breval,
 Dennis and Dissonance, and captious Art,
 And Snip-snap short, and Interruption smart, 240
 And Demonstration thin, and Theses thick,
 And Major, Minor, and Conclusion quick.
 Hold, (cry'd the Queen), a cat-call each shall win ;
 Equal your merits ! equal is your din !
 But that this well-disputed game may end, 245
 Sound forth, my Brayers, and the welkin rend.

As when the long-ear'd milky mothers wait
 At some sick miser's triple-bolted gate,
 For their defrauded, absent foals they make
 A moan so loud, that all the gild awake ; 250

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with stops in them. Whether Mr Dennis was the inventor of that improvement, I know not ; but it is certain, that being once at a tragedy of a new author, he fell into a great passion at hearing some, and cried, " 'Sdeath ! that is my thunder."]

Ver. 228.—*with a tolling bell ;*] A mechanical help to the pathetic, not unuseful to the modern writers of tragedy.

Ver. 231. *Three cat-calls*] Certain musical instruments used by one sort of critics to confound the poets of the theatre.

Ver. 238. *Norton,*] See ver. 417.—*J. Durant Breval*, author of a very extraordinary book of travels, and some poems. See before, note on ver. 126.

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Ver. 243. *A cat-call each shall win, &c.*]

Non nostrum inter vos tantas componere lites,

Et vitula tu dignus, et hic—

Virg. ecl. iii.

Ver. 247. *As when she, &c.*] A simile with a long tail, in the manner of Homer.

Sere

Sore sighs Sir Gilbert, starting at the bray,
 From dreams of millions, and three groats to pay.
 So swells each wind-pipe; as intones to as,
 Harmonic twang! of leather, horn, and brass;
 Such as from lab'ring lungs th' enthusiast blows, 255
 High sound, attemper'd to the vocal nose;
 Or such as bellow from the deep divine;
 There, Webster! peal'd thy voice, and Whitefield
 thine.

But far o'er all, sonorous Blackmore's strain;
 Walls, steeples, skies, bray back to him again. 260
 In Tot'nam fields, the brethren, with amaze,
 Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze;

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Ver. 258. *Webster—and Whitefield*] The one the writer of a news-paper called the *weekly miscellany*, the other a field-preacher. This thought the only means of advancing religion was by the new-birth of spiritual madness: that by the old death of fire and faggot: and therefore they agreed in this, though in no other earthly thing, to abuse all the sober clergy. From the small success of these two extraordinary persons, we may learn how little hurtful *bigotry* and *enthusiasm* are, while the civil magistrate prudently forbears to lend his power to the one, in order to the employing it against the other.

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Ver. 260. *Bray back to him again.*] A figure of speech taken from Virgil:

Et vox assensu nemorum ingeminata remugit. Georg. iii.

He hears his num'rous herds low o'er the plain,
 While neighb'ring hills low back to them again. Cowley.

The poet here celebrated, Sir R. B. delighted much in the word *bray*, which he endeavoured to ennoble by applying it to the sound of *armour, war, &c.* In imitation of him, and strengthened by his authority, our author has here admitted it into heroic poetry.

Ver. 262. *Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze;*]

Immemor barbarum quos est mirata juvenca. Virg. ecl. viii.

The progress of the sound from place to place, and the scenery here of the bordering regions, Tottenham-fields; Chancery-lane, the Thames, Westminster-hall, and Hungerford-stairs are imitated from Virgil, *Æn.* vii. on the sounding the horn of Alecto:

Audiit et Triviae longe lacus, audiit amnis

Sulphurea Nar albus aqua, fontesque Velini, &c.

C. c. 2.

Long.

Long Chanc'ry-lane retentive rolls the sound,
 And courts to courts return it round and round;
 Thames wafts it thence to Rufus' roaring hall, 263
 And Hungerford re-echoes bawl for bawl.
 All hail him victor in both gifts of song,
 Who sings so loudly, and who sings so long.

This

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Ver. 263. *Long Chanc'ry lane*] The place where the offices of chancery are kept. The long detention of clients in that court, and the difficulty of getting out, is humorously allegorized in these lines.

Ver. 268. *Who sings so loudly, and who sings so long.*] A just character of Sir Richard Blackmore, Knight, who (as Mr Dryden expresseth it)

Went to the rumbling of his coach's wheels.

and whose indefatigable muse produced no less than six epic poems: Prince and King Arthur, twenty books; Eliza, ten; Alfred, twelve; the Redeemer, six; besides Job, in folio; the whole book of Psalms; the Creation, seven books; Nature of Man, three books; and many more. It is in this sense he is styled afterwards the *everlasting Blackmore*. Notwithstanding all which, Mr Gildon seems assured, that "this admirable author "did not think himself upon the same foot with Homer." Comp. Art of Poetry, vol. 1. p. 108.

But how different is the judgment of the author of Characters of the times? p. 25. who says, "Sir Richard Blackmore is unfortunate in happening to mistake his proper talents; and "that he has not for many years been so much as named, or even "thought of among writers." Even Mr Dennis differs greatly from his friend Mr Gildon: "Blackmore's *action* (saith he) has "neither unity, nor integrity, nor morality, nor universality; "and consequently he can have no *fable*, and no *heroic poem*: "his narration is neither probable, delightful, nor wonderful; "his characters have none of the necessary qualifications; the "things contained in his narration are neither in their own nature delightful, nor numerous enough, nor rightly disposed, "nor surprising nor pathetic."—Nay he proceeds so far as to say Sir Richard has no *genius*; first laying down, that "genius "is caused by a *furious joy and pride of soul*, on the conception "of an *extraordinary hint*. Many men (says he) have their "*hints*, without these motions of *fury and pride of soul*, because "they want fire enough to agitate their spirits; and these we call cold writers. Others who have a great deal of fire, but "have not excellent organs, feel the forementioned motions, "without the *extraordinary hints*; and these we call *fustian writers*. But he declares that Sir Richard has neither the *hints*,

This labour past, by Bridewell all descend,
(As morning-pray'r, and flagellation end), 270
To

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"nor the motions." Remarks on Pr. Arth. octave, 1696. Preface.

This gentleman, in his first works, abused the character of Mr Dryden; and in his last, of Mr Pope, accusing him in very high and sober terms of profaneness and immorality (Essay on polite writing, vol. ii. p. 270.), on a mere report from Edm. Curl; that he was author of a travestie on the first psalm. Mr Dennis took up the same report, but with the addition of what Sir Richard had neglected, an argument to prove it; which being very curious, we shall here transcribe. "It was he who burlesqued the psalm of David. It is apparent to me that psalm was burlesqued by a *Popish rhymester*. Let rhyming persons who have been brought up *Protestants* be otherwise what they will, let them be rakes, let them be scoundrels, let them be *Atheists*, yet education has made an invincible impression on them in behalf of the sacred writings. But a *Popish rhymester* has been brought up with a contempt for those sacred writings; now shew me another *Popish rhymester* but he." This manner of argumentation is usual with Mr Dennis; he has employed the same against Sir Richard himself, in a like charge of *impiety* and *irreligion*. "All Mr Blackmore's celestial machines, as they cannot be defended so much as by common received opinion, so are they directly contrary to the doctrine of the church of England; for the visible descent of an angel must be a miracle. Now, it is the doctrine of the church of England, that miracles had ceased a long time before Prince Arthur came into the world. Now, if the doctrine of the church of England be true, as we are obliged to believe, then are all the celestial machines in Prince Arthur unsufferable, as wanting not only human, but divine probability. But if the machines are sufferable, that is, if they have so much as divine probability, then it follows of necessity that the doctrine of the church is false. So I leave it to every impartial clergyman to consider," &c. Preface to the Remarks on Prince Arthur.

Ver. 270. (*As morning-pray'r, and flagellation end.*) It is between eleven and twelve in the morning, after church-service, that the criminals are whipt in Bridewell—This is to mark punctually the time of the day: Homer does it by the circumstances of the judges rising from court, or of the labourers dinner; our author by one very proper both to the persons and the scene of his poem, which we may remember commenced in the evening of the Lord Mayor's day: the first book passed in that night; the next morning the games begin in the Strand, thence along Fleet-street (places inhabited by booksellers) then they

To where Fleet-ditch with disemboгуing streams
 Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames,
 The king of dykes ! than whom no sluice of mud
 With deeper sable blots the silver flood, 274
 " Here strip, my children ! here at once leap in,
 " Here prove who best can dash thro' thick and thin,
 " And who the most in love of dirt excel,
 " Or dark dexterity of groping well.
 " Who flings most filth, and wide pollutes around
 " The stream, be his the Weekly Journals bound,
 " A pig of lead to him who dives the best ; 281
 " A peck of coals apiece shall glad the rest."
 In naked majesty Oldmixon stands,
 And Milo-like surveys his arms and hands ;

Then

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proceed by Bridewell towards Fleet-ditch, and lastly through Ludgate to the city and the temple of the goddess.

Ver. 276. 277. 278. — *dash thro' thick and thin, — love of dirt — dark dexterity*] The three chief qualifications of party-writers : to stick at nothing, to delight in flinging dirt, and to slander in the dark by guess.

Ver. 280. *the weekly journals*] Papers of news and scandal intermixed, on different sides and parties, and frequently shifting from one side to the other, called the *London Journal*, *British Journal*, *Daily Journal*, &c. the concealed writers of which for some time were Oldmixon, Roome, Arnall, Concanen, and others : persons never seen by our author.

Ver. 282. "*A peck of coals apiece*] Our indulgent poet, whenever he has spoken of any dirty or low work, constantly puts us in mind of the poverty of the offenders, as the only extenuation of such practices. Let any one but remark, when a thief, a pick-pocket, an highwayman, or a knight of the post are spoken of, how much our hate to those characters is lessened, if they add a *needy* thief, a *poor* pick-pocket, an *hungry* highwayman, a *starving* knight of the post, &c.

Ver. 283. *In naked majesty Oldmixon stands,*] Mr JOHN OLD-MIXON, next to Mr DENNIS, the most ancient critic of our nation : an unjust censurer of Mr Addison in his prose essay on

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Ver. 273. *The king of dykes ! &c.*]

Fluviorum rex Eridanus,

— *quo non alius, per pinguis calta,*

In mare purpureum violentior insluit omnis.

Virg.

Then fighting thus, " And am I now threescore ?
 " Ah why, ye Gods ! should two and two make
 " four ?"

He

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criticism, whom also in his imitation of Bouhours (called *the Arts of Logic and Rhetoric*) he misrepresents in plain matter of fact; for in p. 45. he cites the Spectator as abusing Dr Swift by name, where there is not the least hint of it; and in p. 304. is so injurious as to suggest that Mr Addison himself writ that Tatler, No 43. which says of his own simile, that " it is as great as ever entered into the mind of man. In poetry he was not so happy as laborious, and therefore characterised by the Tatler, No 62. by the name of Omicron the unborn poet." Curl, Key, p. 13. " He writ dramatic works, and a volume of poetry consisting of heroic epistles, &c. some whereof are very well done," said that great judge Mr Jacob, in his Lives of Poets, vol. ii. p. 303.

In his Essay on Criticism, and the Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, he frequently reflects on our author. But the top of his character was a perverter of history, in that scandalous one of the Stuarts, in folio, and his critical history of England, two volumes, octavo. Being employed by Bishop Kennet, in publishing the historians in his collection, he falsified Daniel's Chronicle in numberless places. Yet this very man, in the preface to the first of these books, advanced a *particular fact* to charge three eminent persons of falsifying the Lord Clarendon's history; which fact has been disproved by Dr Atterbury, late Bishop of Rochester, then the only survivor of them; and the particular part he pretended to be falsified, produced since, after almost ninety years, in that noble author's original manuscript. He was all his life a virulent party-writer for hire, and received his reward in a small place, which he enjoyed to his death.

Ver. 286. " *Ab, why, ye Gods ! should two and two make four ?*"] Very reasonably doth this ancient critic complain : without doubt it was a fault in the constitution of things. For the world, as a great writer saith, *being given to man for a subject of disputation*, he might think himself mocked with a penurious gift, were any thing made certain. Hence those superiour masters of wisdom, the Sceptics and Academics, reasonably conclude that *two and two do not make four*. SCRIBL.

But we need not go so far, to remark what the poet princi-

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Ver. 285. *Then fighting thus, " And am I now threescore ? &c.]*

— *Fletque Milen senior, cum spectat inanes*

Herculeis similes, fluidos pendere lacertos. Ovid.

He said, and climb'd a stranded lighter's height,
Shot to the black abyfs, and plung'd downright.
The senior's judgment all the croud admire,

Who but to sink the deeper, rose the higher. 290.

Next Smedley div'd; slow circles dimpled o'er
The quaking mud, that clos'd, and op'd no more.

All look, all sigh, and call on Smedley lost;

Smedley in vain resounds thro' all the coast. 294.

Then ** essay'd; scarce vanish'd out of sigh

He buoys up instant, and returns to light:

He bears no tokens of the fabler streams,

And mounts far off among the swans of Thames.

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After ver. 298. in the first edit. followed these,

Far worse unhappy D——r succeeds,

He search'd for coral, but he gather'd weeds.

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pally intended, the absurdity of complaining of *old age*, which must necessarily happen, as long as we are indulged in our desires of adding one year to another.

Ver. 291. *Next Smedley div'd;*] In the surreptitious editions, this whole episode was applied to an initial letter E—, by whom if they meant the laureat, nothing was more absurd, no part agreeing with his character. The allegory evidently demands a person dipped in scandal, and deeply immersed in dirty work: whereas Mr Eusden's writings rarely offended but by their length and multitude, and accordingly are taxed of nothing else in book i. ver. 102. But the person here mentioned, an Irishman, was author and publisher of many scurrilous pieces, a weekly Whitehall Journal in the year 1722, in the name of Sir James Baker; and particularly whole volumes of Billingsgate against Dr Swift and Mr Pope, called *Gulliveriana* and *Alexandriana*, printed in octavo, 1728.

Ver. 295. *Then ** essay'd;*] A gentleman of genius and spirit, who was secretly dipt in some papers of this kind, on whom our poet bestows a panegyric instead of a satire, as deserving to be better employed than in party-quarrels, and personal invectives.

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Ver. 293. *and call on Smedley lost; &c.*]

Alcides wept in vain for Hylas lost,

H, las, in vain, resounds thro' all the coast.

Lord Roscom. translat. of Virgil's 6th ecl.

True

True to the bottom, see Concanen creep,
 A cold, long-winded, native of the deep: 300
 If perseverance gain the diver's prize,
 Not everlasting Blackmore this denies:
 No noise, no stir, no motion canst thou make,
 Th' unconscious stream sleeps o'er thee like a lake.

Next plung'd a feeble, but a desp'rate pack, 305
 With each a sickly brother at his back:
 Sons of a day! just buoyant on the flood,
 Then number'd with the puppies in the mud.
 Ask ye their names? I could as soon disclose
 The names of these blind puppies as of those. 310
 Fast by, like Niobe (her children gone)
 Sits Mother Osborne, stupify'd to stone!

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Ver. 299. *Concanen*] MATTHEW CONCANEN, an Irishman, bred to the law. Smedley (one of his brethren in enmity to Swift) in his metamorphosis of Scriblerus, p. 7. accuses him of "having boasted of what he had not written, but others had revised and done for him." He was author of several dull and dead scurrilities in the British and London Journals, and in a paper called the *Speculatist*. In a pamphlet, called *A Supplement to the Profund*, he dealt very unfairly with our poet, not only frequently imputing to him Mr Broome's verses (for which he might indeed seem in some degree accountable, having corrected what that gentleman did), but those of the Duke of Buckingham, and others: to this rare piece somebody humorously caused him to take for his motto, *De profundis clamavi*. He was since a hired scribler in the Daily Courant, where he poured forth much Billingsgate against the Lord Bolingbroke, and others; after which this man was surprisingly promoted to administer justice and law in Jamaica.

Ver. 306. 307. *With ea. b a sickly brother at his back: Sons of a day, &c.*] These were daily papers, a number of which, to lessen the expense, were printed one on the back of another.

Ver. 311. *like Niobe*] See the story in Ovid, Met. vii. where the miserable petrification of this old lady is pathetically described.

Ver. 312. *Osborne*] A name assumed by the eldest and gravest of these writers, who at last being ashamed of his pupils, gave his paper over, and in his age remained silent.

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Ver. 302. *Not everlasting Blackmore*]

Nec bonus Eurytion praelato invidit bonori, &c.

Virg. *Æn.*
 And

And monumental brass this record bears,
 "These are,— ah no! these were the Gazetteers!"

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Ver. 314. *Gazetteers*] We ought not to suppress that a modern critic here taxeth the poet with an anachronism, affirming these gazetteers not to have lived within the time of his poem, and challenging us to produce any such paper of that date. But we may with equal assurance assert, these Gazetteers not to have lived since, and challenge all the learned world to produce one such paper at this day. Surely therefore, where the point is so obscure, our author ought not to be censured too rashly.

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Notwithstanding this affected ignorance of the good Scriblerus, the *Daily Gazetteer* was a title given very properly to certain papers, each of which lasted but a day. Into this, as a common sink, was received all the trash, which had been before dispersed in several Journals, and circulated at the public expence of the nation. The authors were the same obscure men; though sometimes relieved by occasional essays from statesmen, couriers, bishops, deans, and doctors. The meaner sort were rewarded with money; others with places or benefices, from an hundred to a thousand a-year. It appears from the report of the secret committee for inquiring into the conduct of R. Earl of O. "That no less than fifty thousand seventy-seven pounds, eighteen shillings, were paid to authors and printers of newspapers, such as Free-Briggs, Daily-courants, Corn-cutters journals, Gazetteers, and other political papers, between Feb. 10. 1731, and Feb. 10. 1741." Which shews the benevolence of one minister to have expended, for the current dulness of ten years in Britain, double the sum which gained Lewis XIV. so much honour, in annual pensions to learned men all over Europe. In which, and in a much longer time, not a pension at court, nor preferment in the church or universities, of any consideration, was bestowed on any man distinguished for his learning separately from party-merit, or pamphlet-writing.

It is worth a reflection, that of all the panegyrics bestowed by these writers on this great minister, not one is at this day extant or remembered; nor even so much credit done to his personal character by all they have written, as by one short occasional compliment of our author:

Seen him I have; but in his happier hour
 Of social pleasure, ill exchang'd for pow'r!
 Seen him, uncumber'd by the venal tribe,
 Smile without art, and win without a bribe.

Not

Not so bold Arnall; with a weight of scull, 315
Furious he dives precipitately dull.

Whirlpools and storms his circling arms invest,
With all the might of gravitation blest.
No crab more active in the dirty dance,
Downward to climb, and backward to advance, 320
He brings up half the bottom on his head,
And loudly claims the journals and the lead.

The plunging Prelate, and his pond'rous Grace,
With holy envy gave one layman place.
When lo! a burst of thunder shook the flood, 325
Slow rose a form, in majesty of mud;
Shaking the horrors of his sable brows,
And each ferocious feature grim with ooze.
Greater he looks, and more than mortal stares:
'Then thus the wonders of the deep declares. 330

First he relates, how sinking to the chin,
Smit with his mien, the mud-nymphs suck'd him in:
How young Lutetia, softer than the down,
Nigrina black, and Merdamante brown,

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Ver. 315. *Arnall*] WILLIAM ARNALL, bred an attorney, was a perfect genius in this sort of work. He began under twenty with furious party-papers; then succeeded Concanen in the *British Journal*. At the first publication of the *Dunciad*, he prevailed on the author not to give him his due place in it, by a letter professing his detestation of such practices as his predecessors. But since, by the most unexampled insolence, and personal abuse of several great men, the poet's particular friends, he most amply deserved a niche in the temple of Infamy: Witness a paper, called the *Free Briton*; a dedication entitled, To the Genuine Blunderer, 1732, and many others. He writ for hire, and valued himself upon it; not indeed without cause, it appearing by the aforesaid REPORT, that he "received for free Britons, and other writings, in the space of four years, no less than ten thousand nine hundred and ninety-seven pounds, six shillings, and eight pence, out of the treasury." But frequently, through his fury or folly, he exceeded all the bounds of his commission, and obliged his honourable patron to disavow his scurrilities.

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Ver. 329. *Greater he looks, and more than mortal stares:]*
Virg. *Æn.* vi. of the Sibyl:

— *majorque videri,*
Nec mortale sonans—

Vy'd

Vy'd for his love in jetty bow'rs below, 335
 As Hylas fair was ravish'd long ago.
 Then sung, how shown him by the nut-brown
 maids

A branch of Styx here rises from the shades.
 That tinctur'd as it runs with Lethe's streams,
 And wafting vapours from the land of dreams, 340
 (As under seas Alpheus' secret sluice
 Bears Pisa's off'ring to his Arethuse)
 Pours into Thames : and hence the mingled wave
 Intoxicates the pert, and lulls the grave :
 Here brisker vapours o'er the TEMPLE creep, 345
 There, all from Paul's to Aldgate drink and sleep.
 Thence

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Ver. 336. *As Hylas fair*] Who was ravished by the water-nymphs, and drawn into the river. The story is told at large by Valerius Flaccus, lib. iiii. Argon. See Virgil, ecl. vi.

Ver. 338. *A branch of Styx*, &c.

Οἱ τ' ἀμφ' ἱμερτὸν Τιταρήσιον ἔργ' ἐνίμοντο,
 "Ὅς ῥ' ἐς Πηνειὸν προΐει καλλιρρόον ὕδωρ,
 Οὐδ' ὅγ' Πηνειῷ συμμίσγεται ἀργυροδίνῃ,
 Ἀλλὰ τέ μιν καθύπερβιν ἐπιρρέει ἡ τ' ἔλαιον.
 "Ὅρκε γὰρ δαίς Στυγὸς ὕδατος ἐσσι ἀπορρώξ.

Homer, Il. ii. Catal.

Of the land of dreams in the same region, he makes mention, Odyss. xxiv. See also Lucian's true history. *Lethe* and the *land of dreams* allegorically represent the *stupefaction* and *visionary madness* of poets, equally dull and extravagant. Of Alpheus's water gliding secretly under the sea of Pisa, to mix with those of Arethuse in Sicily, see Moschus, idyll. viii. Virg. ecl. x.

*Sic tibi, cum fluctus subter labere Sicanos,
 Doris amara suam non intermisceat undam.*

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Ver. 346. *Thence to the banks*, &c.]

*Tum canit errantem Permessi ad flumina Gallum,
 Utque viro Phœbi chorus assurrexerit omnis;
 Ut Linus hæc illi diuino carmine pastor,
 Floribus atque apio crines ornatus amaro,
 Dixit, Hos tibi cant calamos, en accipe, musæ,
 Ascrao quos ante seni ——— &c.*

Thence to the banks where rev'rend bards repose.
 They led him soft; each rev'rend bard arose;
 And Milbourn chief, deputed by the rest,
 Gave him the cassock, surcingle, and vest. 350
 "Receive (he said) these robes which once were
 mine,

"Dulness is sacred in a sound divine."
 He ceas'd, and spread the robe; the croud confess
 The rev'rend flamen in his lengthen'd dress.
 Around him wide a sable army stand, 355
 A low-born, cell-bred, selfish, servile band,
 Prompt or to guard or stab, to saint or damn,
 Heav'n's Swiss, who fight for any god, or man.

Thro' Lud's fam'd gates, along the well-known
 Fleet
 Rolls the black troop, and overshades the street, 360
 Till show'rs of sermons, characters, essays,
 In circling fleeces whiten all the ways:
 So clouds replenish'd from some bog below,
 Mount in dark volumes, and descend in snow.

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And again, *Æn.* iii.

— *Alpheum fama est buc, Elidis amnem,
 Occultas egisse vias subter mare, qui nunc
 Ore, Arethusa, tuo Siculis confunditur undis.*

Ver. 349. *And Milbourn*] Luke Milbourn a clergyman, the fairest of critics; who, when he wrote against Mr Dryden's Virgil, did him justice in printing at the same time his own translations of him, which were intolerable. His manner of writing has a great resemblance with that of the gentlemen of the Dunciad against our author, as will be seen in the parallel of Mr Dryden and him. Append.

Ver. 359. *Lud's fam'd gates,*] "King Lud repairing the city, called it after his own name, *Lud's town*; the strong gate which he built in the west part, he likewise, for his own honour, named *Ludgate*. In the year 1260, this gate was beautified with images of Lud and other kings. Those images in the reign of Edward VI. had their heads smitten off, and were otherwise defaced by unadvised folks. Queen Mary did set new heads upon their old bodies again. The 28th of Queen Elizabeth, the same gate was clean taken down, and newly and beautifully builded, with images of Lud and others, as afore." *Stowe's survey of London.*

Here stop the goddesses; and in pomp proclaims 365
A gentler exercise to close the games.

“Ye critics! in whose heads, as equal scales
“I weigh what author’s heaviness prevails;
“Which most conduce to sooth the soul in slumbers,
“My H—ly’s periods, or my Blackmore’s num-
“bers; 370

“Attend the trial we propose to make:
“If there be man, who o’er such works can wake,
“Sleep’s all-subduing charms who dares defy,
“And boasts Ulysses’ ear with Argus’ eye;
“To him we grant our amplest pow’rs to fit 375
“Judge of all present, past, and future wit;
“To cavil, censure, dictate, right or wrong,
“Full and eternal privilege of tongue.”

Three college-fops, and three pert templars came,
The same their talents, and their tastes the same;
Each prompt to query, answer, and debate, 381
And smit with love of poesy and prate.

The pond’rous books two gentle readers bring!
The heroes sit, the vulgar form a ring.
The clam’rous croud is hush’d with mugs of mum,
Till all tun’d equal, send a gen’ral hum. 386

Then mount the clerks, and in one lazy tone
Thro’ the long, heavy, painful page drawl on;
Soft

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Ver. 374. See Hom. Odyss. xii. Ovid. Met. i.

Ver. 388. *Through the long, heavy, painful page, &c.*] “All
“these lines very well imitate the slow drowiness with which
“they proceed. It is impossible to any one, who has a poetical

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Ver. 380. 381. *The same their talents—Each prompt, &c.*]

*Ambo florentes ætatis, Arcades ambo,
Et certare pares, et respondere parati.*

Virg. ecl. vi.

Ver. 382. *And smit with love of poesy and prate.*]

Smit with the love of sacred song —

Milton.

Ver. 384. *The heroes sit, the vulgar form a ring;*]

Consedere duces, et vulgi stante corona,

Ovid. Met. xiii.

Soft creeping, words on words, the sense compose,
 At ev'ry line they stretch, they yawn, they doze.
 As to soft gales top-heavy pines bow low 391
 Their heads, and lift them as they cease to blow :
 Thus oft they rear, and oft the head decline,
 As breathe, or pause, by fits, the airs divine.
 And now to this side, now to that they nod, 395
 As verse, or prose, infuse the drowzy god.
 Thrice Budgel aim'd to speak, but thrice suppress
 By potent Arthur, knock'd his chin and breast.
 Toland and Tindal, prompt at priests to jeer,
 Yet silent bow'd to *Christ's no kingdom here.* 400
 Who sat the nearest, by the words o'ercome,
 Slept first; the distant nodded to the hum.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 399. in the first edition it was,

Collins and Tindal, prompt at priests to jeer.

REMARKS.

" ear, to read them without perceiving the heaviness that lags in
 " the verse to imitate the action it describes. The simile of the
 " pines is very just and well adapted to the subject;" says an
 enemy, in his essay on the Dunciad, p. 21.

Ver. 397. *Thrice Budgel aim'd to speak,*] Famous for his
 speeches on many occasions about the South-sea scheme, &c.
 " He is a very ingenious gentleman, and hath written some
 " excellent epilogues to plays, and one small piece on love,
 " which is very pretty." Jacob, Lives of poets, vol. ii. p. 289.
 But this gentleman since made himself much more eminent, and
 personally well known to the greatest statesmen of all parties,
 as well as to all the courts of law in this nation.

Ver. 399. *Toland and Tindal,*] Two persons, not so happy as
 to be obscure, who writ against the religion of their country.
Toland, the author of the Atheist's liturgy, called *Pantheisticon*,
 was a spy in pay to Lord Oxford. *Tindal* was author of the
Rights of the Christian church, and *Christianity as old as the creation*.
 He also wrote an abusive pamphlet against Earl S——, which
 was suppressed, while yet in MS. by an eminent person, then
 out of the ministry, to whom he shewed it, expecting his appro-
 bation: This doctor afterwards published the same piece, *mutatis*
mutandis, against that very person.

Ver. 400. *Christ's no kingdom*, &c.] This is said by Curl, Key
 to the Dunciad, to allude to a sermon of a Reverend bishop:

Then down are roll'd the books; stretch'd o'er 'em
lies

Each gentle clerk, and mutt'ring seals his eyes.
As what a Dutchman plumps into the lakes, 405
One circle first, and then a second makes;
What Dulness dropt among her sons impress
Like motion from one circle to the rest:
So from the midmost the nutation spreads
Round and more round, o'er all the *sea of beads*.
At last Centlivre felt her voice to fail, 411
Motteux himself unfinish'd left his tale,
Boyer the state, and Law the stage gave o'er,
Morgan and Mandevil could prate no more;
Norton, from Daniel and Ostræa sprung, 415
Bless'd with his father's front, and mother's tongue,
Hung

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 413. in the first edit. it was,

T——s and T—— the church and state gave o'er,
Nor *** talk'd nor S—— whisper'd more.

REMARKS.

Ver. 411. *Centlivre*] Mrs Susannah Centlivre, wife to Mr Centlivre, yeoman of the mouth to his Majesty. She writ many plays, and a song (says Mr Jacob, vol. i. p. 32.) before she was seven years old. She also writ a ballad against Mr Pope's Homer, before he began it.

Ver. 413. *Boyer the state, and Law the stage gave o'er,*] A. Boyer, a voluminous compiler of annals, political collections, &c.—William Law, A. M. wrote with great zeal against the stage; Mr Dennis answered with as great. Their books were printed in 1726. Mr Law affirmed, “the playhouse is the temple of the devil; the peculiar pleasure of the devil; where all they who go, yield to the devil; where all the laughter is a laughter among devils; and all who are there are hearing music in the very porch of hell.” To which Mr Dennis replied, that “there is every jot as much difference between a true play, and one made by a poetaster, as between *two religious books*, the Bible and the Alcoran.” Then he demonstrates, that “all

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 410. *O'er all the sea of beads.*]

A waving sea of heads was round me spread,
And still fresh streams the gazing deluge fed.

Blackm. Job.

Hung silent down his never-blushing head;
And all was hush'd, as Folly's self lay dead.

Thus the soft gifts of sleep conclude the day,
And stretch'd on bulks, as usual, poets lay. 420

REMARKS.

“those who had written against the stage were *Jacobites* and *Nonjurors*; and did it always at a time when something was to be done for the *pretender*. Mr Collier published his short view, when France declared for the Chevalier; and his dissuasive, just at the *great storm*, when the devastation which that hurricane wrought, had amazed and astonished the minds of men, and made them obnoxious to melancholy and desponding thoughts. Mr Law took the opportunity to attack the stage upon the great preparations he heard were making abroad, and which the *Jacobites* flattered themselves were designed in their favour. And as for Mr Bedford's serious remonstrance, though I know nothing of the time of publishing it, yet I dare to lay odds it was either upon the Duke d'Aumont's being at Somerset-house, or upon the *late rebellion*.”

DENNIS, Stage defended against Mr Law, p. ult. The same Mr Law is author of a book, entitled, *An appeal to all that doubt of or disbelieve the truth of the gospel*, in which he has detailed a system of the rankest Spinozism, for the most exalted theology; and amongst other things as rare, has informed us of this, that Sir Isaac Newton stole the principles of his philosophy from one *Jacob Bebmur*, a German cobbler.

Ver. 414. *Morgan*] A writer against religion, distinguished no otherwise from the rabble of his tribe, than by the pompousness of his title; for having stolen his morality from Tindal, and his philosophy from Spinoza, he calls himself, by the courtesy of England, a *Moral Philosopher*.

Ibid. *Mandevil*] This writer, who prided himself as much in the reputation of an *Immoral Philosopher*, was author of a famous book called *The Fable of the Bees*; written to prove, that moral virtue is the invention of knaves, and Christian virtue the imposition of fools; and that vice is necessary, and alone sufficient to render society flourishing and happy.

Ver. 415. *Norton*] Norton de Foe, offspring of the famous Daniel. *Fortes creantur fortibus*. One of the authors of the *Flying Post*, in which well-bred work Mr P. had sometime the honour to be abused with his betters; and of many hired scurrilities and daily papers, to which he never set his name.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 418. *And all was hush'd, as Folly's self lay dead.*] Alludes to Dryden's verse in the *Indian Emperor*:

All things are hush'd, as Nature's self lay dead.

D d 3

Why

Why should I sing, what bards the nightly Muse
 Did slumb'ring visit, and convey to flews;
 Who prouder march'd, with magistrates in state,
 To some fam'd round-house, ever open gate!
 How Henly lay inspir'd beside a sink, 425
 And to mere mortals seem'd a priest in drink:
 While others, timely, to the neighb'ring Fleet
 (Haunt of the Muses) made their safe retreat.

REMARKS.

Ver. 426. *And to mere mortals seem'd a priest in drink:]* This line presents us with an excellent moral, that we are never to pass judgment merely by *appearance*; a lesson to all men, who may happen to see a reverend person in the like situation, not to determine too rashly: since not only the poets frequently describe a bard inspired in this posture,

(On Cam's fair bank, where Chaucer lay inspir'd, and the like), but an eminent casuist tells us, that "if a priest be seen in any indecent action, we ought to account it a deception of sight, or illusion of the devil, who sometimes takes upon him the shape of holy men on purpose to cause scandal."

Ver. 427. *Fleet]* A prison for insolvent debtors on the bank of the Ditch.

THE

T H E
D U N C I A D.

BOOK THE THIRD.

A R G U M E N T.

After the other persons are disposed in their proper places of rest, the goddess transports the King to her temple, and there lays him to slumber with his head on her lap: a position of marvellous virtue, which causes all the visions of wild enthusiasts, projectors, politicians, innamoratos, castle-builders, chemists, and poets. He is immediately carried on the wings of Fancy, and led by a mad poetical Sibyl, to the Elysian shade; where, on the banks of Lethe, the souls of the dull are dipped by Bavius, before their entrance into this world. There he is met by the ghost of Settle, and by him made acquainted with the wonders of the place, and with those which he himself is destined to perform. He takes him to a Mount of Vision, from whence he shews him the past triumphs of the empire of Dulness, then the present, and lastly the future: how small a part of the world was ever conquered by Science, how soon those conquests were stopped, and those very nations again reduced to her dominion. Then distinguishing the island of Great Britain, shews by what aids, by what persons, and by what degrees, it shall be brought to her empire. Some of the persons he causes to pass in review before his eyes, describing each by his proper figure, character, and qualifications. On a sudden the scene shifts, and a vast number of miracles and prodigies appear, utterly surprising and unknown to the king himself, till they are explained to be the wonders of his own reign
now

now commencing. On this subject Settle breaks into a congratulation, yet not unmixed with concern, that his own times were but the types of these. He prophesies how first the nation shall be over-run with farces, operas, and shows: how the throne of Dulness shall be advanced over the theatres, and set up even at court: then how her sons shall preside in the seats of arts and sciences: giving a glimpse, or Pisgah-sight, of the future fulness of her glory, the accomplishment whereof is the subject of the fourth and last book.

THE

THE DUNCIAD.

BOOK III.

BUT in her temple's last recess inclos'd,
 On Dulness' lap th' anointed head repos'd.
 Him close she curtains round with vapours blue,
 And soft besprinkles with Cimmerian dew,
 Then raptures high the seat of Sense o'erflow, 5
 Which only heads refin'd from Reason know.
 Hence, from the straw where Bedlam's prophet nods,
 He hears loud oracles, and talks with gods :
 Hence the fool's paradise, the statesman's scheme,
 The air-built castle, and the golden dream, 10
 The maid's romantic wish, the chemist's flame,
 And poet's vision of eternal fame.

And now, on Fancy's easy wing convey'd,
 The king descending, views th' Elysian shade.

REMARKS.

Ver. 5. 6. &c. Hereby is intimated that the following vision is no more than the chimera of the dreamer's brain, and not a real or intended satire on the present age, doubtless more learned, more enlightened, and more abounding with great geniuses in divinity, politics, and whatever arts and sciences, than all the preceding. For fear of any such mistake of our poet's honest meaning, he hath again, at the end of the vision, repeated this monition, saying that it all pass'd through the *Ivory gate*, which (according to the ancients) denoteth Falsity. SCRIBL.

How much the good Scriblerus was mistaken, may be seen from the fourth book, which, it is plain from hence, he had never seen. BENTL.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 7. 8. *Hence from the straw where Bedlam's prophet nods,
 He hears loud oracles, and talks with gods :*

*Et varias audit voces, spiritusque deorum
 Colloquio ———*

Virg. *Æn.* viii.

A.

A slip-shod Sibyl led his steps along, 15
 In lofty madness meditating song ;
 Her tresses flaring from poetic dreams,
 And never wash'd, but in Castalia's streams.
 Taylor, their better Charon, lends an oar, 19
 (Once swan of Thames, tho' now he sings no more.)
 Benlowes, propitious still to blockheads, bows ;
 And Shadwell nods the poppy on his brows.

Here,

REMARKS.

Ver. 15. *A slip-shod Sibyl*] This allegory is extremely just, no conformation of the mind so much subjecting it to real *madness*, as that which produces real *dulness*. Hence we find the religious (as well as the poetical) enthusiasts of all ages were ever, in their natural state, most heavy and lumpish; but on the least application of *heat*, they run like lead, which of all metals falls quickest into fusion. Whereas *fire* in a genius is truly Promethean, it hurts not its constituent parts, but only fits it (as it does well-tempered steel) for the necessary impressions of art. But the common people have been taught (I do not know on what foundation) to regard lunacy as a mark of *wit*, just as the Turks and our modern Methodists do of *holiness*. But if the cause of madness assigned by a great philosopher be true, it will unavoidably fall upon the dunces. He supposes it to be the *dwelling over long on one object or idea*: now, as this attention is occasioned either by grief or study, it will be fixed by *Dulness*; which hath not quickness enough to comprehend what it seeks, nor force and vigour enough to divert the imagination from the object it laments.

Ver. 19. *Taylor*] John Taylor the water-poet, an honest man, who owns he learned not so much as the accident: a rare example of modesty in a poet!

I must confess I do want eloquence,
 And never scarce did learn my accident;
 For having got from *possum* to *posset*,
 I there was gravell'd, could no farther get.

He wrote fourscore books in the reign of James I. and Charles F. and afterwards (like Edward Ward) kept an alehouse in Long-acre. He died in 1654.

Ver. 21. *Benlowes*,] A country-gentleman, famous for his own bad poetry, and for patronizing bad poets, as may be seen

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 15. *A slip-shod Sibyl, &c.*]

Conclamat vates ———

—— *furens antro se innisit aperto.*

Virg.

Here, in a dusky vale where Lethe rolls,
 Old Bavius sits, to dip poetic souls,
 And blunt the sense, and fit it for a scull 25
 Of solid proof, impenetrably dull :
 Instant, when dipt, away they wing their flight,
 Where Brown and Mears unbar the gates of light,
 Demand

REMARKS.

From many dedications of Quarles, and others to him. Some of these anagrammed his name, *Benlowes* into *Benevolus* : to verify which, he spent his whole estate upon them.

Ver. 22. *And Shadwell nods the poppy, &c.*] Shadwell took opium for many years, and died of too large a dose, in the year 1692.

Ver. 24. *Old Bavius sits,*] Bavius was an ancient poet, celebrated by Virgil for the like cause as Bays by our author, though not in so Christian-like a manner : For heathenishly it is declared by Virgil of Bavius, that he ought to be *bated and detested* for his evil works ; *Qui Bavius non odit* ; whereas we have often had occasion to observe our poet's great *good nature and mercifulness* through the whole course of this poem. SCRIBL.

Mr Dennis warmly contends, that Bavius was no inconsiderable author ; nay, that “ he and Mævius had (even in Augustus's days) a very formidable party at Rome, who thought them much superiour to Virgil and Horace : for (saith he) I cannot believe they would have fixed that eternal brand upon them, if they had not been coxcombs in more than ordinary credit.” Rem. on Pr. Arthur, part ii. c. 1. An argument which, if this poem should last, will conduce to the honour of the gentlemen of the Dunciad.

Ver. 28. *Brown and Mears*] Booksellers, printers for any body. — The allegory of the souls of the dull coming forth in the form of books, dressed in calf's leather, and being let abroad in vast numbers by bookfellers, is sufficiently intelligible.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 23. *Here, in a dusky vale, &c.*]

— *Videt Æneas in valle reducta*

Seclusum nemus —

Letæumque domos placidas qui prænatat amem, &c.

Hunc circum innumera gentes, &c.

Virg. *Æn.* vi.

Ver. 24. *Old Bavius sits, to dip poetic souls*] Alluding to the story of Thetis dipping Achilles to render him impenetrable :

At pater Anchises penitus convallæ virenti

Inclusas animas, superumque ad lumen ituras,

Lustrabat —

Virg. *Æn.* vi.

Demand new bodies, and in calf's array,
Rush to the world, impatient for the day. 30

Millions and millions on these banks he views,
Thick as the stars of night, or morning-dews,
As thick as bees o'er vernal blossoms fly,
As thick as eggs at Ward in pillory. 34

Wond'ring he gaz'd: when lo! a sage appears,
By his broad shoulders known, and length of ears,
Known

REMARKS.

Ver. 34. *Ward in pillory.*] John Ward of Hackney, Esq; member of parliament, being convicted of forgery, was first expelled the house, and then sentenced to the pillory on the 17th of February 1727. Mr Curl (having likewise stood there) looks upon the mention of such a gentleman in a satire, as a great act of barbarity, Key to the Dunc. 3d edit. p. 16.—And another author reasons thus upon it. Durgen, 8vo. p. 11. 12. "How unworthy is it of *Christian charity* to animate the rabble to abuse a *worthy man* in such a situation? What could move the poet thus to mention a *brave sufferer*, a *gallant prisoner* exposed to the view of all mankind! It was laying aside his *senses*, it was committing a *crime*, for which the *law* is deficient not to punish him! nay, a crime which *man* can scarce forgive, or *time* efface! Nothing surely could have induced him to it but being bribed by a great lady, &c." (to whom this brave, honest, worthy gentleman was guilty of no offence but forgery, proved in open court.) But it is evident, this verse could not be meant of him; it being notorious, that no eggs were thrown at that gentleman. Perhaps, therefore, it might be intended of Mr Edward Ward the poet when he stood there.

Ver. 36. *And length of ears.*] This is a *sophisticated* reading. I think I may venture to affirm all the copyists are mistaken here: I believe I may say the same of the critics; Dennis, Oldmixon, Welford, have passed it in silence. I have also stumbled at it, and wondered how an error so manifest could escape such accurate persons. I dare assert it proceeded originally from the inadvertency of some transcriber, whose head ran on the pillory, mentioned two lines before: it is therefore amazing that Mr Curl himself should overlook it! Yet that *scholastic* takes not the

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 28. *unbar the gates of light,*] An hemistich of Milton.

Ver. 31. 32. *Millions and millions—Thick as the stars, &c.*]

*Quom multa in silvis autumnæ frigore primo
Læssa cadunt folia, aut ad terram gurgite ab alto
Quam multæ glomerantur aves, &c.*

Virg. *Æn.* vi.

Known by the band and suit which Settle wore
 (His only suit) for twice three years before :
 All as the vest, appear'd the wearer's frame,
 Old in new state, another yet the same. 40
 Bland and familiar as in life, begun
 Thus the great father to the greater son.

REMARKS.

least notice hereof. That the learned Mist also read it thus, is plain from his ranging this passage among those in which our author was blamed for *personal satire* on a *man's face*, (whereof doubtless he might take the *ear* to be a part); so likewise Concanen, Ralph, the Flying Post, and all the herd of commentators. — *Tota armenta sequuntur*.

A very little sagacity (which all these gentlemen therefore wanted) will restore us to the true sense of the poet, thus,

By his broad shoulders known, and length of years.

See how easy a change; of one single letter! That Mr Settle was old, is most certain; but he was (happily) a stranger to the *pillory*. This note partly Mr THEOBALD's, partly SCRIBL.

Ver. 37. *Settle*] Elkanah Settle was once a writer in vogue, as well as Cibber, both for dramatic poetry and politics. Mr Dennis tells us, that "he was a formidable rival to Mr Dryden, and that in the university of Cambridge there were "those who gave him the *preference*." Mr Welsted goes yet farther in his behalf: "Poor Settle was formerly the *mighty rival* of Dryden; nay, for *many years*, bore his reputation *above* him," Pref. to his poems, 8vo, p. 31. And Mr Milbourn cried out, "How little was Dryden able, even when his "blood run high, to defend himself against Mr Settle!" Notes on Dryd. Virg. p. 175. These are comfortable opinions! and no wonder some authors indulge them.

He was author or publisher of many noted pamphlets in the time of King Charles II. He answered all Dryden's political poems; and being cried up on *one side*, succeeded not a little in his tragedy of the Empress of Morocco, (the first that was ever printed with cuts). "Upon this he grew insolent; the wits "writ against his play, he replied, and the town judged he "had the better. In short, Settle was then thought a very "formidable rival to Mr Dryden; and not only the town but "the university of Cambridge was divided which to prefer; and "in both places the younger sort inclined to Elkanah." DENNIS, Pref. to Rem. on Hom.

Oh born to see what none can see awake!
 Behold the wonders of th' oblivious lake.
 Thou, yet unborn, hast touch'd this sacred shore; 45
 The hand of Bavius drench'd thee o'er and o'er.
 But blind to former as to future fate,
 What mortal knows his pre-existent state?
 Who knows how long thy transmigrating soul
 Might from Bœotian to Bœotian roll? 50
 How many Dutchmen she vouchsaf'd to thrid?
 How many stages thro' old Monks she rid?
 And all who since, in wild benighted days,
 Mix'd the owl's ivy with the poet's bays.
 As man's mæanders to the vital spring 55
 Roll all their tides, then back their circles bring;
 Or whirligigs, twirl'd round by skilful swain,
 Suck the thread in, then yield it out again:
 All nonsense thus, of old or modern date,
 Shall in thee centre, from thee circulate. 60
 For this our Queen unfolds to vision true
 Thy mental eye, for thou hast much to view:

REMARKS.

Ver. 50. *Might from Bœotian, &c.*] Bœotia lay under the ridicule of the wits formerly, as Ireland does now; though it produced one of the greatest poets, and one of the greatest generals of Greece.

Bœotum crasso jurares acre natum.

Horat.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 54. *Mix'd the owl's ivy with the poet's bays.*]

— *sine tempora circum*

Inter victrices bederam tibi serpere lauros.

Virg. ecl. viii.

Ver. 61. 62. *For this our Queen unfolds to vision true*

Thy mental eye, for thou hast much to view:]

This has a resemblance to that passage in Milton, book xi. where the angel

To noble sights from Adam's eye remov'd

The film; then purg'd with euphrasie and rue

The visual nerve — *for he had much to see.*

There is a general allusion in what follows to that whole episode.

Old

Old scenes of glory, times long cast behind
 Shall, first recall'd, rush forward to thy mind :
 Then stretch thy sight o'er all her rising reign, 65
 And let the past and future fire thy brain.

Ascend this hill, whose cloudy point commands
 Her boundless empire over seas and lands.
 See, round the poles where keener spangles shine,
 Where spices smoke beneath the burning line, 70
 (Earth's wide extremes), her sable flag display'd,
 And all the nations cover'd in her shade !

Far eastward cast thine eye, from whence the Sun
 And orient Science their bright course begun :
 One god-like monarch all that pride confounds, 75
 He, whose long wall the wand'ring Tartar bounds ;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 73. in the former edition,

Far eastward cast thine eye, from whence the sun

And orient science *at a birth* begun.

But as this was thought to contradict that line of the introduction,

In eldest times, ere mortals writ or read,

which supposes the sun and science did not set out together, it was altered to *their bright course begun*. But this slip, as usual, escaped the gentlemen of the Dunciad.

REMARKS.

Ver. 67. *Ascend this hill, &c.*] The scenes of this vision are remarkable for the order of their appearance. First, from ver. 67. to 73. those places of the globe are shewn where Science never rose ; then, from ver. 74. to 83. those where she was destroyed by Tyranny ; from ver. 85. to 95. by inundations of *Barbarians* ; from ver. 96. to 106. by *Superstition*. Then Rome, the mistress of arts, described in her degeneracy ; and lastly, Britain, the scene of the action of the poem ; which furnishes the occasion of drawing out the progeny of Dulness in review.

Ver. 69. *See round the poles, &c.*] Almost the whole southern and northern continent wrapt in ignorance.

Ver. 73. Our author favours the opinion that all sciences came from the eastern nations.

Ver. 75. Chi Ho-am-ti emperor of China, the same who built the great wall between China and Tartary, destroyed all the books and learned men of that empire.

Heav'ns! what a pile! whole ages perish there,
And one bright blaze turns learning into air.

Thence to the south extend thy gladden'd eyes;
There rival flames with equal glory rise, 80
From shelves to shelves see greedy Vulcan roll,
And lick up all their physic of the soul.

How little, mark! that portion of the ball,
Where, faint at best, the beams of science fall:
Soon as they dawn, from Hyperborean skies 85
Embody'd dark, what clouds of Vandals rise!

Lo! where Mæotis sleeps, and hardly flows
The freezing Tanais thro' a waste of snows,
The north by myriads pours her mighty sons,
Great nurse of Goths, of Alans, and of Huns! 90

See Alaric's stern port! the martial frame
Of Genferic! and Attila's dread name!

See the bold Ostrogoths on Latium fall;
See the fierce Visigoths on Spain and Gaul!

See, where the morning gilds the palmy shore 95
(The soils that arts and infant letters bore)

His conqu'ring tribes th' Arabian prophet draws,
And saving ignorance enthrones by laws.

See Christians, Jews, one heavy sabbath keep,
And all the western world believe and sleep. 100

Lo! Rome herself, proud mistress now no more
Of arts, but thund'ring against heathen lore;

Her

REMARKS.

Ver. 81. 82. The Caliph, Omar I. having conquered Egypt, caused his general to burn the Ptolemæan library, on the gates of which was this inscription, ΨΥΧΗΣ ΙΑΤΡΕΙΟΝ, the physic of the soul.

Ver. 96. (*The soil that arts and infant letters bore*) Phœnicia, Syria, &c. where letters are said to have been invented. In these countries Mahomet began his conquests.

Ver. 102. *thund'ring against beaten lore*;] A strong instance of this pious rage is placed to Pope Gregory's account. John of Salisbury gives a very odd encomium of this Pope, at the same time that he mentions one of the strangest effects of this excess of zeal in him: *Doctor sanctissimus ille Gregorius, qui melleo prædicationis imbre totam rigavit et inebriavit ecclesiam; non modo matresin jussit ab aula, sed, ut traditur a majoribus, incendio dedit probatæ lætionis scripta, Palatinus quæcunque tenebat Apollo.* And in

Her grey-hair'd synods damning books unread,
 And Bacon trembling for his brazen head.
 Padua, with sighs, beholds her Livy burn, 105
 And ev'n th' Antipodes Vigilius mourn.
 See, the cirque falls, th' unpillar'd temple nods,
 Streets pav'd with heroes, Tyber chok'd with gods :
 Till Peter's keys some christ'ned Jove adorn,
 And Pan to Moses lends his pagan horn ; 110
 See graceless Venus to a virgin turn'd,
 Or Phidias broken, and Apelles burn'd.

Behold yon isle, by palmers, pilgrims trod,
 Men bearded, bald, cowl'd, uncowl'd, shod, unshod,
 Peél'd, patch'd, and pyebald, linsay-wolsey brothers,
 Grave mummers ! sleeveless some, and shirtless o-
 thers. 116

That once was Britain—Happy ! had she seen
 No fiercer sons, had Easter never been.

In

REMARKS.

another place : *Fertur beatus Gregorius bibliothecam combussisse gentilem ; quo divina pagine gratior esset locus, et major auctoritas, et diligentia studiosior.* Desiderius Archbishop of Vienna, was sharply reprov'd by him for teaching grammar and literature, and explaining the poets ; because (says this Pope) *in uno se ore cum Jovis laudibus Christi laudes non capiunt : Et quam grave nefariumque sit episcopis canere quod nec laico religioso conveniat, ipse considerat.* He is said, among the rest, to have burn'd Livy ; *quia in superstitionibus et sacris Romanorum perpetuo versatur.* The same Pope is accus'd by Vollius, and others, of having caus'd the noble monuments of the old Roman magnificence to be destroy'd, lest those who came to Rome should give more attention to triumphal arches, &c. than to holy things. Bayle, Dict.

Ver. 109. *Till Peter's keys some christ'ned Jove adorn,*] After the government of Rome devolved to the Popes, their zeal was for some time exerted in demolishing the heathen temples and statues, so that the Goths scarce destroy'd more monuments of antiquity out of rage, than these out of devotion. At length they spared some of the temples, by converting them to churches ; and some of the statues, by modifying them into images of saints. In much later times, it was thought necess'ry to change the statues of Apollo and Pallas, on the tomb of Sannazarius, into David and Judith ; the lyre easily became a harp, and the Gorgon's head turned to that of Holofernes.

Ver. 117. 118. *Happy ! — bad Easter never been !*] Wars

In peace, great goddess, ever be ador'd ;
 How keen the war, if Dulness draw the sword ! 120
 Thus visit not thy own ! on this bless'd age
 Oh spread thy influence, but restrain thy rage.
 And see, my son ! the hour is on its way,
 That lifts our goddess to imperial sway ;
 'This fav'rite isle, long sever'd from her reign, 125
 Dove-like, she gathers to her wings again.
 Now look thro' Fate ! behold the scene she draws !
 What aids, what armies to assert her cause !
 See all her progeny, illustrious fight !
 Behold, and count them, as they rise to light. 130
 As Berecynthia, while her offspring vie
 In homage to the mother of the sky,

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in England anciently, about the right time of celebrating Easter.

Ver. 126. *Dove-like she gathers*] This is fulfilled in the fourth book.

Ver. 128. *What aids, what armies to assert her cause !*] i. e. Of poets, antiquaries, critics, divines, freethinkers. But as this revolution is only here set on foot by the first of these classes, the poets, they only are here particularly celebrated, and they only properly fall under the care and review of this colleague of Dulness, the laureat. The others, who finish the great work, are reserved for the fourth book, when the goddess herself appears in full glory.

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Ver. 117. 118. *Happy ! — had Easter never been !*]

Et fortunatam, si nunquam armenta fuissent.

Virg. ecl. vi.

Ver. 127. 129. *Now look thro' fate ! — See all her progeny, &c.]*

*Nunc age, Dardaniam prolem quæ deinde sequatur
 Gloria, qui maneant Itala de gente nepotes,
 Illustres animas, nostrumque in nomen itaras,
 Expediam.*

Virg. Æn. vi.

Ver. 131. *As Berecynthia, &c.]*

*Felix prole virum, qualis Berecynthia mater
 Invehitur curru Pbrgyias turrata per urbes,
 Læta deum partu, centum complexa nepotes,
 Omnes cœlicolas, omnes supera alia tenentes.*

Virg. Æn. vi.
 Surveys

Surveys around her, in the blest'd abode,
 An hundred sons, and ev'ry son a god :
 Not with less glory mighty Dulness crown'd, 135
 Shall take thro' Grubstreet her triumphant round ;
 And her Parnassus glancing o'er at once,
 Behold an hundred sons, and each a Dunce.

Mark first that youth who takes the foremost place,
 And thrusts his person full into your face. 140
 With all thy father's virtues blest'd, be born !
 And a new Cibber shall the stage adorn.

A second see, by meeker manners known,
 And modest as the maid that sips alone ;
 From the strong fate of drams if thou get free, 145
 Another Dursley, Ward ! shall sing in thee.
 Thee shall each alehouse, thee each gill-house
 mourn,

And answ'ring gin-shops sourer sighs return.

Jacob, the scourge of grammar, mark with awe,
 Nor less revere him, blunderbuss of law. 150
 Lo

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Ver. 149. in the first edition it was,
 Woolston, the scourge of scripture, mark with awe !
 And mighty Jacob, blunderbuss of law !

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Ver. 149. *Jacob, the scourge of grammar, mark with awe ;*]
 " This gentleman is son of a considerable master of Romsey in
 " Southamptonshire, and bred to the law under a very eminent
 " attorney : who, between his more laborious studies, has diverted
 " himself with poetry. He is a great admirer of poets and their
 " works, which has occasioned him to try his genius that way.
 " —He has writ in prose the *lives* of the poets, *essays*, and a
 " great many law-books, *The accomplish'd conveyancer, modern*
 " *justice, &c.*" GILES JACOB of himself, *Lives of poets*, vol. 2.
 He very grossly, and unprovoked, abused in that book the author's
 friend, Mr Gay.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 139. *Mark first that youth, &c.]*

Ille videt, pura juvenis qui nititur hasta,

Proxima sorte tenet lucis loca—

Virg. *Æn.* vi.

Ver. 141. *With all thy father's virtues blest'd, be born !]* A
 manner of expression used by Virgil, *ecl.* viii.

Nascere ! praeque diem veniens auge, Lucifer—

Lo P--p--le's brow, tremendous to the town,
Horneck's fierce eye, and Roome's funereal frown.

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Ver. 151. *Lo P--p--le's brow, &c.*] In the former edition,
Haywood, Centlivre, glories of their race,
Lo Horneck's fierce, and Roome's funereal face.

REMARKS.

Ver. 149. 150.

Jacob, the scourge of grammæ, ma-k with awe;
Nor less revere him, blunderbuss of law.]

There may seem some error in these verses, Mr Jacob having proved our author to have a *respect* for him, by this undeniable argument. "He had once a *regard* for my judgment; otherwise "he would never have subscribed *two guineas* to me, for one "small book in octavo." Jacob's letter to Dennis, printed in Dennis's remarks on the Dunciad, p. 49. Therefore I should think the appellation of *Blunderbuss* to Mr Jacob, like that of *Thunderbolt* to Scipio, was meant in his honour.

Mr Dennis argues the same way. "My writings having made "great impression on the minds of all sensible men, Mr P. *repented*, and, to give proof of his repentance, subscribed to my "two volumes of select works, and afterwards to my two "volumes of letters." Ibid. p. 80. We should hence believe, the name of Mr Dennis hath also crept into this poem by some mistake. But from hence, gentle reader! thou mayst beware, when thou givest thy money to such authors, not to flatter thyself that thy motives are good-nature or charity.

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As also that of *patriis virtutibus*, ecl. iv.

It was very natural to shew to the hero, before all others, his own son, who had already begun to emulate him in his theatrical, poetical, and even political capacities: By the attitude in which he here presents himself, the reader may be cautioned against ascribing wholly to the father the merit of the epithet *Cibberian*, which is equally to be understood with an eye to the son.

Ver. 145. *From the strong fate of drams if thou get free.*]

— *si qua fata aspera rumpas,*

Tu Marcellus eris!

Virg. *Æn.* vi.

Ver. 147. *Thee shall each alehouse, &c.]*

Te nemus Anguitiæ, vitrea te Fucinus unda,

Te liquidi flevire lacus.

Virg. *Æn.* vii.

Virgil again, Ecl. x.

— *etiam lauri, etiam flevire myrica, &c.*

Ver. 150. Virg. *Æn.* vi. — *duo fulmina belli*
Scipiadas, cladem Libya!

Lo sneering Goode, half malice and half whim,
 A fiend in glee, ridiculously grim. 154
 Each cygnet sweet, of Bath and Tunbridge race,
 Whose tuneful whistling makes the waters pass :
 Each songster, riddler, ev'ry nameless name,
 All croud, who foremost shall be damn'd to fame.
 Some strain in rhyme ; the Muses, on their racks,
 Scream like the winding of ten thousand jacks :
 Some free from rhyme or reason, rule or check,
 Break Priscian's head, and Pegasus's neck ; 162

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Ver. 157. *Each songster, riddler, &c.*] In the former edd.
 Lo Bond and Foxton, ev'ry nameless name.
 After ver. 158. in the first edit. followed,
 How proud, how pale, how earnest all appear !
 How rhymes eternal gingle in their ear !

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Ver. 152. *Horneck and Roome*] These two were virulent party-writers, worthily coupled together, and one would think prophetically, since, after the publishing of this piece, the former dying, the latter succeeded him in *honour and employment*. The first was Philip Horneck, author of a Billingsgate paper called *The High German Doctor*. Edward Roome was son of an undertaker for funerals in Fleetstreet, and writ some of the papers called *Pasquin*, where by malicious innuendoes he endeavoured to represent our author guilty of malevolent practices with a great man then under prosecution of parliament. Of this man was made the following epigram.

" You ask why Roome diverts you with his jokes,
 " Yet if he writes, as dull as other folks !
 " You wonder at it — This, Sir, is the case,
 " The jest is lost unless he prints his face.

P—he was the author of some vile plays and pamphlets. He published abuses on our author in a paper called *the Prompter*.

Ver. 153. *Goode*,] An ill-natured critic, who writ a satire on our author, called *The mock Æsop*, and many anonymous libels in newspapers for hire.

Ver. 156. *Whose tuneful whistling makes the waters pass :*] There were several successions of these sort of minor poets, at Tunbridge, Bath, &c. singing the praise of the annuals flourishing for that season ; whose names indeed would be nameless, and therefore the poet slurs them over with others in general.

Down,

So sweetly mawkish, and so smoothly dull;
Heady, not strong; o'erflowing, tho' not full.

Ah Dennis! Gildon ah! what ill-starr'd rage
Divides a friendship long confirm'd by age?

REMARKS.

member of both, and after having passed some time at the one, he removed to the other. From thence he returned to town, where he became the *darling expectation* of all the polite writers, whose encouragement he acknowledged in his occasional poems, in a manner that *will make no small part of the fame* of his protectors. It also appears from his works, that he was happy in the patronage of the most illustrious characters of the present age—Encouraged by such a *combination* in his favour, he—published a book of poems, some in the *Ovidian*, some in the *Horatian* manner, in both which the most exquisite judges pronounce he even *rivalled his masters*—His love-verses have rescued that way of writing from contempt—In his translations, he has given us the very soul and spirit of his author. His ode—his epistle—his verses—his love-tale—all, are the *most perfect things in all poetry*. WELSTED of himself, *Char. of the times*, 8vo. 1728, pag. 23. 24. It should not be forgot to his honour, that he received at one time the sum of 500 pounds for secret service, among the other excellent authors hired to write anonymously for the ministry. See Report of the secret committee, &c. in 1742.

Ver. 173. *Ah Dennis! Gildon ah!*] These men became the public scorn by a mere mistake of their talents. They would needs turn critics of their own country-writers (just as Aristotle and Longinus did of theirs), and discourse upon the beauties and defects of composition:

*How parts relate to parts, and they to whole;
The body's harmony, the beaming soul.*

Whereas had they followed the example of those *microscopes of wit*, Kuster, Burman, and their followers, in verbal criticism on the learned languages, their acuteness and industry might have raised them a name equal to the most famous of the scholiasts. We cannot therefore but lament the late apostasy of the *prebendary of Rochester*, who beginning in so good a train, has now turned short to write comments on the FIRE SIDE, and DREAMS upon Shakespear; where we find the spirit of Oldmixon, Gildon, and Dennis, all revived in his belaboured observations. SCRIB.

Here, Scriblerus, in this affair of the FIRE SIDE, I want thy usual candour. It is true Mr Upton did write notes upon it, but with all the honour and good faith in the world. He took it to be a panegyric on his patron. This it is to have to do with wits; a commerce unworthy a scholiast of so solid learning. ARIST.

Blockheads

Blockheads with reason wicked wits abhor, 175
But fool with fool is barb'rous civil war.

Embrace, embrace, my sons! be foes no more!
Nor glad vile poets with true critics gore.

Behold yon pair, in strict embraces join'd;
How like in manners, and how like in mind! 180
Equal.

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Ver. 173. *Ab Dennis, &c.*] The reader, who has seen through the course of these notes, what a constant attendance Mr Dennis paid to our author and all his works, may perhaps wonder he should be mentioned but twice, and so slightly touched, in this poem. But in truth he looked upon him with some esteem, for having (more generously than all the rest) *set his name* to such writings. He was also a very old man at this time. By his own account of himself in *Mr Jacob's Lives*, he must have been above threescore, and happily lived many years after. So that he was senior to Mr Dursley, who hitherto of all our poets enjoyed the longest bodily life.

Ver. 179. *Behold yon pair, &c.*] One of these was author of a weekly paper called *the Grumbler*, as the other was concerned in another called *Pasquin*, in which Mr Pope was abused with the Duke of Buckingham, and Bishop of Rochester. They also joined in a piece against his first undertaking to translate the *Iliad*, entitled *Homerides*, by Sir Iliod Doggrel, printed 1715.

Of the other works of these gentlemen the world has heard no more, than it would of Mr Pope's, had their united laudable endeavours discouraged him from pursuing his studies. How few good works had ever appeared (since men of true merit are always the least presuming) had there been always such champions to stifle them in their conception? And were it not better for the public, that a million of monsters should come into the

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Ver. 177. *Embrace, embrace, my sons! be foes no more!* Virg.
Æn. vi.

— *Ne tanta animis assuescite bella,
Neu patriæ validas in viscera vertite vires:
Tuque prior, tu parce—sanguis meus!*

Ver. 179. *Behold yon pair, in strict embraces join'd;]* Virg.
Æn. vi.

*Illæ autem paribus quas fulgere cernis in armis,
Concordes animæ—*

And in the fifth,

*Euryalus, forma insignis viridique juvenis,
Nisus amore pio pueri.*

Equal in wit, and equally polite,
 Shall this a Pasquin, that a Grumbler write;
 Like are their merits, like rewards they share,
 That shines a consul, this commissioner.

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world, which are sure to die as soon as born, than that the serpents should strangle one *Hercules* in his cradle? C.

The union of these two authors gave occasion to this epigram,

- “ — and Ducket, friends in spite,
 “ Came hissing out in verse;
 “ Both were so forward, each would write,
 “ So dull, each hung an A—
 “ Thus *Amphisbœna* (I have read)
 “ At either end assails;
 “ None knows which leads or which is led,
 “ For both heads are but tails.

After many editions of this poem, the author thought fit to omit the names of these two persons, whose injury to him was of so old a date. In the verses he omitted, it was said that one of them had a *pious passion* for the other. It was a literal translation of *Virgil*, *Nisus amore pio pueri*—and there, as in the original, applied to friendship: that between *Nisus* and *Euryalus* is allowed to make one of the most amiable episodes in the world, and surely was never interpreted in a perverse sense. But it will astonish the reader to hear, that, on no other occasion than this line, a dedication was written to that gentleman to induce him to think something further. “ Sir, you are known to “ have all that affection for the beautiful part of “ the creation “ which God and nature designed. — Sir, you have a very fine “ lady—and, Sir, you have eight very fine children,” —&c. [*Dedic. to Dennis Rem. on the Rape of the Lock.*] The truth is, the poor dedicator’s brain was turned upon this article: He had taken into his head, that ever since some books were written against the *stage*, and since the *Italian opera* had prevailed, the nation was infected with a vice not fit to be named: he went so far as to print upon the subject, and concludes his argument with this remark, “ That he cannot help thinking the obscenity of plays excusable at this juncture; since, when that “ execrable sin is spread so wide, it may be of use to the re- “ ducing mens minds to the natural desire of women.” DENNIS, *Stage defended* against Mr Law, p. 20. Our author solemnly declared, he never heard any creature but the dedicator mention that vice and this gentleman together.

Ver. 184. *That shines a consul, this commissioner.*] Such places were given at this time to such sort of writers,

" But who is he, in closet closely-pent, 185
 " Of sober face, with learned dust besprent ?
 Right well mine eyes arede the myfter wight,
 On parchment scraps y-fed, and Wormius hight.

To

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Ver. 187. *arede*] *Read*, or *peruse*; though sometimes used for *counsel*. " READE THY READ, take thy counsaile." Thomas Sternhold, in his translation of the first psalm into English metre, hath *wisely* made use of this word,

The man is blest that hath not bent
 To wicked READ his ear.

" But in the last spurious editions of the singing psalms, the word READ is changed into *men*. I say *spurious* editions, because not only here, but quite throughout the whole book of psalms, are *strange alterations*, all for the worse; and yet the title page stands as it used to do! and all (which is *abominable* in any book, much more in a sacred work) is ascribed to Thomas Sternhold, John Hopkins, and others. I am confident were Sternhold and Hopkins now living, they would proceed against the innovators as cheats.—A liberty, which, to say no more of their intolerable alterations, ought by no means to be permitted or approved of by such as are for *uniformity*, and have any regard for the *old English Saxon tongue*." HEARNE, Gloss. on Rob. of Glouc. artic. REDE.

I do herein agree with Mr Hearne: Little is it of avail to object that such words are become *unintelligible*; since they are *truly English*, men ought to understand them; and such as are for *uniformity* should think all alterations in a language, *strange*, *abominable*, and *unwarrantable*. Rightly therefore, I say, again, hath our poet used ancient words, and poured them forth as a precious ointment upon good old Wormius in this place.

SCRIBL.

Ibid. *myfter wyght*,] Unconh mortal.

Ver. 188. Wormius *bigbt*] Let not this name, purely fictitious, be conceited to mean the learned *Olaus Wormius*; much less (as it was unwarrantably foisted into the surreptitious editions) our own antiquary Mr *Thomas Hearne*, who had no way aggrieved our poet, but on the contrary published many curious tracts which he hath to his great contentment perused.

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Ver. 185. *But who is he, &c.*] Virg. *Æn.* vi. questions and answers in this manner, of Numa :

*Quis procul ille autem ramis insignis olivæ,
 Sacra ferens? — nosco trines, incanaque menta, &c.*

To future ages may thy dulness last,
As thou preserv'st the dulness of the past ! 190

There, dim in clouds, the poring scholiasts mark,
Wits, who, like owls, see only in the dark,
A lumberhouse of books in ev'ry head,
For ever reading, never to be read !

But, where each science lifts its modern type, 195
Hist'ry her pot, Divinity her pipe,
While proud Philosophy repines to show,
Dishonest fight ! his breeches rent below ;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 197. in the first edition it was,
And proud Philosophy with breeches tore,
And English music with a dismal score.
Fast by in darkness palpable inshrind
W—s, B—r, M—n, all the poring kind.

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Most rightly are *ancient words* here employed, in speaking of such who so greatly delight in the same. We may say not only rightly, but *wisely*, yea, *excellently*, inasmuch as for the like practice the like praise is given by Mr Hearne himself, Glossar. to Rob. of Glocester, Artic. BENNETT; "Others say "BEHIGHT, *promised*, and so it is used *excellently well* by "Thomas Norton, in his translation into metre of the 116th "Psalm, ver. 14.

I to the Lord will pay my vows,
That I to him BEHIGHT.

"Where the modern innovators, not understanding the propriety of the word, (which is *truly English*, from the Saxon),
"have most *unwarrantably* altered it thus,

I to the Lord will pay my vows
With joy and *great delight*.

Ibid. *light*.] "In Cumberland they say to *light*, for to "promise, or *vow*; but HIGHT, usually signifies *was called*; "and so it does in the north even to this day, notwithstanding "what is done in Cumberland." Hearne, *ibid*.

Ver. 192. *Wits, who, like owls, &c.*] These few lines exactly describe the right verbal critic: The darker his author is, the better he is pleased; like the famous quack doctor, who put up in his bills, *be delighted in matters of difficulty*. Somebody said well of these men, that their heads were *libraries out of order*.

Imbrownd with native bronze, lo! Henley stands,
 Tuning his voice, and balancing his hands. 200
 How

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Ver. 199. *lo! Henley stands, &c.*] J. Henley the orator; he preached on the Sundays upon theological matters, and on the Wednesdays upon all other sciences. Each auditor paid one shilling. He declaimed some years against the greatest persons, and occasionally did our author that honour. WELSTED, in *Oratory Transactions*, No 1. published by Henley himself, gives the following account of him. "He was born at Melton-Mowbray in Leicestershire. From his own parish-school he went to St John's college in Cambridge. He began there to be uneasy; for it shocked him to find he was commanded to believe against his own judgment in points of religion, philosophy, &c. for his genius leading him freely to dispute all propositions, and call all points to account, he was impatient under those fetters of the free-born mind.—Being admitted to priest's orders, he found the examination very short and superficial, and that it was not necessary to conform to the Christian religion, in order either to deaconship or priesthood." He came to town, and, after having for some years been a writer for booksellers, he had an ambition to be so for ministers of state. The only reason he did not rise in the church, we are told, "was the envy of others, and a dislike entertained of him, because he was not qualified to be a complete spaniel." However, he offered the service of his pen to two great men, of opinions and interests directly opposite; by both of whom being rejected, he set up a new project, and styled himself the *Restorer of ancient eloquence*. He thought "it as lawful to take a licence from the king and parliament at one place, as another; at Hickes's hall, as at Doctor's commons; so set up his oratory in Newport-market, Butcher-row. There (says his friend) he had the assurance to form a plan, which no mortal ever thought of; he had success against all opposition; challenged his adversaries to fair disputations, and none would dispute with him; writ, read, and studied twelve hours a-day; composed three dissertations a-week on all subjects; undertook to teach in one year what schools and universities teach in five; was not terrified by menaces, insults, or satires, but still proceeded, matured his bold scheme, and put the church, and all that in danger." WELSTED, *Narrative in Orat. Transact.* No 1.

After having stood some prosecutions, he turned his rhetoric to buffoonery upon all public and private occurrences. All this passed in the same room; where sometimes he broke jests, and sometimes that bread which he called the *primitive eucharist*.—This wonderful person struck medals, which he dispersed

How fluent nonsense trickles from his tongue!
 How sweet the periods, neither said, nor sung!
 Still break the benches, Henley! with thy strain,
 While Sherlock, Hare, and Gibson preach in vain.
 Oh great restorer of the good old stage, 205
 Preacher at once, and Zany of thy age!
 Oh worthy thou of Egypt's wise abodes,
 A decent priest, where monkeys were the gods!
 But fate with butchers plac'd thy priestly stall;
 Meek modern faith to murder, hawk, and mawl;
 And bade thee live, to crown Britannia's praise, 211
 In Toland's, Tindal's, and in Woolston's days.
 Yet oh, my sons, a father's words attend:
 (So may the fates preserve the years you lend).
 'Tis yours, a Bacon or a Locke to blame, 215
 A Newton's genius, or a Milton's flame:
 But

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as tickets to his subscribers: The device, a star rising to the meridian, with this motto, AD SUMMA: and below, INVENIAM VIAM AUT FACIAM. This man had an hundred pounds a-year given him for the secret service of a weekly paper of unintelligible nonsense, called the Hyp-doctor.

Ver. 204. *Sherlock, Hare, Gibson,*] Bishops of Salisbury, Chichester, and London; whose sermons and pastoral letters did honour to their country as well as stations.

Ver. 212. *Of Toland and Tindal,* see book ii. *Tho. Woolston* was an impious madman, who wrote in a most insolent style against the miracles of the gospel, in the years 1726, &c.

Ver. 213. *Yet oh, my sons! &c.*] The caution against blasphemy here given by a departed son of Dulness to his yet existing brethren, is, as the poet rightly intimates, not out of tenderness to the ears of others, but their own. And so we see that when that danger is removed, on the open establishment of the goddess in the fourth book, she encourages her sons, and they beg assistance to pollute the source of light itself, with the same virulence they had before done the purest emanations from it.

Ver. 215. *'Tis yours, a Bacon or a Locke to blame,
 A NEWTON's genius, or a Milton's flame:]*

Thankfully received, and freely used, is this gracious licence by the beloved disciple of that prince of Cabalistic dunces, the tremendous Hutchinson. Hear with what honest plainness he treateth our great geometers: "As to mathematical demonstra-

But oh! with one, immortal one dispense,
 The source of Newton's light, of Bacon's sense.
 Content, each emanation of his fires
 That beams on earth, each virtue he inspires, 220
 Each art he prompts, each charm he can create,
 Whate'er he gives, are giv'n for you to hate.
 Persist, by all divine in man unaw'd,
 But, "Learn, ye DUNCES! not to scorn your God."
 Thus he, for then a ray of reason stole 225
 Half thro' the solid darkness of his soul;
 But soon the cloud return'd — and thus the fire:
 See now, what Dulness and her sons admire.
 See what the charms, that smite the simple heart
 Not touch'd by Nature, and not reach'd by Art.
 His never-blushing head he turn'd aside, 231
 (Not half so pleas'd when Goodman prophesy'd),
 And

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"tion (saith he) founded upon the proportions of lines and
 "circles to each other, and the ringing of changes upon fi-
 "gures, these have no more to do with the greatest part of
 "philosophy, than they have with the man in the moon. In-
 "deed, the zeal for this sort of gibberish [*mathematical prin-*
 "*ciples*] is greatly abated of late, and though it is now up-
 "wards of twenty years that the dagon of modern philosophers,
 "SIR ISAAC NEWTON, has lain with his face upon the
 "ground before the Ark of God, *Scripture-philosophy*; for so
 "long MOSES'S PRINCIPIA have been published; and the
 "treatise of power *essential and mechanical*, in which Sir Isaac
 "Newton's philosophy is treated with the UTMOST CON-
 "TEMPT, has been published a dozen years; yet is there not
 "one of the whole society who hath had the COURAGE to at-
 "tempt to raise him up. And so let him lie." — *The philoso-*
phical principles of Moses asserted, &c. p. 2. by JULIUS BATE,
 A. M. Chaplain to the Right Honourable the Earl of Harrington,
 Lond. 1744, octavo. SCRIBL.

Ver. 224. *not to scorn your God.*"] See this subject pursued in book iv.

Ver. 232. (*Not half so pleas'd when Goodman prophesy'd*)] Mr Cibber tells us, in his life, p. 149. that Goodman being at the rehearsal of a play, in which he had a part, clapped him on

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Ver. 224. — *Learn, ye Dunces! not to scorn your God.*]
Disce justitiam moniti, et non temnere divos.

Virg.

And look'd, and saw a sable forc'rer rise,
 Swift to whose hand a winged volume flies :
 All sudden, gorgons hiss, and dragons glare, 235
 And ten-horn'd fiends and giants rush to war.
 Hell rises, Heav'n descends, and dance on earth :
 Gods, imps, and monsters, music, rage, and mirth,
 A fire, a jig, a battle, and a ball,
 'Till one wide conflagration swallows all. 240
 Thence a new world, to Nature's laws unknown,
 Breaks out refulgent, with a heav'n its own :
 Another Cynthia her new journey runs,
 And other planets circle other suns.
 The forests dance, the rivers upward rise, 245
 Whales sport in woods, and dolphins in the skies ;
 And last, to give the whole creation grace,
 Lo! one vast egg produces human race.
 Joy fills his soul, joy innocent of thought ;
 What pow'r, he cries, what pow'r these wondres
 wrought? 250

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the shoulder, and cried, " If he does not make a good actor, " I'll be d—d. — And (says Mr Cibber) I make it a question, " whether Alexander himself, or Charles the Twelfth of Sweden, when at the head of their first victorious armies, could " feel a greater transport in their bosoms than I did in mine."

Ver. 233. *a sable forc'rer*] Dr Faustus, the subject of a set of farces, which lasted in vogue two or three seasons, in which both playhouses strove to outdo each other for some years. All the extravagancies in the sixteen lines following were introduced on the stage, and frequented by persons of the first quality in England, to the twentieth and thirtieth time.

Ver. 237. *Hell rises, Heav'n descends, and dance on earth :*] This monstrous absurdity was actually represented in Tibbald's Rape of Proserpine.

Ver. 248. *Lo! one vast egg*] In another of these farces Harlequin is hatch'd upon the stage, out of a large egg.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 244. *And other planets*]

— *solemque suum, sua sidera norunt* — Virg. *Æn.* vi.

Ver. 246. *Whales sport in woods, and dolphins in the skies ;*]

Delfphinum sylvis appingit, stultidus aprum.

Hor.

Son ;

Son; what thou seek'st is in thee! look, and find
 Each monster meets his likeness in thy mind.
 Yet wouldst thou more? in yonder cloud behold,
 Whose farset skirts are edg'd with flaming gold,
 A matchless youth! his nod these worlds controls,
 Wings the red lightning, and the thunder rolls.
 Angel of Dulness, sent to scatter round 257
 Her magic charms o'er all unclassic ground:
 Yon stars, yon suns, he rears at pleasure higher,
 Illumes their light, and sets their flames on fire.
 Immortal Rich! how calm he sits at ease, 261
 'Mid snows of paper, and fierce hail of pease;
 And proud his mistress' orders to perform,
 Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.
 But lo! to dark encounter in mid air 265
 New wizards rise; I see my Cibber there!

Booth

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Ver. 261. *Immortal Rich!*] Mr John Rich, master of the Theatre-royal in Covent-garden, was the first that excelled this way.

Ver. 266. *I see my Cibber there!*] The history of the foregoing absurdities is verified by himself, in these words (Life, chap. xv.) "Then sprung forth that succession of monstrous medleys that have so long infested the stage, which arose upon one another alternately at both houses, cut-vying each other in expense." He then proceeds to excuse his own part in them, as follows:

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Ver. 251. *Son; what thou seek'st is in thee!*]

Quod petis in te est —

— Ne te quæseris extra.

Pers.

Ver. 256. *Wings the red lightning, &c.*] Like Salmones, in *Æn.* vi.

Dum flammas Jovis, et sonitus imitatur Olympi.

— nimbos, et non imitabile fulmen,

Ære et cornipedum cursu simularat equorum.

Ver. 258. — *o'er all unclassic ground:*] Alludes to Mr Addison's verse, in the praises of Italy:

Poetic fields encompass me around,

And still I seem to tread on classic ground.

As ver. 264. is a parody on a noble one of the same author in *The Campaign*; and ver. 259. 260. on two sublime verses of Dr Y.

Booth in his cloudy tabernacle shrin'd,
 On grinning dragons thou shalt mount the wind.
 Dire is the conflict, dismal is the din,
 Here shouts all Drury, there all Lincoln's-inn ; 270
 Contending theatres our empire raise,
 Alike their labours, and alike their praise.

And are these wonders, son, to thee unknown ?
 Unknown to thee ? these wonders are thy own.

These

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 274. in the former editions followed,

For works like these let deathless Journals tell,
 "None but thyself can be thy parallel."

Var. *None but thyself can be thy parallel.*] A marvellous line of *Theobald* ; unless the play called the *Double Falsehood* be (as he would have it believed) *Shakespeare's* : But whether this line be his or not, he proves *Shakespeare* to have written as bad, (which, methinks in an author, for whom he has a veneration almost rising to idolatry, might have been concealed) ; as for example,

Try what repentance can : what can it not ?
 But what can it, when one cannot repent ?

— For cogitation

Resides not in the man who does not think, &c.

MIST'S JOURN.

REMARKS.

"If I am asked why I assented ? I have no better excuse for my error, than to confess I did it against my conscience, and had not virtue enough to starve. Had Henry IV. of France a better for changing his religion ? I was still in my heart, as much as he could be, on the side of Truth and Sense ; but with this difference, that I had their leave to quit them when they could not support me. — But let the question go which way it will, Harry IV. has always been allowed a great man." This must be confessed a full answer ; only the question still seems to be, 1. How the doing a thing against one's conscience is an excuse for it ? and, 2. It will be hard to prove how he got the leave of Truth and Sense to quit their service, unless he can produce a certificate that he ever was in it.

Ver. 266. 267. *Booth* and *Cibber* were joint managers of the theatre in Drury-lane.

Ver. 268. *On grinning dragons thou shalt mount the wind.*] In his letter to Mr P. Mr. C. solemnly declares this not to be literally true. We hope therefore the reader will understand it allegorically only.

These Fate reserv'd to grace thy reign divine, 275
Foreseen by me, but ah! with-held from mine.

In

VARIATIONS.

It is granted they are all of a piece, and no man doubts but herein he is able to imitate *Shakespear*.

Var. id. The former annotator seeming to be of opinion that the *Double Falsehood* is not *Shakespear's*; it is but justice to give Mr *Theobald's* arguments to the contrary: First, that the MS. was above sixty years old: Secondly, that once Mr *Betterton* had it, or he hath heard so: Thirdly, that somebody told him the author gave it to a bastard daughter of his: but fourthly, and above all, "That he has a great mind every thing that is good in our tongue should be *Shakespear's*." I allow these reasons to be truly critical; but what I am infinitely concerned at is, that so many errors have escaped the learned editor: a few whereof we shall here amend, out of a much greater number, as an instance of our regard to this dear relic.

ACT I. SCENE I.

I have his letters of a modern date,
Wherein by *Julio*, good *Camillo's* son,
(Who as he says, [] shall follow hard upon,
And whom I with the growing hour [-] expect),
He doth solicit the return of gold,
To purchase certain horse that like him well.

This place is corrupted: the epithet *good* is a mere insignificant expletive, but the alteration of that single word restores a clear light to the whole context, thus,

I have his letters of a modern date,
Wherein, by *July*, (by *Camillo's* son,
Who, as he saith, shall follow hard upon,
And whom I with the growing hours expect),
He doth solicit the return of gold.

Here you have not only the *person* specified, by whose hands the return was to be made, but the most necessary part, the *time* by which it was required. *Camillo's* son was to follow hard upon—What? why upon *July*—Horse that like him well, is very absurd; read it, without contradiction,

—Horse, that he likes well.

ACT I. at the end.

—I must stoop to gain her,
Throw all my gay comparisons aside,
And turn my proud additions out of service;

saith *Henriquez* of a maiden of low condition, objecting his

In Lud's old walls tho' long I rul'd, renown'd
Far as loud Bow's stupendous bells resound ;

Tho'

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high quality: what have his *comparisons* here to do? correct it boldly,

Throw all my gay *caparisons* aside,
And turn my proud additions out of service.

ACT II. SCENE I.

All the verse of this scene is confounded with prose:

—O that a man

Could reason down this *fever* of the blood,
Or sooth with *words* the tumult in his heart!

Then, *Julio*, I might be *indeed* thy friend.

Read —this *ferour* of the blood,

Then, *Julio*, I might be in *deed* thy friend,
marking the just opposition of deeds and words.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

How his eyes *shake* fire! — said by *Violante*, observing how the lustful shepherd looks at her. It must be, as the sense plainly demands,

— How his eyes *take* fire!

And measure every piece of youth about me!

Ibid. That, tho' I *wore disguises* for some ends.

She had but one disguise, and wore it but for one end, Restore it, with the alteration but of two letters,

That, tho' I *were disguised* for some end.

ACT IV. SCENE II.

—To oaths no more give credit,

To tears, to vows; false *both*!

False grammar I am sure. *Both* can relate but to *two* things: and see! how easy a change sets it right?

To tears, to vows; false *troth*—

I could shew you that very word *troth*, in *Shakespear*, a hundred times.

Ibid. For there is nothing left thee now to look for,

That can bring *comfort*, but a *quiet grave*.

This I fear is of a piece with *None but itself can be it's parallel*: for the grave *puts an end* to all sorrow, it can then need no *comfort*. Yet let us vindicate *Shakespear* where we can: I make no doubt he wrote thus,

For there is nothing left thee now to look for,

Nothing that can bring *quiet*, but the grave.

Tho' my own aldermen conferr'd the bays,
 To me committing their eternal praise, 280
 Their full-fed heroes, their pacific may'rs,
 Their annual trophies, and their monthly wars:
 Tho' long my party built on me their hopes,
 For writing pamphlets, and for roasting popes;
 Yet lo! in me what authors have to brag on! 285
 Reduc'd at last to his in my own dragon.
 Avert it Heav'n! that thou, my Cibber, e'er
 Shouldst wag a serpent-tail in Smithfield fair!
 Like the vile straw that's blown about the streets,
 'The needy poet sticks to all he meets, 290
 Coach'd, carted, trod upon, now loose, now fast,
 And carry'd off in some dog's tail at last.
 Happier thy fortunes! like a rolling stone,
 Thy giddy dulness still shall lumber on,
 Safe in its heaviness, shall never stray, 295
 But lick up ev'ry blockhead in the way.

Thee

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Which reduplication of the word gives a much stronger emphasis to *Violante's* concern. This figure is called *Anadyptosis*. I could shew you a hundred just such in him, if I had nothing else to do.

SCRIBL.

After v. 284. in the former edd. followed,

Diff'rent our parties, but with equal grace
 The goddesses smiles on Whig and Tory race.

Ver. 295. *Safe in its heaviness, &c.*] in the former edd.

Too safe in inborn heaviness to stray;
 And lick up ev'ry blockhead in the way.
 Thy dragons, magistrates, and peers shall taste,
 And from each shew rise duller than the last.
 Till rais'd from booths, &c.

REMARKS.

Ver. 282. *Annual trophies*, on the Lord-mayor's day; and *monthly wars* in the Artillery-ground.

Ver. 283. *Tho' long my party*] Settle, like most party-writers, was very uncertain in his political principles. He was employed to hold the pen in the character of a *Popish successor*, but afterwards printed his *narrative* on the other side. He had managed the ceremony of a famous Pope-burning on Nov. 17. 1680, then became a trooper in King James's army, at Hounslow-

Thee shall the patriot, thee the courtier taste,
 And ev'ry year be duller than the last,
 Till rais'd from booths, to theatre, to court,
 Her seat imperial Dulness shall transport. 300
 Already Opera prepares the way,
 The sure fore-runner of her gentle sway :
 Let her thy heart, next drabs and dice, engage,
 The third mad passion of thy doting age.
 Teach thou the warbling Polypheme to roar, 305
 And scream thyself as none e'er scream'd before !
 To aid our cause, if Heav'n thou canst not bend,
 Hell thou shalt move ; for Faustus is our friend :
 Pluto with Cato thou for this shalt join,
 And link the Mourning-bride to Proserpine. 310
 Grubstreet ! thy fall should men and gods conspire,
 Thy stage shall stand, ensure it but from fire.

Another

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heath. After the revolution he kept a booth at Bartholomew-fair, where, in the droll called *St George for England*, he acted in his old age in a dragon of green leather of his own invention ; he was at last taken into the Charter-house, and there died, aged sixty years.

Ver. 297. *Thee shall the patriot, thee the courtier taste,*] It stood in the first edition with blanks, ** and **. Concanen was sure, " they must needs mean nobody but King GEORGE " and Queen CAROLINE ; and said he would insist it was " so, till the poet cleared himself by filling up the blanks otherwise, agreeably to the context, and consistent with his " *allegiance*." Pref. to a collection of verses, essays, letters, &c. against Mr P. printed for A. Moor, p. 6.

Ver. 305. *Polypheme*] He translated the Italian opera of Polifemo ; but unfortunately lost the whole jest of the story. The Cyclops ask Ulysses his name, who tells him his name is *Noman* : after his eye is put out, he roars and calls the brother Cyclops to his aid : they inquire *who has hurt him ?* he answers *Noman* ; whereupon they all go away again. Our ingenious translator made Ulysses answer, *I take no name*, whereby all that followed became unintelligible. Hence it appears that Mr Cibber (who values himself on subscribing to the English translation of Homer's Iliad) had not that merit with respect to the Odyssey, or he might have been better instructed in the Greek *Pun-nology*.

Ver 308. 309. *Faustus, Pluto, &c.*] Names of miserable farces, which it was the custom to act at the end of the best tragedies, to spoil the digestion of the audience.

Ver. 312. *ensure it but from fire.*] In Tibbald's farce of Pro-

Another Æschylus appears! prepare
 For new abortions, all ye pregnant fair!
 In flames, like Semele's, be brought to bed, 315
 While op'ning hell spouts wild-fire at your head.

Now, Bavius, take the poppy from thy brow,
 And place it here! here all ye heroes bow!

This, this is he, foretold by ancient rhymes:
 Th' Augustus born to bring Saturnian times. 320
 Signs following signs lead on the mighty year!
 See! the dull stars roll round and re-appear.
 See, see, our own true Phœbus wears thy bays!
 Our Midas fits Lord Chancellor of plays!

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Ver. 323. *See, see, our own, &c.*] in the former edd.

Beneath his reign, shall Eusden wear the bays,
 Cibber preside Lord Chancellor of plays,
 Benson sole judge of architecture sit,
 And Namby Pamby be preferr'd for wit!
 I see th' unfinish'd Dormitory wall,
 I see the Savoy totter to her fall;
 Hibernian politics, O Swift! thy doom,
 And Pope's, translating three whole years with Broome.
 Proceed, great days, &c.

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serpine, a corn field was set on fire: whereupon the other play-house had a barn burnt down for the recreation of the spectators. They also rivalled each other in showing the burnings of hell-fire, in Dr Faustus.

Ver. 313. *Another Æschylus appears!*] It is reported of Æschylus, that when his tragedy of the Furies was acted, the audience were so terrified that the children fell into fits, and the big-bellied women miscarried.

Ver. 315. *like Semele's,*] See Ovid. Met. iii.

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Ver. 319, 320. *This, this is he, foretold by ancient rhymes,
 Th' Augustus, &c.*

*Hic vir, hic est! tibi quem premitti sæpius audis,
 Augustus Cæsar, divum genus; aurea condet
 Secula qui rursus Latio, regnata per arva
 Saturnus quondam* —

Virg. Æn. vi.

Saturnian here relates to the age of lead, mentioned book i. ver. 26.

On

On poets tombs see Benson's titles writ! 325
 Lo! Ambrose Philips is preferr'd for wit!
 See under Ripley rise a new Whitehall,
 While Jones' and Boyle's united labours fall:

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Ver. 325. *On poets tombs see Benson's titles writ!*] W—^r Benson (surveyor of the buildings to his Majesty King George I.) gave in a report to the Lords, that their house and the Painted-chamber adjoining were in immediate danger of falling. Whereupon the Lords met in a committee to appoint some other place to sit in, while the house should be taken down. But it being proposed to cause some other builders first to inspect it, they found it in very good condition. The Lords, upon this, were going upon an address to the King against Benson, for such a misrepresentation; but the Earl of Sunderland, then secretary, gave them an assurance that his Majesty would remove him, which was done accordingly. In favour of this man, the famous Sir Christopher Wren, who had been architect to the crown for above fifty years, who built most of the churches in London, laid the first stone of St Paul's, and lived to finish it, had been displaced from his employment at the age of near ninety years.

Ver. 326. *Ambrose Philips*] “He was (saith Mr JACOB) “one of the wits at Button's, and a justice of the peace.” But he hath since met with higher preferment in Ireland: and a much greater character we have of him in Mr Gildon's *Complete Art of Poetry*, vol. I. p. 157. “Indeed he confesses, he “dares not set him quite on the same foot with Virgil, lest it “should seem flattery; but he is much mistaken if posterity does “not afford him a greater esteem than he at present enjoys.” He endeavoured to create some misunderstanding between our author and Mr Addison, whom also soon after he abused as much. His constant cry was, that Mr P. was an enemy to the government; and in particular he was the avowed author of a report very industriously spread, that he had a hand in a party-paper called the *Examiner*: A falsehood well known to those yet living, who had the direction and publication of it.

Ver. 328. *While Jones' and Boyle's united labours fall:*] At the time when this poem was written, the banqueting-house of Whitehall, the church and piazza of Covent garden, and the palace and chapel of Somerset-house, the works of the famous Inigo Jones, had been for many years so neglected, as to be in danger of ruin. The portico of Covent-garden church had been just then restored and beautified at the expence of the Earl of Burlington; who, at the same time, by his publication of the designs of that great master and Palladio, as well as by many noble buildings of his own, revived the true taste of architecture in this kingdom.

While Wren with sorrow to the grave descends,
 Gay dies unpension'd with a hundred friends, 330
 Hibernian politics, O Swift! thy fate;
 And Pope's, ten years to comment and translate.

Proceed,

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 331. in the former editions thus,

— O Swift! thy doom,

And Pope's, translating ten whole years with Broome.

On which was the following note. "He concludes his irony
 " was a stroke upon himself: for whoever imagines this a far-
 " cast on the other ingenious person, is surely mistaken. The
 " opinion our author had of him was sufficiently shewn by his
 " joining him in the undertaking of the *Odyssey*; in which Mr
 " Broome having engaged without any previous agreement, dis-
 " charged his part so much to Mr Pope's satisfaction, that he
 " gratified him with the full sum of *five hundred pounds*, and a
 " present of all those books for which his own interest could
 " procure him subscribers, to the value of *one hundred more*.
 " The author only seems to lament, that he was employed in
 " translation at all."

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Ver. 330. *Gay dies unpension'd, &c.*] See Mr Gay's fable of
 the *Hare and many Friends*. This gentleman was early in the
 friendship of our author, which continued to his death. He
 wrote several works of humour with great success, the *Shep-
 herd's Week*, *Trivia*, the *What-d'ye-call-it*, *Fables*; and last-
 ly, the celebrated *Beggar's Opera*; a piece of satire which hit all
 tastes and degrees of men, from those of the highest quality to
 the very rabble: that verse of Horace,

Primores populi arripuit, populumque tributim,

could never be so justly applied as to this. The vast success of
 it was unprecedented, and almost incredible: what is related of
 the wonderful effects of the ancient music or tragedy hardly came
 up to it: Sophocles and Euripides were less followed and famous.
 It was acted in London sixty-three days, uninterrupted; and re-
 newed the next season with equal applauses. It spread into all
 the great towns of England, was played in many places to the
 thirtieth and fortieth time, at Bath and Bristol fifty, &c. It
 made its progress into Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, where it
 was performed twenty-four days together. It was last acted in
 Minorca. The fame of it was not confined to the author on-
 ly; the ladies carried about with them the favourite songs of it
 in fans; and houses were furnished with it in screens. The

Proceed, great days! till Learning fly the shore,
Till Birch shall blush with noble blood no more,
Till—

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 338. in the first edit. were the following lines,
Then when these signs declare the mighty year,
When the dull stars roll round and re-appear;
Let there be darkness! (the dread Pow'r shall say);
All shall be darkness, as it ne'er were day;
To their first chaos Wit's vain works shall fall;
And universal darkness cover all.

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person who acted Polly, till then obscure, became all at once the favourite of the town; her pictures were engraved, and sold in great numbers; her life written, books of letters and verses to her, published; and pamphlets made even of her sayings and jests.

Furthermore, it drove out of England, for that season, the Italian opera, which had carried all before it for ten years. That idol of the nobility and people, which the great critic Mr Dennis, by the labours and outcries of a whole life, could not verthrow, was demolished by a single stroke of this gentleman's pen. This happened in the year 1728. Yet so great was his modesty, that he constantly prefixed to all the editions of it this motto, *Nos hæc novimus esse nihil.*

Ver. 331. *Hibernian politics, O Swift! thy fate;*] See book i. ver. 26.

Ver. 332. *And Pope's; ten years to comment and translate.*] The author here plainly laments that he was so long employed in translating and commenting. He began the Iliad in 1713, and finished it in 1719. The edition of Shakespear (which he undertook merely because nobody else would) took up near two years more in the drudgery of comparing impressions, rectifying the scenery, &c. and the translation of half the Odyssey employed him from that time to 1725.

Ver. 333. *Proceed, great days, &c.*] It may perhaps seem incredible, that so great a revolution in learning as is here prophesied, should be brought about by such *weak instruments* as have been [hitherto] described in our poem: But do not thou, gentle reader, rest too secure in thy contempt of these instruments. Remember what the Dutch stories somewhere relate, that a great part of their provinces was once overflowed, by a small opening made in one of their dykes by a single *water-rat*.

However, that such is not seriously the judgment of our poet, but that he conceiveth better hopes from the diligence of our schools, from the regularity of our universities, the discern-

Till Thames see Eaton's sons for ever play, 335

Till Westminster's whole year be holiday,

Till Isis' elders reel, their pupils sport,

And Alma mater lie dissolv'd in port?

Enough! enough! the raptur'd monarch cries;

And thro' the Iv'ry gate the vision flies. 340

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ment of our great men; the accomplishments of our nobility, the encouragement of our patrons, and the genius of our writers in all kinds (notwithstanding some few exceptions in each) may plainly be seen from his conclusion; where causing all this vision to pass through the Ivory gate, he expressly, in the language of poetry, declares all such imaginations to be wild, ungrounded, and fictitious. SCRIBL.

Ibid. *Proceed, great days! &c. Till Birch shall bless, &c.*] Another great prophet of Dulness, on this side Styx, promiseth those days to be near at hand. "The devil (saith he) licenseth " bishops to license masters of schools to instruct youth in the " knowledge of the heathen gods, their religion, &c. The " schools and universities will soon be tired and ashamed of " classics and such trumpery." HUTCHINSON'S use of reason recovered. SCRIBL.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 340. *And thro' the Iv'ry gate, &c.*]

Sunt genitrix Sœmni portæ; quarum alara fertur

Cornea, qua veris facilis datur exitus umbris;

Altera candenti perfecta nitens elephanto,

Sed falsa ad cœlum mittunt insomnia manes.

Verg. Æn. vi.

THE

THE D U N C I A D.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

A R G U M E N T.

The poet being, in this book, to declare the completion of the prophecies mentioned at the end of the former, makes a new invocation ; as the greater poets are wont, when some high and worthy matter is to be sung. He shews the goddess coming in her majesty, to destroy Order and Science, and to substitute the kingdom of the Dull upon earth. How she leads captive the Sciences, and silenceth the Muses ; and what they be who succeed in their stead. All her children, by a wonderful attraction, are drawn about her ; and bear along with them divers others, who promote her empire by connivance, weak resistance, or discouragement of arts ; such as half-wits, tasteless admirers, vain pretenders, the flatterers of dunces, or the patrons of them. All these croud round her ; one of them offering to approach her, is driven back by a rival, but she commends and encourages both. The first who speak in form are the geniuses of the schools, who assure her of their care to advance her cause by confining youth to words, and keeping them out of the way of real knowledge. Their address, and her gracious answer ; with her charge to them and the universities. The universities appear by their proper deputies, and assure her that the same method is observed in the progress of education. The speech of Aristarchus on this subject. They are driven off by a band of young gentlemen returned from travel with their tutors ; one of whom delivers to the goddess, in a polite oration, an account of the whole conduct and fruits

fruits of their travels: presenting to her at the same time a young nobleman perfectly accomplished. She receives him graciously, and endues him with the happy quality of want of shame. She sees loitering about her a number of indolent persons abandoning all business and duty, and dying with laziness; to these approaches the antiquary Annius, entreating her to make them virtuosos, and assign them over to him: but Mummius; another antiquary, complaining of his fraudulent proceeding, she finds a method to reconcile their difference. Then enter a troop of people fantastically adorned, offering her strange and exotic presents: amongst them, one stand forth and demands justice on another, who had deprived him of one of the greatest curiosities in nature: but he justifies himself so well, that the goddess gives them both her approbation. She recommends to them to find proper employment for the indolents before mentioned, in the study of butterflies, shells, birds-nests, moss, &c. but with particular caution, not to proceed beyond trifles, to any useful or extensive views of nature, or of the author of nature. Against the last of these apprehensions, she is secured by a hearty address from the minute philosophers and freethinkers, one of whom speaks in the name of the rest. The youth thus instructed and principled, are delivered to her in a body, by the hands of Silenus; and then admitted to taste the cup of the Magus her high priest, which causes a total oblivion of all obligations, divine, civil, moral, or rational. To these her adepts she sends priests, attendants, and comforters, of various kinds; confers on them orders and degrees; and then dismissing them with a speech, confirming to each his privileges, and telling what she expects from each, concludes with a yawn of extraordinary virtue: the progress and effects whereof on all orders of men, and the consummation of all, in the restoration of night and chaos, conclude the poem.

THE DUNCIAD.

BOOK IV.

YET, yet a moment, one dim ray of light
 Indulge, dread Chaos, and eternal Night!
 Of darkness visible so much be lent,
 As half to shew, half veil the deep intent.
 Ye pow'rs! whose mysteries restor'd I sing, 5
 To whom Time bears me on his rapid wing.

Suspend

REMARKS.

The DUNCIAD, Book IV.] This book may properly be distinguished from the former, by the name of the GREATER DUNCIAD, not so indeed in size, but in subject; and so far contrary to the distinction anciently made of the *Greater* and *Lesser Iliad*. But much are they mistaken who imagine this work in any wise inferior to the former, or of any other hand than of our poet; of which I am much more certain than that the *Iliad* itself was the work of Solomon, or the *Batrachomyomachia* of Homer, as *Parnes* hath affirmed. BENT.

Ver. 1. &c. This is an invocation of much piety. The poet willing to approve himself a genuine son, beginneth by shewing (what is ever agreeable to *Dulness*) his high respect for antiquity and a great family, how dead or dark soever: next declareth his passion for explaining mysteries; and lastly, his impatience to be reunited to her. SCRIBL.

Ver. 2. *dread Chaos, and eternal Night!*] Invoked, as the restoration of their empire is the action of the poem.

Ver. 4. *half to shew, half veil the deep intent.*] This is a great propriety, for a dull poet can never express himself otherwise than by *balbes*, or imperfectly. SCRIBL.

I understand it very differently; the author in this work had indeed a *deep intent*; there were in it *mysteries* or *ἀπορρήτα* which he durst not fully reveal, and doubtless in divers verses (according to *Millen*)

— more is meant than meets the ear. BENT.

Ver 6. *To whom Time bears me on his rapid wing,*] Fair and softly, good poet! (cries the gentle *Scrivblers* on this place). For sure, in spite of his unusual modesty, he shall not travel so fast toward oblivion, as divers others of more confidence have

Suspend a while your force inertly strong,
Then take at once the poet and the song.

Now flam'd the Dog-star's unpropitious ray,
Smote ev'ry brain, and wither'd ev'ry bay ; 10
Sick was the sun, the owl forsook his bow'r,
The moon-struck prophet felt the madding hour :
Then rose the seed of Chaos, and of Night,
To blot out order, and extinguish light,
Of dull and venal a new world to mold, 15
And bring Saturnian days of lead and gold.

REMARKS.

done : for when I revolve in my mind the catalogue of those who have most boldly promised to themselves immortality, viz. *Pindar, Luis Gongora, Ronsard, Oldham, Lyrics; Lycophron, Statius, Chapman, Blackmore, Heroics*; I find the one half to be already dead, and the other in utter darkness. But it becometh not us, who have taken up the office of his commentator, to suffer our poet thus prodigally to cast away his life; contrariwise, the more hidden and abstruse is his work, and the more remote its beauties from common understanding, the more is it our duty to draw forth and exalt the same, in the face of men and angels. Herein shall we imitate the laudable spirit of those who have (for this very reason) delighted to comment on *dark* and *uncouth* authors, and even on their *darker* fragments; preferred *Ennius* to *Virgil*, and chosen to turn the dark lantern of *LYCOPHRON*, rather than to trim the everlasting lamp of *Homer*. SCRIBL.

Ver. 7. *Force inertly strong,*] Alluding to the *vis inertiae* of matter, which, though it really be no power, is yet the foundation of all the qualities and attributes of that sluggish substance.

Ver. 14. *To blot out order, and extinguish light,*] The two great ends of her mission; the one in quality of daughter of *Chaos*, the other as daughter of *Night*. *Order* here is to be understood extensively, both as civil and moral; the distinctions between high and low in society, and true and false in individuals: *Light*, as intellectual only, wit, science, arts.

Ver. 15. *Of dull and venal*] The allegory continued; *dull* referring to the extinction of light or science; *venal* to the destruction of order, and the truth of things.

Ibid. a new world] In allusion to the Epicurean opinion, that from the dissolution of the natural world into *Night* and *Chaos* a new one should arise; this the poet alluding to, in the production of a new moral world, makes it partake of its original principles.

Ver. 16. *lead and gold.*] i. e. dull and venal.

She

She mounts the throne: her head a cloud conceal'd,
 In broad effulgence all below reveal'd,
 ('Tis thus aspiring Dulness ever shines),
 Soft on her lap her laureat son reclines.

20

Beneath

REMARKS.

Ver. 18. *all below reveal'd,*] It was the opinion of the ancients, that the divinities manifested themselves to men by their back-parts. Virg. *Æn.* i. *et avertens, rosea cervice refulsit.* But this passage may admit of another exposition. — Vet. Adag. *The higher you climb, the more you shew your A—.* Verified in no instance more than in Dulness aspiring. Emblemized also by an ape climbing and exposing his posteriors. SCRIBL.

Ver. 20. *her laureat son reclines.*] With great judgment it is imagined by the poet, that such a colleague as Dulness had elected, should sleep on the throne, and have very little share in the action of the poem. Accordingly he hath done little or nothing from the day of his anointing; having passed through the second book without taking part in any thing that was transacted about him; and through the third in profound sleep. Nor ought this, well considered, to seem strange in our days, when so many *King-consorts* have done the like.

SCRIBL.

This verse our excellent laureat took so to heart, that he appealed to all mankind, “if he was not as *seldom asleep as any fool*?” But it is hoped the poet hath not injured him, but rather verified his prophecy, (p. 243. of his own life, 8vo. ch. ix.), where he says, “*the reader will be as much pleased to find me a Dunce in my old age, as he was to prove me a brisk block-head in my youth.*” Where-ever there was any room for briskness, or alacrity of any sort, *even in sinking*, he hath had it allowed; but here, where there is nothing for him to do but to take his natural rest, he must permit his historian to be silent. It is from their *actions* only that princes have their character, and poets from their *works*: and if in *those* he be as much *asleep as any fool*, the poet must leave him and them to *sleep to all eternity*. BENT.

Ibid. *her Laureat*] “When I find my name in the satirical works of this poet, I never look upon it as any malice meant to me, but PROFIT to himself. For he considers that my face is more known than most in the nation; and therefore a *lick at the Laureat* will be a sure bait *ad captandum vulgus*, to catch little readers.” Life of Colly Cibber, ch. ii.

Now, if it be certain, that the works of our poet have owed their success to this ingenious expedient, we hence derive an unanswerable argument, that this fourth DUNCIAD, as well as

Beneath her footstool, *Science* groans in chains,
 And *Wit* dreads exile, penalties and pains.
 There foam'd rebellious *Logic*, gagg'd and bound ;
 There, stript, fair *Rhet'ric* languish'd on the ground ;
 His blunted arms by *Sophistry* are born, 25
 And shameless *Billingsgate* her robes adorn.
Morality, by her false guardians drawn,
Chicane in furs, and *Casuistry* in lawn,
 Gasps, as they straiten at each end the cord,
 And dies, when *Dulness* gives her *Page* the word.

REMARKS.

the former three, hath had the author's last hand, and was by him intended for the press: or else to what purpose hath he crowned it, as we see, by this finishing stroke, the profitable *lick at the Laureat* ! BENT.

Ver. 21. 22. *Beneath her footstool, &c.*] We are next presented with the pictures of those whom the goddess leads in captivity. *Science* is only depressed and confined so as to be rendered useless; but *Wit* or *Genius*, as a more dangerous and active enemy, punished, or driven away: *Dulness* being often reconciled in some degree with learning, but never upon any terms with wit. And accordingly it will be seen that she admits something like each science, as casuistry, sophistry, &c. but nothing like wit, *utera* alone supplying its place.

Ver. 27. *by her false guardians drawn,*] *Morality* is the daughter of *Astræa*. This alludes to the mythology of the ancient poets; who tell us that in the gold and silver ages, or in the state of nature, the gods cohabited with men here on earth; but when by reason of human degeneracy men were forced to have recourse to a magistrature, and that the ages of brass and iron came on, (that is, when laws were wrote on brazen tablets enforced by the sword of justice), the celestials soon retired from earth, and *Astræa* last of all; and then it was she left this her orphan daughter in the hands of the guardians aforesaid.

SCRIBL.

Ver. 30. *gives her Page the word.*] There was a judge of this name, always ready to hang any man that came before him, of which he was suffered to give a hundred miserable examples during a long life, even to his dotage.—Though the candid *Scriblerus* imagined *Page* here to mean no more than a *Page* or *Mute*, and to allude to the custom of strangling state-criminals in Turkey by *Mutes* or *Pages*. A practice more decent than that of our *Page*, who, before he hanged any one, loaded him with reproachful language. SCRIBL.

Mad

Mad *Mátbesis* alone was unconfin'd, 31
 Too mad for mere material chains to bind,
 Now to pure Space lifts her ecstatic stare,
 Now running round the circle, finds it square.
 But held in tenfold bonds the *Muses* lie, 35
 Watch'd both by Envy's and by Flatt'ry's eye:
 There to her heart sad Tragedy address
 The dagger wont to pierce the tyrant's breast;
 But sober History restrain'd her rage,
 And promis'd vengeance on a barb'rous age. 40
 There

REMARKS.

Ver. 31. *Mad Máthesis*] Alluding to the strange conclusions some mathematicians have deduced from their principles, concerning the *real quantity of matter*, the *reality of space*, &c.

Ver. 33. *pure Space*] i. e. pure and defæcated from matter. — *ecstatic stare*, the action of men who look about with full assurance of seeing what does not exist, such as those who expect to find *Space* a real being.

Ver. 34. *running round the circle, finds it square.*] Regards the wild and fruitless attempts of *squaring the circle*.

Ver. 36. *Watch'd both by Envy's and by Flatt'ry's eye.*] One of the misfortunes falling on authors, from the *art* for subjecting *plays* to the power of a *licenser*, being the false representations to which they were exposed, from such as either gratified their envy to merit, or made their court to Greatness, by perverting general reflections against vice into libels on particular persons.

Ver. 39. *But sober History*] *H*istory attends on Tragedy, Satire on Comedy, as their substitutes in the discharge of their distinct functions; the one in high life, recording the crimes and punishments of the great; the other in low, exposing the vices or follies of the common people. But it may be asked, How came *History* and *Satire* to be admitted with impunity to minister comfort to the *Muses*, even in the presence of the goddess, and in the midst of all her triumphs? A question, says *Scriblerus*, which we thus resolve: *History* was brought up in her infancy by Dulness herself; but being afterwards espoused into a noble house, she forgot (as is usual) the humility of her birth, and the cares of her early friends. This occasioned a long estrangement between her and Dulness. At length, in process of time, they met together on a Monk's cell, were reconciled, and became better friends than ever. After this they had a second quarrel, but it held not long, and are now again on reasonable terms, and so are like to continue. This accounts

There sunk Thalia, nerveless, cold, and dead,
 Had not her sister Satire held her head :
 Nor couldst thou, CHESTERFIELD ! a tear refuse,
 Thou wept'st, and with thee wept each gentle muse.
 When lo ! a harlot form soft sliding by, 45
 With mincing step, small voice, and languid eye :
 Foreign her air, her robe's discordant pride
 In patch-work flutt'ring, and her head aside :
 By singing peers upheld on either hand,
 She tripp'd and laugh'd, too pretty much to stand ;
 Cast on the prostrate Nine a scornful look, 51
 Then thus in quaint recitativo spoke.

O *Cara ! Cara !* silence all that train :
 Joy to great Chaos ! let Division reign :

Chromatic

REMARKS.

For the connivance shewn to History on this occasion. But the boldness of SATIRE springs from a very different cause; for the reader ought to know, that she alone of all the sisters is unconquerable, never to be silenced, when truly inspired and animated (as should seem) from above, for this very purpose, to oppose the kingdom of Dulness to her last breath.

Ver. 43. *Nor couldst thou, &c.*] This noble person in the year 1737, when the act aforesaid was brought into the house of Lords, opposed it in an excellent speech (says Mr Cibber) “with a lively spirit, and uncommon eloquence.” This speech had the honour to be answered by the said Mr Cibber, with a lively spirit also, and in a manner very uncommon, in the 8th chapter of his *Life and Manners*. And here, gentle reader, would I gladly insert the other speech, whereby thou mightst judge between them: but I must defer it on account of some differences not yet adjusted between the noble author and myself, concerning the *true reading* of certain passages. BENT.

Ver. 45. *When lo ! a harlot form*] The attitude given to this phantom represents the nature and genius of the *Italian* opera; its affected airs, its effeminate sounds, and the practice of patching up the operas with favourite songs, incoherently put together. These things were supported by the subscriptions of the nobility. This circumstance that OPERA should prepare for the opening of the grand sessions, was prophesied of in book *iii.* ver. 304.

Already Opera prepares the way,
 The sure forerunner of her gentle sway.

Ver. 54. *let Division reign*:] Alluding to the false taste of playing tricks in music with numberless divisions, to the neglect

Chromatic tortures soon shall drive them hence, 55
 Break all their nerves, and fritter all their sense:
 One trill shall harmonize joy, grief, and rage,
 Wake the dull church, and lull the ranting stage;
 To the same notes thy sons shall hum, or snore,
 And all thy yawning daughters cry, *encore*. 60
 Another Phœbus, thy own Phœbus, reigns,
 Joys in my jigs, and dances in my chains.
 But soon, ah soon, Rebellion will commence,
 If Music meanly borrows aid from sense:
 Strong in new arms, lo! Giant HANDEL stands, 65
 Like bold Briareus, with a hundred hands;
 To stir, to rouse, to shake the soul he comes,
 And Jove's own thunders follow Mars's drums.
 Arrest him, Empress; or you sleep no more—
 She heard, and drove him to th' Hibernian shore. 70

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of that harmony which conforms to the sense, and applies to the passions. Mr *Handel* had introduced a great number of hands, and more variety of instruments into the orchestra, and employed even drums and cannon to make a fuller chorus; which proved so much too manly for the fine gentlemen of his age, that he was obliged to remove his music into *Ireland*. After which they were reduced, for want of composers, to practise the patch-work above mentioned.

Ver. 55. *Chromatic tortures*] That species of the ancient music called the *Chromatic* was a variation and embellishment, in odd irregularities, of the *Diatonic* kind. They say it was invented about the time of *Alexander*, and that the *Spartans* forbade the use of it, as languid and effeminate.

Ver. 58. *Wake the dull church, and lull the ranting stage*;] i. e. Dissipate the devotion of the one by light and wanton airs; and subdue the passions of the other by recitative and sing-song.

Ver. 61. *Thy own Phœbus reigns*,]

Tuus jam regnat Apollo.

Virg.

Not the ancient *Phœbus*, the god of harmony, but a modern *Plæbus* of French extraction, married to the Princess *Galimathia*, one of the handmaids of Dulness, and an assistant to opera. Of whom see *Bouhours*, and other critics of that nation.

SCRIBL.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 54. *Joy to great Chaos!*]

Joy to great Cæsar—The beginning of a famous old song.

H. h. 2.

And

And now had Fame's posterious trumpet blown,
 And all the nations summon'd to the throne.
 The young, the old, who feel her inward sway,
 One instinct seizes, and transports away.
 None need a guide, by sure attraction led, 75
 And strong impulsive gravity of head:
 None want a place, for all their centre found,
 Hung to the goddess, and coher'd around.

REMARKS.

Ver. 71. *Fame's posterious trumpet*] *Posterious*, viz. her *second* or *more certain* report, unless we imagine this word *posterious* to relate to the position of one of her trumpets, according to *Hudibras*:

She blows not both with the same wind,
 But one before and one behind;
 And therefore modern authors name
 One good, and t'other evil Fame.

Ver. 73. *The young, the old, who feel her inward sway, &c.*] In this new world of Dulness each of the three classes hath its appointed station, as best suits its nature, and concurs to the harmony of the system. The *first*, drawn only by the strong and simple impulse of attraction, are represented as falling directly down into her; as conglobed into her substance, and resting in her centre,

—all their centre found,
 Hung to the goddess, and coher'd around.

The *second*, though within the sphere of her attraction, yet having at the same time a *projectile* motion, are carried, by the composition of these two, in *planetary revolutions* round her centre, some nearer to it, some further off:

Who gently drawn, and struggling less and less,
 Roll in her vortex, and her pow'r confess.

The *third* are properly *excentrical*, and no constant members of her state or system: sometimes at an immense distance from her influence, and sometimes again almost on the surface of her *broad effulgence*. Their use in their perihelion, or nearest approach to Dulness, is the same in the moral world, as that of comets in the natural, namely, to refresh and recreate the drinefs and decays of the system; in the manner marked out from ver. 91. to 98.

Ver. 75. 77. *None need a guide,—None want a place,*] The sons of Dulness want no instructors in study, nor guides in life: they are their own masters in all sciences, and their own heralds and introducers into all places.

Not

Not cloſer, orb in orb, conglob'd are ſeen
The buzzing bees about their duſky queen. 80

The gath'ring number, as it moves along,
Involves a vaſt involuntary throng,
Who gently drawn, and ſtruggling leſs and leſs,
Roll in her vortex, and her pow'r confeſs.
Not thoſe alone who paſſive own her laws, 85
But who, weak rebels, more advance her cauſe.

REMARKS.

Ver. 76. to 101. It ought to be obſerved that here are three claſſes in this aſſembly. The firſt of men abſolutely and avowedly dull, who naturally adhere to the goddeſs; and are imagined in the ſimile of the bees about their queen. The ſecond involuntarily drawn to her, though not caring to own her influence; from ver. 81. to 90. The third of ſuch, as though not members of her ſtate, yet advance her ſervice by flattering Dulneſs, cultivating miſtaken talents, patronizing vile ſcribblers, diſcouraging living merit, or ſetting up for wits, and men of taſte in arts they underſtand not; from ver. 91. to 101.

Ver. 86. *weak rebels more advance her cauſe.*] Such as thoſe who affect to oppoſe her government, by ſetting up for patrons of letters, without knowing how to judge of merit. The conſequence of which is, that, as all true merit is modeſt and reſerved, and the *faſſe*, forward and preſuming; and the judge eaſily impoſed upon; fools get the rewards due to genius. For as the poet ſaid of one of theſe patrons,

*Dryden alone (what wonder?) came not nigh,
Dryden alone eſcap'd this judging eye.*

And thus, as he rightly obſerves, theſe weak rebels unwittingly advance the cauſe of her they would be thought moſt to oppoſe.

For while no rewards are given for the encouragement of letters, Genius will ſupport itſelf on the footing of that reputation, which men of wit will always win from the Dunces. But an undue diſtribution of the rewards of learning will entirely depreſs or diſguſt all true genius; which now not only finds itſelf robbed of the honours it might claim from others, but defeated of that very reputation it would otherwiſe have won for itſelf. For, as the courſe of things is ordered, general reputation, when it comes into rivalſhip, is rather attendant on favour and high ſtation, than on the ſimple endowments of wit and learning. Hence we conclude, that unleſs the province of encouraging letters be wiſely and faithfully adminiſtered, it were better for them that there were no encouragements at all.

Whate'er of Dunces in college or in town
 Sneers at another, in toupee or gown ;
 Whate'er of mungril no one class admits,
 A wit with Dunces, and a Dunce with wits. 90
 Nor absent they, no members of her state,
 Who pay her homage in her sons, the Great ;
 Who false to Phœbus, bow the knee to Baal ;
 Or impious, preach his word without a call,
 Patrons, who sneak from living worth to dead, 95
 With-hold the pension, and set up the head ;
 Or vest dull Flatt'ry in the sacred gown ;
 Or give from fool to fool the laurel crown.
 And (last and worst) with all the cant of wit,
 Without the soul, the Muse's hypocrite. 100
 There march'd the bard and blockhead side by
 side,
 Who rhym'd for hire, and patroniz'd for pride.
 Narcissus, prais'd with all a parson's pow'r,
 Look'd a white lily sunk beneath a show'r.
 There mov'd Montalto with superiour air ; 105
 His stretch'd-out arm display'd a volume fair ;
 Courtiers and patriots in two ranks divide,
 Thro' both he pass'd, and bow'd from side to side :

REMARKS.

Ver. 93. *false to Phœbus*] Spoken of the ancient and true
Phœbus; not the *French Phœbus*, who hath no chosen priests or
 poets, but equally inspires any man that pleaseth to sing or
 preach. SCRIBL.

Ver. 99. 100. .

*And (last and worst) with all the cant of wit,
 Without the soul, the Muse's hypocrite.]*

In this division are reckoned up, 1. The idolizers of Dulness
 in the great.—2. Ill judges.—3. Ill writers.—4. Ill patrons.
 But the *last and worst*, as he justly calls him, is the *Muse's hy-*
po-crite, who is, as it were, the epitome of them all. He who
 thinks the only end of poetry is to amuse, and the only bu-
 siness of the poet to be witty; and consequently who cultivates
 only such trifling talents in himself, and encourages only such in
 others.

Ver. 108.—*bow'd from side to side:]* As being of no one
 party.

But

But as in graceful act, with awful eye
Compos'd he stood, bold Benson thrust him by: 110
On two unequal crutches propt he came,
Milton's on this, on that one Johnston's name.
The decent knight retir'd with sober rage,
Withdrew his hand, and clos'd the pompous page.
But (happy for him as the times went then) 115
Appear'd Apollo's may'r and aldermen,
On whom three hundred gold-capt youths await,
To lug the pond'rous volume off in state.

When Dulness, smiling — “ Thus revive the
“ wits !”

But murder first, and mince them all to bits; 120
As erst Medea (cruel, so to save !)
A new edition of old Æson gave;

Let

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 114.

“ What! no respect, he cry'd, for SHAKESPEAR's page ?”

REMARKS.

Ver. 110. *bold Benson*] This man endeavoured to raise himself to fame by erecting monuments, striking coins, setting up heads, and procuring translations, of *Milton*; and afterwards by as great passion for *Arthur Johnston*, a Scotch physician's version of the psalms, of which he printed many fine editions. See more of him, book iii. ver. 325.

Ver. 113. *the decent knight*] An eminent person, who was about to publish a very pompous edition of a great author at his own expense.

Ver. 115. &c. These four lines were printed in a separate leaf by Mr Pope in the last edition, which he himself gave, of the Dunciad, with directions to the printer, to put this leaf into its place as soon, as Sir T. H.'s Shakespear should be published. B.

Ver. 119. “ *Thus revive, &c.*] The goddess applauds the practice of tacking the obscure names of persons not eminent in any branch of learning, to those of the most distinguished writers; either by printing editions of their works with impertinent alterations of their text, as in the former instances; or by setting up monuments disgraced with their own vile names and inscriptions, as in the latter.

Ver. 122. *old Æson*] Of whom Ovid (very applicable to these restored authors)

*Æson miratur,
Dissimilemque animum subit. —*

Let standard-authors, thus, like trophies born,
 Appear more glorious as more hack'd and torn.
 And you, my critics! in the chequer'd shade, 125
 Admire new light thro' holes yourselves have made.

Leave not a foot of verse, a foot of stone,
 A page, a grave, that they can call their own;
 But spread, my sons, your glory thin or thick,
 On passive paper, or on solid brick. 130
 So by each bard an alderman shall sit,
 A heavy lord shall hang at ev'ry wit,

And

REMARKS.

Ver. 128. *A page, a grave,*] For what less than a grave can be granted to a dead author? or what less than a page can be allowed a living one?

Ver. 128. *A page,*] *Pagina*, not *pedissequus*. A page of a book; not a servant, follower, or attendant; no poet having had a page since the death of Mr Thomas Dursley. SCRIBL.

Ver. 131. *So by each bard an alderman, &c.*] Vide the *Tombs of the poets*, editio Westmonasteriensis.

Ibid.—*an alderman shall sit,*] Alluding to the monument erected for Butler by Alderman Barber.

Ver. 132. *A heavy Lord shall hang at ev'ry wit*] How unnatural an image! and how ill supported! saith *Aristarchus*. Had it been,

A heavy wit shall hang at ev'ry Lord,

something might have been said, in an age so distinguished for well-judging patrons. For LORD, then, read LOAD; that is, of debts here, and of commentaries hereafter. To this purpose, conspicuous is the case of the poor author of *Hudibras*, whose body, long since weighed down to the grave by a load of debts, has lately had a more unmerciful load of commentaries laid upon his spirit; wherein the editor has achieved more than Virgil himself, when he turned critic, could boast of, which was only, *that he had picked gold out of another man's dung*; whereas the editor has picked it out of his own. SCRIBL.

Aristarchus thinks the common reading right; and that the author himself had been struggling; and but just shaken off his load when he wrote the following epigram.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 126. *Admire new light, &c.*]

The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
 Lets in new light, through chinks that time has made.

Waller.

And while on Fame's triumphal car they ride,
Some slave of mine be pinion'd to their side.

Now crouds on crouds around the goddess press,
Each eager to present the first address. 136

Dunce scorning Dunce beholds the next advance,
But fop shews fop superiour complaisance.

When lo! a spectre rose, whose index-hand
Held forth the virtue of the dreadful wand; 140

His beaver'd brow a birchen garland wears,
Dropping with infant's blood, and mother's tears.

O'er ev'ry vein a shudd'ring horror runs;

Eton and Winton shake thro' all their suns.

All flesh is humbled, Westminster's bold race 145

Shrink, and confess the genius of the place:

The pale boy-senator yet tingling stands,

And holds his breeches close with both his hands.

Then

REMARKS.

" My Lord complains, that Pope, stark mad with gardens,

" Has lost three trees the value of three farthings:

" But he's my neighbour, cries the peer polite,

" And if he'll visit me, I'll wave my right.

" What? on compulsion? and against my will,

" A Lord's acquaintance? Let him file his bill.

Ver. 137. 138.

Dunce scorning Dunce beholds the next advance,

But fop shews fop superiour complaisance.

This is not to be ascribed so much to the different manners of a court and college, as to the different effects which a pretence to learning, and a pretence to wit have on blockheads. For as judgment consists in finding out the differences in things, and wit in finding out their likenesses, so the Dunce is all discord and dissension, and constantly busied in *reproving, examining, confuting*, &c. while the fop flourishes in peace, with songs and hymns of praise, addresses, characters, epithalamiums, &c.

Ver. 140. *the dreadful wand;*] A cane usually borne by school-masters, which drives the poor souls about like the wand of Mercury. SCRIBL.

Ver. 148. *And holds his breeches]* An effect of fear somewhat like this, is described in the 7th *Æneid*.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 142. *Dropping with infant's blood, &c.]*

First Moloch, horrid king, besmear'd with blood
Of human sacrifice, and parents tears. *Milton.*

Then thus. Since man from beast by words is known,

149

Words are man's province, words we teach alone.

When reason doubtful, like the Samian letter,
Points him two ways, the narrower is the better.

Plac'd at the door of learning, youth to guide,
We never suffer it to stand too wide.

To ask, to guess, to know, as they commence, 155

As Fancy opens the quick springs of Sense,

We ply the memory, we load the brain,

Bind rebel Wit, and double chain on chain,

Confine the thought, to exercise the breath;

And keep them in the pale of words till death. 160

Whate'er the talents, or howe'er design'd,

We hang one jingling padlock on the mind:

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Contremuit nemus—

Et trepidæ matres pressere ad pectora natos.

nothing being so natural in any apprehension, as to lay close hold on whatever is supposed to be most in danger. But let it not be imagined the author would insinuate these youthful senators (though so lately come from school) to be under the undue influence of any master. SCRIBL.

Ver. 151. *like the Samian letter,*] The letter Y, used by Pythagoras as an emblem of the different roads of virtue and vice.

Et tibi quæ Samios diduxit litera ramos.

Perf.

Ver. 153. *Plac'd at the door, &c.*] This circumstance of the *genius loci* (with that of the index-hand before) seems to be an allusion to the *table of Cebes*, where the genius of human nature points out the road to be pursued by those entering into life.

Ὁ δὲ γέρον ὁ ἄνω ἐσηκώς, ἔχων χαρτὴν τινὰ ἐν τῇ χειρὶ, καὶ τῇ ἐτίει ὥσπερ δεικνύων τι, ἔτ' Δαίμων καλεῖται, &c.

Ver. 154.—*to stand too wide*] A pleasant allusion to the description of the door of Wisdom in the *table of Cebes*, Θυσάν τινα μικράν.

Ver. 159. *to exercise the breath;*] By obliging them to get the classic poets by heart, which furnishes them with endless matter for conversation and verbal amusement for their whole lives.

Ver. 162. *We hang one jingling padlock, &c.*] For youth being used like pack-horses and beaten under a heavy load of words, lest they should tire, their instructors contrive to make the words jingle in rhyme or metre.

A poet the first day, he dips his quill;
 And what the last? a very poet still.
 Pity! the charm works only in our wall, 165
 Lost, lost too soon in yonder house or hall.
 There truant WYNDHAM ev'ry muse gave o'er,
 There TALBOT sunk, and was a wit no more!
 How sweet an Ovid, MURRAY was our boast!
 How many Martials were in PULT'NEY lost! 170
 Else sure some bard, to our eternal praise,
 In twice ten thousand rhyming nights and days,
 Had reach'd the work, the all that mortal can;
 And South beheld that masterpiece of man.

Oh (cry'd the goddess) for some pedant reign!
 Some gentle JAMES, to bless the land again; 176
 To

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Ver. 165. *in yonder house or hall.*] Westminster-hall and the house of Commons.

Ver. 174. *That masterpiece of man.*] Viz. an epigram. The famous Dr South declared a perfect epigram to be as difficult a performance as an epic poem. And the critics say, "an epic poem is the greatest work human nature is capable of."

Ver. 175. *Oh (cry'd the goddess), &c.*] The matter under debate is how to confine men to words for life. The instructors of youth shew how well they do their parts; but complain that when men come into the world, they are apt to forget their learning, and turn themselves to useful knowledge. This was an evil that wanted to be redressed. And this the goddess assures them will need a more extensive tyranny than that of grammar-schools. She therefore points out to them the remedy, in her wishes for *arbitrary power*; whose interest it being to keep men from the study of *things*, will encourage the propagation of *swords and sounds*; and, to make all sure, she wishes for another *pedant monarch*. The sooner to obtain so great a blessing, she is willing even for once to violate the fundamental principle of her politics in having her sons taught at least *one thing*; but that sufficient, the *doctrine of divine right*.

Nothing can be juster than the observation here insinuated, that no branch of learning thrives well under arbitrary government but the *verbal*. The reasons are evident. It is unsafe under such governments to cultivate the study of things, especially things of importance. Besides, when men have lost their public virtue, they naturally delight in trifles, if their private morals secure them from being vicious. Hence so great a cloud of schoolasts and grammarians so soon overspread the light of

To stick the doctor's chair into the throne,
 Give law to words, or war with words alone,
 Senates and courts with Greek and Latin rule,
 And turn the council to a grammar school ! 180
 For sure, if Dulness sees a grateful day,
 'Tis in the shade of arbitrary sway.

O!

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Greece and Rome, when once those famous communities had lost their liberties. Another reason is the *encouragement* which arbitrary governments give to the study of *words*, in order to busy and amuse active geniuses; who might otherwise prove troublesome and inquisitive. So when Cardinal Richelieu had destroyed the poor remains of his country's liberties, and made the supreme court of parliament merely *ministerial*, he instituted the *French academy*, for the perfecting their language. What was said upon that occasion, by a brave magistrate, when the letters-patent of its erection came to be verified in the parliament of Paris, deserves to be remembered: he told the assembly, that "it put him in mind how an emperor of Rome once treated his senate; who when he had deprived them of the cognisance of public matters, sent a message to them in form for their opinion about the best sauce for a turbot."

Ver. 176. *Some gentle JAMES, &c.*] Wilson tells us that this King, James the First, took upon himself to teach the Latin tongue to Car Earl of Somerset; and that Gondomar the Spanish ambassador would speak false Latin to him, on purpose to give him the pleasure of correcting it, whereby he wrought himself into his good graces.

This great prince was the first who assumed the title of *Sacred Majesty*, which his loyal clergy transferred from God to him. "The principles of passive obedience and non-resistance (says the author of the Dissertation on Parties, letter 8.) which before his time had sculked perhaps in some old homily, were talked, written, and preached into vogue in that inglorious reign."

Ver. 181. 182. *if Dulness sees a grateful day, 'Tis in the shade of arbitrary sway.*] And grateful it is in Dulness to make this confession. I will not say she alludes to that celebrated verse of Claudian,

*nunquam libertas gravior exstat
 Quam sub Rege pio;*

But this I will say, that the words *liberty* and *monarchy* have been frequently confounded and mistaken one for the other by

O! if my sons may learn one earthly thing,
 Teach but that one, sufficient for a king;
 That which my priests, and mine alone, maintain,
 Which as it dies, or lives, we fall, or reign: 186
 May you, my Cam, and Isis preach it long!
 "The RIGHT DIVINE of kings to govern wrong."

Prompt at the call, around the goddess roll
 Broad hats, and hoods, and caps, a sable shoal:
 Thick and more thick the black blockade extends,
 A hundred head of Aristotle's friends. 192

Nor

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the gravest authors. I should therefore conjecture, that the genuine reading of the forecited verse was thus,

*nunquam libertas gratior exstat
 Quam sub lege pia,*

and that *rege* was the reading only of Dulness herself: and therefore she might allude to it. SCRIBL.

I judge quite otherwise of this passage: the genuine reading is *libertas* and *rege*: so Claudian gave it. But the error lies in the first verse: it should be *exit*, not *exstat*; and then the meaning will be, that liberty was never *lost*, or *went away* with so good a grace, as under a good king; it being without doubt a tenfold shame to lose it under a bad one.

This farther leads me to animadvert upon a most grievous piece of nonsense to be found in all the editions of the author of the Dunciad himself. A most capital one it is, and owing to the confusion above mentioned by Scriblerus, of the two words *liberty* and *monarchy*. Essay on Crit.

Nature, like *monarchy*, is but restrain'd
 By the same laws herself at first ordain'd.

Who sees not, it should be *nature, like liberty*? Correct it therefore *repugnantibus omnibus* (even though the author himself should oppugn) in all the impressions which have been, or shall be, made of his works. BENTL.

Ver. 189. *Prompt at the call,—Aristotle's friends*] The author, with great propriety, hath made these, who were so *prompt*, at the call of Dulness, to become preachers of the divine right of kings, to be the *friends of Aristotle*; for this philosopher, in his *politics*, hath laid it down as a principle, that some men were by nature made to serve, and others to command.

Ver. 192. *Aristotle's friends*.] A satire on SCHOOL-PHILOSOPHY, which was founded in a corrupt Peripatetism, and is the

Nor wert thou, Isis! wanting to the day,
 [Tho' Christ-church long kept prudishly away.]
 Each staunch Polemic, stubborn as a rock, 195
 Each fierce Logician, still expelling Locke,
 Came

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art of making a great deal from nothing, in theology; and nothing from a great deal, in physics.

Ibid. *A hundred head of Aristotle's friends.*] The philosophy of *Aristotle* had suffered a long disgrace in this learned university: being first expelled by the *Cartesian*, which, in its turn, gave place to the *Newtonian*. But it had all this while some faithful followers in secret, who never bowed the knee to *Baal*, nor acknowledged any strange god in philosophy. These, on this new appearance of the goddess, come out like confessors, and make an open profession of the ancient faith, in the *ipse dixit* of their master. Thus far *SCRIBLERUS*.

But the learned Mr *Colley Cibber* takes the matter quite otherwise; and that this *various fortune of Aristotle* relates not to his *natural*, but his *moral* philosophy. For speaking of that university in his time, he says, "they seemed to have as implicit a reverence for *Shakespear* and *Johnson*, as formerly for the *ETHICS of Aristotle*." See his life, p. 385. One would think this learned professor had mistaken *Ethics* for *Physics*; unless he might imagine the morals too were grown into disuse, from the relaxation they admitted of during the time he mentions, *viz.* while he and the players were at Oxford.

Ibid. *A hundred head, &c.*] It appears by this the goddess had been careful of keeping up a succession, according to the rule,

*Semper enim refice: ac, ne post amissa requiras,
 Anteveni; et sobolem armento fortire quotannis.*

It is remarkable with what dignity the poet here describes the friends of this ancient philosopher. Horace does not observe the same decorum with regard to those of another sect, when he says, *Cum ridere voles Epicuri de grege Porcum.*—But the word *drove*, *armentum*, here understood, is a word of honour, as the most noble *Festus* the grammarian assures us, *Armentum id genus pecoris appellatur, quod est idoneum opus armorum.* And alluding to the temper of this warlike breed, our poet very appositely calls them a *hundred head*. *SCRIBL.*

Ver. 194. [Tho' Christ-church] This line is doubtless spurious, and soisted in by the impertinence of the editor; and accordingly we have put it in between hooks. For I affirm this college came as early as any other, by its proper deputies; nor did any college pay homage to Dulness in its whole body. *BENTL.*

Ver. 196. *still expelling Locke*] In the year 1703 there was

Came whip and spur, and dash'd thro' thin and thick
 On German Crouzaz, and Dutch Burgersdyck.
 As many quit the streams that murmur fall
 To lull the sons of Marg'ret and Clare-hall, 200
 Where Bentley late tempestuous wont to sport
 In troubled waters, but now sleeps in Port.

Before

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a meeting of the heads of the university of Oxford to censure Mr Locke's essay on human understanding, and to forbid the reading it. See his letters in the last edition.

Ver 198. *On German Crouzaz, and Dutch Burgersdyck.*] There seems to be an improbability that the doctors and heads of houses should ride on horseback, who of late days, being gouty or unwieldy, have kept their coaches. But these are horses of great strength, and fit to carry any weight, as their German and Dutch extraction may manifest; and very famous we may conclude, being honoured with names, as were the horses Pegafus and Bucephalus, SCRIBL.

Though I have the greatest deference to the penetration of this eminent scholiast, and must own that nothing can be more natural than his interpretation, or juster than that rule of criticism, which directs us to keep to the *literal* sense, when no apparent absurdity accompanies it, (and sure there is no absurdity in supposing a logician on horseback), yet still I must needs think the hackneys here celebrated were not real horses, nor even centaurs, which, for the sake of the learned *Chiron*, I should rather be inclined to think, if I were forced to find them four-legs, but downright plain men, though Logicians: and only thus metamorphosed by a rule of rhetoric, of which Cardinal Perron gives us an example, where he calls Clavius, *Un esprit fessant, lourd, sans subtilité, ni gentillesse UN GROS CHEVAL D' ALLEMAGNE.* ARISTAR.

Here I profess to go opposite to the whole stream of commentators. I think the poet only aimed, though awkwardly, at an elegant Grecism in this representation; for in that language the word ἵππος [horse] was often prefixed to others to denote greatness or strength; ἵππολακων, ἵπποπλασσοι, ἵππομάζαρον, and particularly ἹΠΠΟΓΝΩΜΩΝ, a great connoisseur, which comes nearest to the case in hand.

SCIP. MAFF.

Ver. 199. *The streams*] The river Cām, running by the walls of these colleges, which are particularly famous for their skill in disputation.

Ver. 202. *sleeps in Port*] viz. "Now retired into harbour, after the tempests that had long agitated his society." So Scriblerus. But the learned *Scipio Maffei* understands it of a

Before them march'd that awful Aristarch;
 Plough'd was his front with many a deep remark:
 His hat, which never veil'd to human pride, 205
 Walker with rev'rence took, and laid aside.
 Low bow'd the rest: he, kingly, did but nod;
 So upright Quakers please both man and God.
 Mistress! dismiss that rabble from your throne:
 Avaunt — is Aristarchus yet unknown? 210
 Thy mighty scholiast, whose unweary'd pains
 Made Horace dull, and humbled Milton's strains.
 Turn

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certain wine called *Port*, from *Oporto*, a city of Portugal, of which this professor invited him to drink abundantly. SCIP. MAF. *De computationibus academicis.*

Ver. 205. *His hat, &c.* — *So upright Quakers please both man and God.*] The hat-worship, as the Quakers call it, is an abomination to that sect: yet, where it is necessary to pay that respect to man, (as in the courts of justice and houses of parliament), they have, to avoid offence, and yet not violate their conscience, permitted other people to uncover them.

Ver. 210. *Aristarchus*] A famous commentator, and corrector of Homer, whose name has been frequently used to signify a complete critic. The compliment paid by our author to this eminent professor, in applying to him so great a name, was the reason that he hath omitted to comment on this part which contains his own praises. We shall therefore supply that loss to our best ability. SCRIBL.

Ver. 214. *Critics like me* —] Alluding to two famous editions of Horace and Milton; whose richest veins of poetry he had prodigally reduced to the poorest and most beggarly prose. — Verily the learned scholiast is grievously mistaken. Aristarchus, in not boasting here of the wonders of his art in annihilating the sublime; but of the usefulness of it, in reducing the turgid to its proper class; the words *make it prose again*, plainly shewing that prose it was, though ashamed of its original, and therefore to

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 207. — *He, kingly, did but nod;*] Milton,

— He, kingly, from his state

Declin'd not —

Ver. 210. — *is Aristarchus yet unknown?*

Sic notus Ulysses?

Virg.

Dost thou not feel me, *Rome?*

Ben. Johnson.

Turn what they will to verse, their toil is vain,
 Critics like me shall make it prose again. 214
 Roman and Greek grammarians! know your better :
 Author or something yet more great than letter ;
 While tow'ring o'er your alphabet, like Saul,
 Stands our Digamma, and o'ertops them all.
 'Tis true, on words is still our whole debate,
 Disputes of *me* or *te*, of *ant* or *at*, 220
 To found or sink in *cano*, O or A,
 Or give up Cicero to C or K.

Let

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prose It should return. Indeed, much is it to be lamented that Dulness doth not confine her critics to this useful task ; and commission them to dismount what *Aristophanes* calls *Προβαλονα*, all prose on horseback. SCRIBL.

Ver. 216. *Author of something yet more great than letter ;*] Alluding to those grammarians, such as Palamedes and Simonides, who invented *single letters*. But Aristarchus, who had found out a *double one*, was therefore worthy of double honour.

SCRIBL.

Ver. 217. 218. *While tow'ring o'er your alphabet, like Saul,— Stands our Digamma.*] Alludes to the boasted restoration of the Æolic Digamma, in his long projected edition of Homer. He calls it *something more than letter*, from the enormous figure it would make among the other letters, being one gamma set upon the shoulders of another.

Ver. 220. *of me or te,*] It was a serious dispute, about which the learned were much divided, and some treatises written : had it been about *meum* and *tuum*, it could not be more contested, than whether at the end of the first ode of Horace, to read, *Mē doctarum bederæ præmia frontium*, or, *Te doctarum bederæ* — By this the learned scholiast would seem to insinuate that the dispute was not about *meum* and *tuum*, which is a mistake : for, as a venerable sage observeth, *Words are the counters of wise men, but the money of fools* ; so that we see their property was indeed concerned. SCRIBL.

Ver. 222. *Or give up Cicero to C or K.*] Grammatical disputes about the manner of pronouncing Cicero's name in Greek.

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Ver. 215. *Roman and Greek grammarians, &c.*] Imitated from Propertius speaking of the Æneid.

Cedite, Romani scriptores, cedite Graii !

Nescio quid majus nascitur Iliade.

Let Freind affect to speak as Terence spoke,
 And Alfop never but like Horace joke :
 For me, what Virgil, Pliny may deny, 225
 Manilius or Solinus shall supply :
 For Attic phrase in Plato let them seek,
 I poach in Suidas for unlicens'd Greek.
 In ancient sense if any needs will deal,
 Be sure I give them fragments, not a meal ; 230
 What Gellius or Stobæus hash'd before,
 Or chew'd by blind old scholiasts o'er and o'er.
 The critic eye, that microscope of wit,
 Sees hairs and pores, examines bit by bit :
 How parts relate to parts, or they to whole, 235
 The body's harmony, the beaming soul,
 Are things which Kuster, Burman, Wasse shall see,
 When man's whole frame is obvious to a *flea*.
 Ah, think not, mistress ! more true Dulness lies
 In Folly's cap, than Wisdom's grave disguise. 240
 Like

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It is a dispute whether in Latin the name of Hermagoras should end in *as* or *a*. Quintilian quotes Cicero as writing it *Hermagora*, which Bentley rejects, and says Quintilian must be mistaken, Cicero could not write it so, and that in this case he would not believe Cicero himself. These are his very words: *Ego vero Ciceronem ita scripsisse ne Ciceroni quidem affirmanti crediderim. — Epist. ad Mill. in fin. Frag. Menand. et Phil.*

Ver. 223. 224. *Freind—Alfop*] Dr Robert Friend, master of Westminster-school, and canon of Christ-church — Dr Anthony Alfop, a happy imitator of the Horatian style.

Ver. 226. *Manilius or Solinus*] Some critics having had it in their choice to comment either on Virgil or Manilius, Pliny or Solinus, have chosen the worse author, the more freely to display their critical capacity.

Ver. 228. *&c. Suidas, Gellius, Stobæus*] The first a dictionary-writer, a collector of impertinent facts and barbarous words ; the second a minute critic ; the third an author, who gave his common-place book to the public, where we happen to find much mince-meat of old books.

Ver. 232. *Or chew'd by blind old scholiasts o'er and o'er.*] These taking the same things eternally from the mouth of one another.

Ver. 239. 240. *Ab, think not, mistress, &c. — In Folly's cap, &c.*] By this it appears the dunces and fops, mentioned ver. 139. 140. had a contention of rivalry for the goddess's favour

Like buoys, that never sink into the flood,
 On Learning's surface we but lie and nod,
 Thine is the genuine head of many a house,
 And much divinity without a Nêç,
 Nor could a BARROW work on ev'ry block, 245
 Nor has one ATTERBURY spoil'd the flock.
 See! still thy own, the heavy canon roll,
 And metaphysic smokes involve the pole.

For

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on this great day. Those got the start, but these make it up by their spokesman in the next speech. It seems as if Aristarchus here first saw him advancing with his fair pupil. SCRIBL.

Ver. 241. 242. *Like buoys, &c.* — *On Learning's surface, &c.*] So that the station of a *professor* is only a kind of legal notice to inform us where the *shatter'd bulk* of Learning lies sunk; which after so long unhappy navigation, and now without either master or patron, we may wish, with Horace, may *lie there still*.

——— *Nonne vides, ut*
Nudum remigio latus?
 ——— *non tibi sunt integra lintea;*
Non di, quos iterum pressa voces malo.
Quamvis Pontica pinus,
Sylvæ filia nobilis,
Jactes et genus, et nomen inutile.

Hor.

Ver. 244. *And much divinity without a Nêç.*] A word much affected by the learned Aristarchus in common conversation, to signify *genius* or natural *acumen*. But this passage has a farther view: Nêç was the Platonic term for *mind*, or the *first cause*, and that system of divinity is here hinted at which terminates in blind nature without a Nêç: such as the poet afterwards describes (speaking of the dreams of one of these later Platonists),

Or that bright image to our fancy draw,
Which Theocles in raptur'd vision saw,
That Nature——&c.

Ver. 245. 246. *Barrow, Atterbury,*] Isaac Barrow, master of Trinity, Francis Atterbury Dean of Christ-church, both great geniuses and eloquent preachers; one more conversant in the sublime geometry, the other in classical learning; but who equally made it their care to advance the polite arts in their several societies.

Ver. 247. *the heavy canon*] Canon here, if spoken of *artillery*, is in the plural number; if of the *canons of the house*, in the singular, and meant only of *one*: in which case I suspect the *pole* to be a false reading, and that it should be the *poll*, or *head* of that

For thee we dim the eyes, and stuff the head
 With all such reading as was never read : 250
 For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it,
 And write about it, goddess, and about it :
 So spins the silk-worm small its slender store,
 And labours till it clouds itself all o'er.

What tho' we let some better sort of fool 255
 Thrid ev'ry science, run thro' ev'ry school ?
 Never by tumbler thro' the hoops was shown
 Such skill in passing all, and touching none.
 He may indeed (if sober all this time)
 Plague with dispute, or persecute with rhyme. 260
 We only furnish what he cannot use,
 Or wed to what he must divorce, a muse :

Full

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canon. It may be objected, that this is a mere *paranomasia* or *pun*. But what of that ? Is any figure of speech more apposite to our gentle goddess, or more frequently used by her and her children, especially of the university ? Doubtless it better suits the character of Dulness, yea of a doctor, than that of an angel ; yet *Milton* feared not to put a considerable quantity into the mouths of his. It hath indeed been observed, that they were the devil's angels, as if he did it to suggest the devil was the author as well of false wit, as of false religion, and that the father of lies was also the father of puns. But this is idle : It must be owned a Christian practice, used in the primitive times by some of the fathers, and in latter by most of the sons of the church ; till the debauched reign of Charles II. when the shameless passion for wit overthrew every thing : and even then the best writers admitted it, provided it was obscene, under the name of the *double entendre*. SCRIBL.

Ver. 248. *And metaphysic smokes, &c.*] Here the learned Aristarchus ending the first member of his harangue in behalf of words ; and entering on the other half, which regards the teaching of things ; very artfully connects the two parts in an encomium on METAPHYSICS, a kind of middle nature between words and things : communicating, in its obscurity, with *substance*, and, in its emptiness, with *names*. SCRIBL.

Ver. 255.—271. *What tho' we let some better sort of fool, &c.*] Hitherto Aristarchus hath displayed the art of teaching his pupils words, without things. He shews greater skill in what follows, which is to teach things, without profit. For with the *better sort of fool* the first expedient is, ver. 254.—258. to run him so swiftly through the circle of the sciences that he shall stick at nothing, nor nothing stick with him ; and though some little, both of words and things, should by chance be gathered up

Full in the midst of Euclid dip at once,
 And petrify a genius to a dunce :
 Or set on metaphysic ground to prance, 265
 Show all his paces, not a step advance.
 With the same CEMENT, ever sure to bind,
 We bring to one dead level ev'ry mind.
 Then take him to develope, if you can,
 And hew the block off, and get out the man. 270
 But wherefore waste I words? I see advance
 Whore, pupil, and lac'd governour from France.

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in his passage, yet he shews, ver. 259. to 261. that it is never more of the one than just to enable him to *persecute with rhyme*, or of the other than to *plague with dispute*. But if, after all, the pupil will needs *learn* a science, it is then provided by his careful directors, ver. 261. 262. that it shall either be such as he can never *enjoy* when he comes out into life, or such as he will be obliged to *divorce*. And to make all sure, ver. 263.—267. the useless or pernicious sciences, thus taught, are still applied perversely; the man of wit *petrified* in Euclid, or *trammelled* in metaphysics; and the man of judgment *married*, without his parents consent, to a *mouse*. Thus far the particular arts of modern education, used partially, and diversified according to the subject and the occasion: But there is one general method, with the encomium of which the great Aristarchus ends his speech, ver. 267.—270. and that is AUTHORITY, the universal CEMENT, which fills all the cracks and chasms of *lifeless* matter, shuts up all the pores of *living* substances, and brings all human minds to *one dead level*. For if Nature should chance to struggle through all the entanglements of the foregoing ingenious expedients to *bind rebel wit*, this claps upon her one sure and entire cover. So that well may Aristarchus defy all human power to *get the man out* again from under so impenetrable a crust. The poet alludes to this masterpiece of the schools in ver. 501. where he speaks of *vassals to a name*.

Ver. 264. *petrify a genius*] Those who have no genius, employed in works of imagination; those who have, in abstract sciences.

Ver. 270. *And hew the block off,*] A notion of Aristotle, that there was originally in every block of marble, a statue, which would appear on the removal of the superfluous parts.

Ver. 272. *lac'd governour*] Why *lac'd*? Because gold and silver are necessary trimming to denote the dress of a person of rank, and the governour must be supposed so in foreign countries, to be admitted into courts and other places of fair reception. But how comes Aristarchus to know at sight that this governour came from France? Know, Why, by the laced coat. SCRIBL.

Walker!

Walker! our hat — nor more he deign'd to say,
But, stern as Ajax' spectre, strode away.

In flow'd at once a gay embroider'd race, 275
And titt'ring push'd the pedants off the place:
Some would have spoken, but the voice was drown'd
By the French horn, or by the op'ning hound.
The first came forwards, with as easy mien,
As if he saw St James's and the Queen. 280

When thus th' attendant orator begun,
Receive, great Empress! thy accomplish'd son:
Thine from the birth, and sacred from the rod,
A dauntless infant! never scar'd with God.

The

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Ibid. *Whore, pupil, and lac'd governour*] Some critics have objected to the order here, being of opinion that the governour should have the precedence before the whore, if not before the pupil. But were he so placed, it might be thought to insinuate that the governour led the pupil to the whore: and were the pupil placed first, he might be supposed to lead the governour to her. But our impartial poet, as he is drawing their picture, represents them in the order in which they are generally seen; namely, the pupil between the whore and the governour; but placeth the whore first, as she usually governs both the other.

Ver. 274. *stern as Ajax' spectre, strode away.*] See Homer, *Odys. xi.* where the ghost of Ajax turns sullenly from Ulysses the traveller, who had succeeded against him in the dispute for the arms of Achilles. There had been the same contention between the travelling and the university tutor, for the spoils of our young heroes, and fashion adjudged it to the former; so that this might well occasion the sullen dignity in departure, which Longinus so much admired. SCRIBL.

Ver. 276. *And titt'ring push'd, &c.*]

Rideat et pulset lasciva decem ius ætas. Hor.

Ver. 280. *As if he saw St James's*] Reflecting on the disrespectful and indecent behaviour of several forward young persons in the presence, so offensive to all serious men, and to none more than the good Scriblerus.

Ver. 281. *th' attendant orator*] The governour above said. The poet gives him no particular name; being unwilling, I presume, to offend or do injustice to any, by celebrating one only with whom this character agrees, in preference to so many who equally deserve it. SCRIBL.

Ver. 284. *A dauntless infant! never scar'd with God*] i. e. Brought up in the enlarged principles of modern education;

The fire saw, one by one, his virtues wake : 285
 The mother begg'd the blessing of a rake.
 Thou gav'st that ripeness, which so soon began,
 And ceas'd so soon, he ne'er was boy, nor man,

REMARKS.

whose great point is to keep the infant mind free from the prejudices of opinion, and the growing spirit unbroken by terrifying names. Amongst the happy consequences of this reformed discipline, it is not the least, that we have never afterwards any occasion for the *priest*, whose trade, as a modern wit informs us, is only to *finish what the nurse began*. SCRIBL.

Ver. 286. —*the blessing of a rake*] Scriblerus is here much at a loss to find out what this *blessing* should be. He is sometimes tempted to imagine it might be the marrying a great fortune : but this, again, for the vulgarity of it, he rejects, as something uncommon seem'd to be prayed for. And after many strange conceits, not at all to the honour of the fair sex, he at length rests in this, that it was, that her son might pass for a wit ; in which opinion he fortifies himself by ver. 316. where the orator, speaking of his pupil, says, that he

Intrigu'd with glory, and with spirit wor'd,

which seems to insinuate that her prayer was heard.—Here the good scholiast, as, indeed, every where else, lays open the very soul of modern criticism, while he makes his own ignorance of a poetical expression hold open the door to much erudition and learned conjecture : the *blessing of a rake* signifying no more than that he might be a rake ; the effects of a thing for the thing self, a common figure. The careful mother only wish'd her son might be a *rake*, as well knowing that its attendant *blessings* would follow of course.

Ver. 288. *he ne'er was boy, nor man,*] Nature hath bestowed on the human species two states or conditions, *infancy* and *manhood*. Wit sometimes makes the *first* disappear, and Folly the *latter* ; but true Dulness annihilates *both*. For, want of *apprehension* in boys, not suffering that conscious ignorance and inexperience which produce the awkward bashfulness of youth, makes them *assured* ; and want of *imagination* makes them *grave*. But this *gravity* and *assurance*, which is beyond *boyhood*, being neither wisdom nor knowledge, do never reach to *manhood*.

SCRIBL.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 284. *A dauntless infant ! never fear'd with God.*]

— *sine dis animosus infans.*

Hor.
Thro'

Thro' school and college, thy kind cloud o'ercaſt,
 Safe and unſeen the young Æneas paſt : 290
 Thence burſting glorious, all at once let down,
 Stunn'd with his giddy larum half the town.
 Intrepid then, o'er ſeas and lands he flew :
 Europe he ſaw, and Europe ſaw him too.
 There all thy gifts and graces we diſplay, 295
 Thou, only thou, directing all our way !
 To where the Seine, obſequious as ſhe runs,
 Pours at great Bourbon's feet her filken ſons ;
 Or Tyber, now no longer Roman, rolls,
 Vain of Italian arts, Italian ſouls : 300
 To happy convents, boſom'd deep in vines,
 Where ſlumber abbots, purple as their wines :
 To iſles of fragrance, lily-ſilver'd vales,
 Diffuſing languor in the panting gales :
 To lands of ſinging, or of dancing ſlaves, 305
 Love-whiſp'ring woods, and lute-reſounding waves.
 But chief her ſhrine where naked Venus keeps,
 And Cupids ride the Lion of the deeps ;
 Where, eas'd of fleets, the Adriatic main
 Waſts the ſmooth eunuch and enamour'd ſwain. 310

REMARKS.

Ver. 290. *unſeen the young Æneas paſt : Thence burſting glorious,*] See Virg. Æn. i.

*At Venus obſcuro gradientes aëre ſepſit,
 Et multo nebula circum dea fudit amiſſu,
 Cernere ne quis eos ;—1. neu quis contingere poſſit ;
 2. Molirire moram ;—aut 3. veniendi poſcere cauſas.*

Where he enumerates the cauſes why his mother took this care of him : to wit, 1. that nobody might touch or correct him : 2. might ſtop or detain him : 3. examine him about the progreſs he had made, or ſo much as gueſs why he came there.

Ver. 303. *lily-ſilver'd vales,*] Tuberofes.

Ver. 307. *But chief, &c.*] Theſe two lines, in their force of imagery and colouring, emulate and equal the pencil of Rubens.

Ver. 308. *And Cupids ride the Lion of the deeps ;*] The winged Lion, the arms of Venice. This republic heretofore the moſt conſiderable in Europe, for her naval force and the extent of her commerce ; now illuſtrious for her *Carnivals*,

Led by my hand, he saunter'd Europe round,
 And gather'd ev'ry vice on Christian ground;
 Saw ev'ry court, heard ev'ry King declare
 His royal sense, of op'ra's or the fair;
 The stews and palace equally explor'd, 315
 Intrigu'd with glory, and with spirit whor'd;
 Try'd all *bors-d'œuvres*, all *liqueurs* defin'd,
 Judicious drank, and greatly-daring din'd;
 Dropt the dull lumber of the Latin store,
 Spoil'd his own language, and acquir'd no more;
 All classic learning lost on classic ground; 321
 And last turn'd *Air*, the echo of a sound!
 See now, half-cur'd, and perfectly well bred,
 With nothing but a solo in his head;
 As much estate, and principle, and wit, 325
 As Jansen, Fleetwood, Cibber shall think fit;

REMARKS.

Ver. 318. *greatly-daring din'd*;) It being indeed no small risk to eat through those extraordinary compositions, whose disguised ingredients are generally unknown to the guests, and highly inflammatory and unwholesome.

Ver. 322. *And last turn'd Air, the echo of a sound*!] Yet less a body than Echo itself; for Echo reflects *sense* or *words* at least, this gentleman only *airs* and *tunes*:

—Sonus est, qui vivit in illo.

Ovid. Met.

So that this was not a metamorphosis either in one or the other, but only a resolution of the soul into its true principles; its real essence being harmony, according to the doctrine of Orpheus, the inventor of opera, who first performed to a select assembly of beasts. SCRIBL.

Ver. 324. *With nothing but a solo in his head*;) With nothing but a *solo*? Why, if it be a *solo*, how should there be any thing else? Palpable tautology! Read boldly an *opera*, which is enough of conscience for such a head as has lost all its Latin.

BENTL.

Ver. 326. *Jansen, Fleetwood, Cibber*,] Three very eminent persons, all managers of *plays*; who, though not governors by profession, had, each in his way, concerned themselves in the education of youth; and regulated their wits, their morals, or their finances, at that period of their age which is the most important, their entrance into the polite world. Of the last of these, and his talents for this end, see book i. ver. 199. &c.

VOL. II.

† K k

Stol'n

'Stol'n from a duel, follow'd by a nun,
 And, if a borough chuse him, not undone!
 See, to my country happy I restore
 This glorious youth, and add one Venus more. 330
 Her too receive, (for her my soul adores),
 So may the sons of sons of sons of whores,
 Prop thine, O Empress! like each neighbour throne,
 And make a long posterity thy own.
 Pleas'd, she accepts the hero, and the dame, 335
 Wraps in her veil, and frees from sense of shame.
 Then look'd, and saw a lazy, lolling sort,
 Unseen at church, at senate, or at court,
 Of ever-listless loit'ers, that attend
 No cause, no trust, no duty, and no friend. 340
 Thee too, my Paridel! she mark'd thee there,
 Stretch'd on the rack of a too easy chair,
 And heard thy everlasting yawn confess
 The pains and penalties of idleness.

She

REMARKS.

Ver. 331. *Her too receive, &c.*] This confirms what the learned Scriblerus advanced in his note on ver. 272. that the governor, as well as the pupil, had a particular interest in this lady.

Ver. 332. *sons of whores,*] For such have been always esteemed the ablest supports of the throne of *Dulness*, even by the confession of those her most legitimate sons, who have unfortunately wanted that advantage. The illustrious *Varni* in his divine encomium on our goddess, entitl'd *De Admirandis Naturæ Regine Duxque mortalium Arcanis*, laments that he was not born a bastard: *O utinam extra legitimum ac connubialem thorum essem procreatus!* &c. He expatiates on the prerogatives of a free birth, and on what he would have done for the *Great Maker* with those advantages; and then sorrowfully concludes, *At quia conjugatorum sum soboles, Eis oratus sum bonis.*

Ver. 341. *Thee too, my Paridel!*] The poet seems to speak of this young gentleman with great affection. The name is taken from Spenser, who gives it to a wandering courtly squire, that travelled about for the same reason; for which many young squires are now fond of travelling, and especially to *Paris*.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 332. *So may the sons of sons, &c.*]

Et nati natorum, et qui noscentur ab illis,

Virg.

She pity'd ! but her pity only shed
Benigner influence on thy nodding head. 345

But Annius, crafty feer, with ebon wand,
And well-dissembled em'rald on his hand,
False as his gems, and canker'd as his coins,
Came, cramm'd with capon, from where Pollio
dines. 350

REMARKS.

Ver. 347. *Annus*,] The name taken from Annius the Monk of Viterbo, famous for many impositions and forgeries of ancient manuscripts and inscriptions, which he was prompted to by mere vanity; but our Annius had a more substantial motive.

Ver. 348. *well-dissembled em'rald on his hand*] The poet seems here, as wits are ever licentious, to upbraid this useful member of society for his *well-dissembled em'rald*; whereas in truth it was by that circumstance he should have been commended. This worthy person was, I suppose, a factor between the poor and rich, to supply these with their imaginary wants, and to relieve those from their real ones. Now, I ask how can this factorage be carried on without well dissembling. The rich man wants an em'rald; his want is allowed on all hands to be imaginary. And what fitter for an imaginary want than an imaginary emerald? For philosophers agree, that *imagination*s are not to be cured by their contrary *realities*, but to be removed, if troublesome, by other *imagination*s; and these again in their turn, by other. Consider it in another light. An emerald, we agree, is an imaginary want; but an emerald of Golconda is much more so. Now, if, in a *true emerald of France*, the colour, the lustre, and the bulk, be all improved, what is wanting in it, that may be thought to concur to that solid happiness, which we find an emerald is capable of giving to enlarged, and truly improved minds? Certainly, nothing but that Golcondical substantial form, which is neither seen, felt, nor understood; a certain essentiuncula, or as we may say, *esprit folet*, with which substances had been for many ages possessed, but is lately sneaked out of matter, is no longer in nature, nor (what is more to the purpose) no longer in fashion. SCRIBL.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 342. *Stretch'd on the rack*——
And beard, &c.]

*Sedet, æternumque sedebit,
Infelix Theseus, Pblegiasque miserrimas omnes
Admonet*——

K k 2.

Virg.
Soft,

Soft, as the wily fox is seen to creep,
Where bask on sunny banks the simple sheep,
Walk round and round, now prying here, now
there,

So he; but pious, whisper'd first his pray'r.

Grant, gracious goddess, grant me still to cheat!

O may thy cloud still cover the deceit! 356

Thy choicer mists on this assembly shed,
But pour them thickest on the noble head.

So shall each youth, assisted by our eyes,
See other Cæsars, other Homers rise; 360

Thro' twilight ages hunt th' Athenian fowl,
Which Chalcis gods, and mortals call an owl.

Now see an Atys, now a Cecrops clear,
Nay, Mahomet! the pigeon at thine ear;
Be rich in ancient brass, tho' not in gold, 365
And keep his lares, tho' his house be sold;

REMARKS.

Ver. 355. *still to cheat,*] Some read *skill*, but that is frivolous, for Annius hath that skill already; or if he had not, *skill* were not wanting to cheat such persons. BENTL.

Ver. 361. *hunt th' Athenian fowl,*] The owl stamped on the reverse on the ancient money of Athens.

Which Chalcis gods, and mortals call an owl,

is the verse by which Hobbes renders that of Homer,

Χαλκίδα κικλήσκουσιν Ὀϊοί, ἄνδρες δὲ Κόμινδιν.

Ver. 363. *Atys and Cecrops.*] The first king of Athens, of whom it is hard to suppose any coins are extant; but not so improbable as what follows, that there should be any of Mahomet, who forbade all images; and the story of whose pigeon was a monkish fable. Nevertheless one of these Annius's made a counterfeit medal of that impostor, now in the collection of a learned nobleman.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 355.—*grant me still to cheat!*

O may thy cloud still cover the deceit!]

—*Da, pulchra Laverna,*

Da mihi fallere—

Noctem peccatis et fraudibus objice nubem.

Hor.

To

To headless Phœbe his fair bride postpone,
Honour a Syrian prince above his own ;
Lord of an Otho, if I vouch it true ;
Bless'd in one Niger, till he knows of two. 370

Mummius o'erheard him ; Mummius, fool-re-
nown'd,

Who like his Cheops stinks above the ground,
Fierce as a startled adder, swell'd, and said,
Rattling an ancient sistrum at his head :

Speak'st thou of Syrian princes ? traitor base !
Mine, goddess ! mine is all the horned race. 376
True,

REMARKS.

Ver. 371. *Mummius*] This name is not merely an allusion to the mummies he was so fond of, but probably referred to the Roman general of that name, who burned Corinth, and committed the curious statues to the captain of a ship, assuring him, "that if any were lost or broken, he should procure others "to be made in their stead:" by which it should seem (what-ever may be pretended) that Mummius was no virtuoso.

Ver. 371.—*Fool-renown'd*,] A compound epithet in the Greek manner, *renowned by fools*, or *renowned for making fools*.

Ver. 372. *Cheops*] A king of Egypt, whose body was certainly to be known, as being buried alone in his pyramid, and is therefore more genuine than any of the Cleopatra's. This royal mummy, being stolen by a wild Arab, was purchased by the consul of Alexandria, and transmitted to the museum of Mummius ; for proof of which he brings a passage in Sandys's travels, where that accurate and learned voyager assures us that he saw the sepulchre empty, which agrees exactly (saith he) with the time of the theft above mentioned. But he omits to observe that Herodotus tells the same thing of it in his time.

Ver. 375. *Speak'st thou of Syrian princes ? &c.*] The strange story following, which may be taken for a fiction of the poet, is justified by a true relation in Spon's voyages. Vaillant (who wrote the history of the Syrian kings as it is to be found on medals) coming from the Levant, where he had been collecting various coins, and being pursued by a corsair of Sallee, swallowed down twenty gold medals. A sudden brouhâque freed him from the rover, and he got to land with them in his belly. On his road to Avignon he met two physicians, of whom he demanded assistance. One advised purgations, the other vomits. In this uncertainty he took neither, but pursued his way to Lyons, where he found his ancient friend the famous physician and antiquary Dufour, to whom he related his adventure. Dufour, without staying to inquire about the uneasy symptoms of

True, he had wit, to make their value rise ;
 From foolish Greeks to steal them, was as wise ;
 More glorious yet, from barb'rous hands to keep,
 When Sallee rovers chas'd him on the deep. 380
 Then taught by Hermes, and divinely bold,
 Down his own throat he risk'd the Grecian gold,
 Receiv'd each demi-god, with pious care,
 Deep in his entrails—I rever'd them there,
 I bought them, shrouded in that living shrine, 385
 And, at their second birth, they issue mine.

Witness great Ammon ! by whose horns I swore,
 (Reply'd soft Annius), this our paunch before
 Still bears them, faithful ; and that thus I eat,
 Is to refund the medals with the meat. 390
 To prove me, goddesses ! clear of all design,
 Bid me with Pollio sup, as well as dine :
 There all the learn'd shall at the labour stand,
 And Douglas lend his soft, obstetric hand.

The goddesses smiling seem'd to give consent ; 395
 So back to Pollio, hand in hand they went.

REMARKS.

the burthen he carried, first asked him, *whether the medals were of the bigger empire ?* He assured him they were. Dufour was ravished with the hope of possessing so rare a treasure, he bargained with him on the spot for the most curious of them, and was to recover them at his own expense.

Ver. 383. *each demi-god,*] They are called Θεοί on their coins.

Ver. 387. *Witness great Ammon !*] Jupiter Ammon is called to witness, as the father of Alexander, to whom those kings succeeded in the division of the Macedonian empire, and whose horns they wore on their medals.

Ver. 394. *Douglas*] A physician of great learning and no less taste ; above all, curious in what related to *Horace*, of whom he collected every edition, translation, and comment, to the number of several hundred volumes.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 383. *Receiv'd each demi-god,*]

*Emissumque ima de sede Typhoea terræ
 Cœlitibus fuisse metum ; cunctosque dedisse
 Terga fugæ : donec fessos Ægyptia tellus
 Ceperit : —————*

Ovid.
 Then

Then thick as locusts black'ning all the ground,
 A tribe, with weeds and shells fantastic crown'd,
 Each with some wondrous gift approach'd the pow'r,
 A nest, a toad, a fungus, or a flow'r. 400
 But far the foremost, two, with earnest zeal,
 And aspect ardent to the throne appeal.

The first thus open'd : Hear thy suppliant's call,
 Great queen, and common mother of us all !
 Fair from its humble bed I rear'd this flow'r, 405
 Suckled, and cheer'd, with air, and sun, and show'r.
 Soft on the paper ruff its leaves I spread,
 Bright with the gilded button tipt its head.
 Then thron'd in glass, and nam'd it CAROLINE :
 Each maid cry'd, Charming ! and each youth, Di-
 vine ! 410

Did Nature's pencil ever blend such rays,
 Such vary'd light in one promiscuous blaze ?

REMARKS.

Ver 397. *Then thick as locusts black'ning all the ground,*] The similitude of *locusts* does not refer more to the numbers than to the qualities of the virtuosos: who not only devour and lay waste every tree, shrub, and green leaf in their *course* of experiments; but suffer neither a moss nor fungus to escape untouched.

SCRIBL.

Ver. 409. *and nam'd it Caroline :*] It is a compliment which the florists usually pay to princes and great persons, to give their names to the most curious flowers of their raising: some have been very jealous of vindicating this honour, but none more than that ambitious gardener at Hammersmith, who caused his favourite to be painted on his sign, with this inscription, *This is my Queen Caroline.*

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 405. *Fair from its humble bed, &c. nam'd it Caroline!*

Each maid cry'd, Charming! and each youth, Divine!

Now prostrate! dead! behold that Caroline:

No maid cries, Charming! and no youth, Divine!

These verses are translated from Catullus, Epith.

*Ut flos in septis secretus nascitur hortis,
 Quam mulcent auræ, firmat sol, educat imber,
 Multi illum pueri, multæ optavere puellæ:
 Idem quum tenui carptus defloruit ungui,
 Nulli illum pueri, nullæ optavere puellæ, &c.*

Now

Now prostrate! dead! behold that Caroline:
 No maid cries, Charming! and no youth, Divine!
 And lo the wretch! whose vile, whose insect lust 415
 Laid this gay daughter of the Spring in dust.
 Oh punish him, or to th' Elysian shades
 Dismiss my soul, where no carnation fades:
 He ceas'd, and wept. With innocence of mien,
 Th' accus'd stood forth, and thus address'd the
 queen. 420

Of all th' enamell'd race, whose silv'ry wing
 Waves to the tepid Zephyrs of the spring,
 Or swims along the fluid atmosphere,
 Once brightest shin'd this child of heat and air.
 I saw, and started from its vernal bow'r, 425
 The rising game, and chas'd from flow'r to flow'r.
 It fled, I follow'd; now in hope, now pain;
 It stopt, I stopt; it mov'd, I mov'd again.
 At last it fix'd, 'twas on what plant it pleas'd,
 And where it fix'd, the beauteous bird I seiz'd: 430
 Rose or carnation was below my care;
 I meddle, goddess! only in my sphere.

REMARKS.

Ver. 418. *Dismiss my soul, where no carnation fades.*] It is a trite observation, that men have always placed the happiness of their fancied *Elysium* in something they took most delight in here. The joys of a Mahometan paradise consist in young maidens, always virgins: our modest votary warms his imagination only with carnations always in bloom; which, alluding, at the same time, to the perpetual spring of the old Elysian fields, give an inimitable pleasantry, as well as decorum, to the conclusion of his prayer.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 421. *Of all th' enamell'd race,*] The poet seems to have an eye to Spenser, *Muiopotmos*.

Of all the race of silver-winged flies
 Which do possess the empire of the air.

Ver. 427. 428. *It fled, I follow'd, &c.*]

—— I started back;
 It started back; but pleas'd I soon return'd,
 Pleas'd it return'd as soon ——

Milton.

I tell the naked fact without disguise,
 And, to excuse it, need but shew the prize ;
 Whose spoils this paper offers to your eye, 435
 Fair ev'n in death ! this peerless *butterfly*.

My sons ! (she answer'd), both have done your
 parts :

Live happy both, and long promote our arts.
 But hear a mother, when she recommends
 To your fraternal care, our sleeping friends. 440
 The common soul, of Heaven's more frugal make,
 Serves but to keep fools pert, and knaves awake :
 A drowzy watchman, that just gives a knock,
 And breaks our rest, to tell us what's a clock.
 Yet by some object ev'ry brain is stirr'd ; 445
 The dull may waken to a humming-bird ;
 The most recluse, discreetly open'd, find
 Congenial matter in the cockle-kind ;
 The mind, in metaphysics at a loss,
 May wander in a wilderness of moss ; 450
 The head that turns at super-lunar things,
 Poiz'd with a tail, may steer on Wilkins' wings.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 441. *The common soul, &c.*] in the first edition thus,

Of souls the greater part, Heav'n's common make,
 Serve but to keep fools pert, and knaves awake ;
 And most but find that centinel of God,
 A drowzy watchman in the land of Nod.

REMARKS.

Ver. 440. *our sleeping friends*, Of whom see ver. 345. above.

Ver. 444. *And breaks our rest, to tell us what's a clock.*] i. e.
 When the feast of life is just over, calls us to think of break-
 ing up ; but never watches to prevent the disorders that happen
 in the heat of the entertainment.

Ver. 450. *a wilderness of moss* ;] Of which the naturalists
 count I cannot tell how many hundred species.

Ver. 452. *Wilkins' wings.*] One of the first projectors of the
 royal society, who, among many enlarged and useful notions,
 entertained the extravagant hope of a possibility to fly to the
 moon: which has put some volatile geniuses upon making
 wings for that purpose.

O! would the sons of men once think their eyes
 And reason giv'n them but to study *flies*!
 See Nature in some partial narrow shape, 455
 And let the author of the whole escape:
 Learn but to trifle; or, who most observe,
 To wonder at their Maker, not to serve.

Be that my task (replies a gloomy clerk,
 Sworn foe to mystry, yet divinely dark; 460
 Whose pious hope aspires to see the day
 When moral evidence shall quite decay,
 And damns implicit faith, and holy lies,
 Prompt to impose, and fond to dogmatize:)

REMARKS.

Ver. 453. *O! would the sons of men, &c.*] This is the third speech of the goddess to her supplicants, and completes the whole of what she had to give in instruction on this important occasion, concerning learning, civil society, and religion. In the first speech, ver. 119, to her editors and conceited critics, she directs how to deprave wit and discredit fine writers. In her second, ver. 175, to the educators of youth, she shews them how all civil duties may be extinguished, in that one doctrine of divine hereditary right. And in this third, she charges the investigators of nature to amuse themselves in trifles, and rest in second causes, with a total disregard of the first. This being all that Dulness can wish, is all she needs to say; and we may apply to her (as the poet hath managed it) what hath been said of true wit, that *she neither says too little, nor too much*.

Ver. 459. *a gloomy clerk,*] The epithet *gloomy* in this line may seem the same with that of *dark* in the next. But *gloomy* relates to the uncomfortable and disastrous condition of an irreligious sceptic, whereas *dark* alludes only to his puzzled and embroiled systems.

Ver. 462. *When moral evidence shall quite decay,*] Alluding to a ridiculous and absurd way of some mathematicians, in calculating the gradual decay of moral evidence by mathematical proportions: according to which calculation, in about fifty years it will be no longer probable that Julius Caesar was in Gaul, or died in the senate-house. See *Craig's theologiæ Christianæ Principia Mathematica*. But as it seems evident, that facts of a thousand years old, for instance, are now as probable as they were five hundred years ago; it is plain that if in fifty more they quite disappear, it must be owing, not to their arguments, but to the extraordinary power of our goddess; for whose help therefore they have reason to pray.

Let

Let others creep by timid steps, and slow, 465
 On plain experience lay foundations low,
 By common sense to common knowledge bred,
 And last, to Nature's cause thro' Nature led.
 All-seeing in thy mists, we want no guide,
 Mother of Arrogance, and source of Pride! 470
 We nobly take the high Priori road,
 And reason downward, till we doubt of God :
 Make Nature still incroach upon his plan;
 And shove him off as far as e'er we can :

REMARKS.

Ver. 465. — 468. *Let others creep — thro' Nature led*] In these lines are described the *disposition* of the rational inquirer; and the *means and end* of knowledge. With regard to his *disposition*, the contemplation of the works of God with human faculties, must needs make a modest and sensible man timorous and fearful; and that will naturally direct him to the right *means* of acquiring the little knowledge his faculties are capable of, namely, *plain and sure experience*; which though supporting only an humble *foundation*, and permitting only a very slow progress, yet leads, surely, to the end, the discovery of the *God of nature*.

Ver. 471. *the high Priori road,*] Those who, from the effects in this visible world, deduce the Eternal Power and Godhead of the first cause, though they cannot attain to an adequate idea of the Deity, yet discover so much of him, as enables them to see the end of their creation, and the means of their happiness: whereas they who take this high Priori road (such as Hobbes, Spinoza, Des Cartes, and some better reasoners) for one that goes right, ten lose themselves in mists, or ramble after visions, which deprive them of all sight of their end, and mislead them in the choice of wrong means.

Ver. 472. *And reason downward, till we doubt of God :*] This was in fact the case of those who, instead of reasoning from a *visible world* to an *invisible God*, took the other road; and from an *invisible God* (to whom they had given attributes agreeable to certain metaphysical principles formed out of their own imaginations) reasoned *downwards* to a *visible world* in theory, of man's creation; which not agreeing, as might be expected, to that of God's, they began, from their inability to account for *evil* which they saw in his world, to doubt of that God, whose being they had admitted, and whose attributes they had deduced *a priori*, on weak and mistaken principles.

Ver. 473. *Make Nature still*] This relates to such as being ashamed to assert a mere mechanic cause, and yet unwilling to forsake it entirely, have had recourse to a certain *plastic nature*, *elastic fluid*, *subtile matter*, &c.

Thrust

Thrust some mechanic cause into his place ; 475
 Or bind in matter, or diffuse in space.
 Or, at one bound o'erleaping all his laws,
 Make God man's image, man the final cause,
 Find virtue local, all relation scorn,
 See all in *self*, and but for self be born : 480
 Of nought so certain as our *reason* still,
 Of nought so doubtful as of *soul* and *will*.
 Oh hide the God still more ! and make us see
 Such as Lucretius drew, a God like thee :

Wrapt

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Ver. 475. Thrust some *mechanic cause* into his place,
 Or bind in *matter*, or diffuse in *space*.]

The first of these follies is that of Des Cartes; the second of Hobbes; the third of some succeeding philosophers.

Ver. 477. Or, at one bound, &c.] These words are very significant: in their physical and metaphysical reasonings it was a chain of pretended *demonstrations* that drew them into all these absurd conclusions. But their errors in morals rest only on bold and impudent *assertions*, without the least shadow of proof, in which they o'erleap all the laws of argument as well as truth.

Ver. 478. &c.

Make God man's image, man the final cause,
 Find *virtue local*, all *relation* scorn,
 See all in *self*—]

Here the poet from the errors relating to a Deity in natural philosophy, descends to those in moral. Man was made according to *God's image*; this false theology, measuring his attributes by ours, makes God after *man's image*. This proceeds from the imperfection of his *reason*. The next, of imagining himself the final cause, is the effect of his *pride*: as the making virtue and vice arbitrary, and morality the imposition of the magistrate, is of the *corruption* of his *heart*. Hence he centers every thing in *himself*. The progress of Dulness herein differing from that of madness; one ends in *seeing all in God*, the other in *seeing all in self*.

Ver. 481. Of nought so certain as our *reason* still.] Of which we have most cause to be diffident. Of nought so doubtful as of *soul* and *will*: two things the most self-evident, the existence of our soul, and the freedom of our will.

Ver. 484. Such as Lucretius drew,] Lib. i. ver. 57.

*Omnis enim per se Divom natura necessest
 Immortali ævo summa cum pacè fruatur,*

Wrapt up in self, a god without a thought, 485
Regardless of our merit or default.

Or that bright image to our fancy draw,
Which Theocles in raptur'd vision saw,

While

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*Semota ab nostris rebus, summotaque longe —
Nec bene pro meritis capitur, nec tangitur ira.*

From whence the two verses following are translated, and wonderfully agree with the character of our goddesses. SCRIBL.

Ver. 487. *Or that bright image*] *Bright image* was the title given by the later Platonists to that vision of *Nature*, which they had formed out of their own fancy, so bright, that they called it Ἀὐτοπλεῖον Ἀ[αλμα, or the *self-seen image*, i. e. seen by its own light.

This *ignis fatuus* has in these our times appeared again in the North; and the writing of *Geddes*, and other followers of *Hutchinson*, are full of its wonders. For in this *lux borealis*, this *self-seen image*, these second-sighted philosophers see every thing else. SCRIBL.

Ver. 487. *Or that bright image*] i. e. Let it be either the chance god of *Epicurus*, or the *FATE*, of this goddesses.

Ver. 488. *Which Theocles in raptur'd vision saw,*] Thus this philosopher calls upon his friend, to partake with him in these visions:

“ To-morrow, when the eastern sun
“ With his first beams adorns the front
“ Of yonder hill, if you're content
“ To wander with me in the woods you see,
“ We will pursue those loves of ours,
“ By favour of the sylvan nymphs:

“ and invoking first the *genius* of the *place*, we will try to obtain at least some faint and distant view of the *sovereign genius* and *first beauty*.” *Charact.* vol. ii. pag. 245.

This *genius* is thus apostrophized (pag. 345.) by the same philosopher:

“ — O glorious *Nature*!
“ Supremely fair, and sovereignly good!
“ All-loving, and all-lovely! all divine!
“ Wise substitute of Providence! *impower'd*
“ *Creatress*! or *impow'ring Deity*,
“ *Supreme Creator*!
“ Thee I invoke, and thee alone adore.

Sir *Isaac Newton* distinguishes between these two in a very different manner. [Princ. Schol. gen. sub fin.] — *Hunc cognosce.*

While thro' poetic scenes the GENIUS roves,
 Or wanders wild in academic groves; 490
 That NATURE our society adores,
 Where Tindal dictates, and Silenus snores.

Rous'd at his name, up rose the bowzy fire,
 And shook from out his pipe the seeds of fire; 494
 Then

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mus solummodo per proprietates suos et attributa, et per sapientissimas et optimas rerum structuras, et causas finales; veneramur autem et colimus ob dominium. Deus etenim sine dominio, providentia, et causis finalibus, nihil aliud est quam fatum et natura.

Ver. 489. *roves*.—Or wanders wild in academic groves.] “Above all things I loved ease, and of all philosophers those who reasoned most at their ease, and were never angry or disturbed, as those called sceptics never were. I looked upon this kind of philosophy as the prettiest, agreeablest, roving exercise of the mind, possible to be imagined.” Vol. ii. p. 206.

Ver. 491. *That Nature our society adores*.] See the *Pantheisticon*, with its liturgy and rubrics, composed by Toland, which very lately, for the edification of the society, has been translated into English, and sold by the book-sellers of London and Westminster.

Ver. 492. *Where Tindal dictates, and Silenus snores*.] It cannot be denied but that this fine stroke of satire against Atheism was well intended. But how must the reader smile at our author's officious zeal when he is told, that at the time this was written, you might as soon have found a wolf in England as an Atheist? The truth is, the whole species was exterminated. There is a trifling difference indeed concerning the author of the achievement. Some, as Dr Akenhust, gave it to Bentley's *Boylean Lectures*. And he so well convinced that great man of the truth, that where-ever afterwards he found *Atheist*, he always read it *A Theist*. But, in spite of a claim so well made out, others give the honour of this exploit to a later *Boylean Lecturer*. A judicious apologist for Dr Clarke, against Mr Whiston, says, with no less elegance, than positiveness of expression, *It is a most certain truth, that the demonstration of the being and attributes of God has extirpated and banished Atheism out of the Christian world*, p. 18. It is much to be lamented, that the clearest truths have still their dark side. Here we see it becomes a doubt which of the two Hercules's was the monster-queller. But what of that? since the thing is done, and the proof of it so certain, there is no occasion for so nice a canvassing of circumstances. SCRIBL.

Ibid. Silenus] Silenus was an Epicurean philosopher, as ap-

Then snapt his box, and strok'd his-belly down :
 Rosy and rev'rend, tho' without a gown.
 Bland and familiar to the throne he came,
 Led up the youth, and call'd the goddess *Dame*.
 Then thus. From priest-craft happily set free,
 Lo! ev'ry finish'd son returns to thee : 500
 First slave to words, then vassal to a name,
 Then dupe to party ; child and man the same ;
 Bounded by Nature, narrow'd still by Art,
 A trifling head, and a contracted heart.
 Thus bred, thus taught, how many have I seen, 505
 Smiling on all, and smil'd on by a queen ?
 Mark'd out for honours, honour'd for their birth,
 To thee the most rebellious things on earth :

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pears from Virgil, eclog. vi. where he sings the principles of that philosophy in his drink.

Ver. 494. *seeds of fire*;] The Epicurean language, *Semina rerum*, or atoms. Virg. eclog. vi. *Semina ignis—semina flammæ*.

Ver. 499. 500. From *priest-craft* happily set free,

Lo! ev'ry finish'd son returns to thee:]

The learned Scriblerus is here very whimsical. It would seem, says he, by this, as if the PRIESTS (who are always plotting mischief against the *law of nature*) had inveigled these harmless youths from the bosom of their mother, and kept them in open rebellion to her, till Silenus broke the charm, and restored them to her indulgent arms. But this is so singular a fancy, and at the same time so unsupported by proof, that we must in justice acquit them of all suspicions of this kind.

Ver. 501. *First slave to words, &c.*] A recapitulation of the whole course of modern education described in this book, which confines youth to the study of *words* only in schools; subjects them to the authority of *systems* in the universities; and deludes them with the names of *party-distinctions* in the world. All equally concurring to narrow the understanding, and establish slavery and error in literature, philosophy, and politics. The whole finished in modern free-thinking; the completion of whatever is vain, wrong, and destructive to the happiness of mankind, as it establishes *self-love* for the sole principle of action.

Ver. 506. *Smil'd on by a queen.*] i. e. This queen or goddess of Dullness.

Now to thy gentle shadow all are shrunk,
 All melted down, in pension, or in punk! 510
 So K* so B** sneak'd into the grave,
 A monarch's half, and half a harlot's slave.
 Poor W** nipt in folly's broadest bloom,
 Who praises now? his chaplain on his tomb.
 Then take them all, oh take them to thy breast!
 Thy *Magus*, goddess! shall perform the rest. 516
 With that, a WIZARD OLD his *cup* extends;
 Which whoso tastes, forgets his former friends,
 Sire,

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Ver. 517. *With that, a wizard old, &c.*] Here beginneth the celebration of the GREATER MYSTERIES of the goddess, which the poet in his invocation, ver. 5. promised to sing. For when now each aspirant, as was the custom, had proved his qualification and claim to a participation, the HIGH PRIEST of Dulness first initiateth the assembly by the usual way of *libation*. And then each of the initiated, as was always required, putteth on a *new nature*, described in ver. 530. *Firm impudence, and stupefaction mild*, which the ancient writers on the *mysteries* call τῆς ψυχῆς ἑρμα, the great prop or fulcrum of the human mind. When the high priest and goddess have thus done their parts, each of them is delivered into the hands of his conductor, an inferior minister or *Hierophant*, whose names are *Impudence, Stupefaction, Self-conceit, Self-interest, Pleasure, Epicurism, &c.* to lead them through the several apartments of her mystic dome or palace. When all this is over, the sovereign goddess, from ver. 565. to 600. conferreth her *inles and degrees*; rewards inseparably attendant on the *participation* of the *mysteries*; which made the ancient *Theon* say of them—καλλίστα μὲν ἐν, καὶ τῶν μεγίστων ἀγαθῶν, τὸ μυστηρίων μετέχουσιν. Hence being enriched with so many various gifts and graces, *initiation* into the *mysteries* was anciently, as well as in these our times, esteemed a necessary qualification for every high office and employment, whether in church or state. Lastly, the great mother, the *h na dei*, shutteth up the solemnity with her gracious benediction, which concludeth in drawing the curtain, and laying all her children to rest. It is to be observed, that DULNESS, before this her restoration, had her pontiffs in *partibus*; who from time to time held her *mysteries* in secret, and with great privacy. But now, on her re-establishment, she celebrateth them, like those of the *Cretans* (the most ancient of all *mysteries*) in open day, and offereth them to the inspection of all men. SCRIB.

Ibid. bis cup—Which whoso tastes, &c.] *The cup of self-love* which causes a total oblivion of the obligations of friendship or

Sire, ancestors, himself. One casts his eyes
 Up to a *star*, and like Endymion dies : 520
 A *feather*, shooting from another's head,
 Extracts his brain ; and principle is fled ;
 Lost is his God, his country, ev'ry thing ;
 And nothing left but homage to a king !
 The vulgar herd turn off to roll with hogs, 525
 To run with horses, or to hunt with dogs ;
 But, sad example ! never to escape
 Their infamy, still keep the human shape.

But

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or honour ; and of the service of God or our country ; all sacrificed to Vain-glory, Court-worship, or the yet meaner considerations of lucre and brutal pleasures. From ver. 520. to 528.

Ver. 518.—*forgets his former friends,*] Surely there little needed the force of charms or magic to set aside an *useless* friendship. For of all the accommodations of fashionable life, as there are none more reputable, so there are none of so little charge as friendship. It fills up the void of life with a name of dignity and respect ; and at the same time is ready to give place to every passion that offers to dispute possession with it. SCRIBL.

Ver. 523. 524. *Lost is his God, his country — And nothing left but homage to a king !*] So strange as this must seem to a mere English reader, the famous Monsi. de la Bruyere declares it to be the character of every good subject in a monarchy : “ Where” (says he) *there is no such thing as love of our country ; the interest, the glory, and the service of the prince, supply its place.*” *De la republique*, chap. x.

Of this duty another celebrated *French* author speaks, indeed, a little more disrespectfully ; which, for that reason, we shall not translate, but give in his own words, “ L’amour de la patrie, le grand motif des premiers heros, n’est plus regardé comme une chimère ; l’idée du service du Roi, étendue jusqu’à l’oubli de tout autre principe, tient lieu de ce qu’on appelloit autrefois grandeur d’ame & fidélité.” *Eculainvilliers hist. des anciens parlemens de France*, &c.

Ver. 528. *still keep the human shape.*] The effects of the Magus’s cup, by which is allegorized a total corruption of heart, are

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 518. *Which nobody tastes, forgets his former friends, — Sire, &c.*] Homer of the Næpenthe, *Odyss.* iv.

Αὐτίκ' ἄρ' εἰς οἶνον βύας φάρμακον, ἔθεν ἔτινον
 Νηπιυβίς τ' ἄρχολό τ'ε κακῶν ἐπίληθον ἀπάντων.

But she, good goddess, sent to ev'ry child
Firm Impudence, or Stupefaction mild; 530
And straight succeeded, leaving shame no room,
Cibberian forehead, or Cimmerian gloom.

Kind Self-conceit to some her glass applies,
Which no one looks in with another's eyes :
But as the flatt'rer or dependent paint, 535
Beholds himself a patriot, chief, or faint.

On others int'rest her gay liv'ry flings,
Int'rest, that waves on party-colour'd wings :
Turn'd to the sun, she casts a thousand dyes,
And, as she turns, the colours fall or rise. 540

Others the Syren sisters warble round,
And empty heads console with empty sound.
No more, alas ! the voice of Fame they hear,
The balm of Dulness trickling in their ear.

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just contrary to that of Circe, which only represents the sudden plunging into pleasures. Hers, therefore, took away the shape, and left the human mind; his takes away the mind, and leaves the human shape.

Ver. 529. *But she, good goddess, &c.*] The only comfort people can receive, must be owing in some shape or other to Dulness; which makes some stupid, others impudent, gives self-conceit to some, upon the flatteries of their dependents, presents the false colours of interest to others, and busies or amuses the rest with idle pleasures or sensuality, till they become easy under any infamy. Each of which species is here shadowed under allegorical persons.

Ver. 532. *Cibberian forehead, or Cimmerian gloom.*] i. e. She communicates to them of her own virtue, or of her royal colleagues; the *Cibberian forehead* being to fit them for self-conceit, self-interest, &c. and the *Cimmerian gloom*, for the pleasures of opera and the table. SCRIBL.

Ver. 544. *The balm of Dulness*] The true balm of Dulness, called by the Greek physicians *Κολακία*, is a sovereign remedy against inanity, and has its poetic name from the goddess herself. Its ancient dispensators were *her poets*; and for that reason our author, book ii. ver. 207. calls it, *the poet's healing balm*: but it is now got into as many hands as Goddard's drops or Daffy's elixir. It is prepared by the clergy, as appears from several places of this poem: and by ver. 534. 535. it seems as if the nobility had made it up in their own houses. This, which Opera is here said to administer, is but a spurious sort. See my dissertation on the *filphium* of the ancients. BINTL.

Great

Great C**, H**, P**, R**, K*, 545
Why all your toils ? your sons have learn'd to sing.

How quick Ambition hastes to ridicule !

The fire is made a peer, the son a fool.

On some, a priest succinct in amice white

Attends ; all flesh is nothing in his sight ! 550

Beeves, at his touch, at once to jelly turn,

And the huge boar is shrunk into an urn :

The board with specious miracles he loads,

Turns hares to larks, and pigeons into toads.

Another (for in all what one can shine ?) 555

Explains the *seve* and *verdeur* of the vine.

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Ver. 553. *The board with specious miracles he loads, &c.* Scriblerus seems at a loss in this place. *Speciosa miracula* (says he), according to Horace, were the monstrous fables of the Cyclops, Læstrigons, Scylla, &c. What relation have these to the transformation of hares into larks, or of pigeons into toads ? I shall tell thee. The Læstrigons spitted men upon spears, as we do larks upon skewers : and the fair pigeon turned to a toad is similar to the fair virgin Scylla ending in a filthy beast. But here is the difficulty, why pigeons in so shocking a shape should be brought to a table. Hares indeed might be cut into larks at a second dressing, out of frugality : yet that seems no probable motive, when we consider the extravagance before mentioned, of dissolving whole oxen and boars into a small vial of jelly ; nay it is expressly said, that *all flesh is nothing in his sight*. I have searched in Apicius, Pliny, and the Feast of Trimalchio, in vain : I can only resolve it into some mysterious superstitious rite, as it is said to be done by a *priest*, and soon after called a *sacrifice*, attended (as all ancient sacrifices were) with *libation* and *song*. SCRIBL.

This good scholiast, not being acquainted with modern luxury, was ignorant that these were only the miracles of *French cookery*, and that particularly *pigeons en crapeau* were a common dish.

Ver. 556. *Seve and verdeur*] French terms relating to wines, which signify their flavour and poignancy.

*Et je gagerois que chez le commandeur
Villandri prîseroit sa seve & sa verdeur.*

Dépreaux.

St Evremont has a very pathetic letter to a *nobelman in disgrace*, advising him to seek comfort in a *good table*, and particularly to be attentive to *these qualities* in his champagne

What

What cannot copious sacrifice atone?
 Thy treuffles, Perigord! thy hams, Bayonne!
 With French libation, and Italian strain,
 Wash Bladen white, and expiate Hays's stain. 560
 KNIGHT lifts the head, for what are crouds un-
 done,

To three essential partridges in one?
 Gone ev'ry blush, and silent all reproach,
 Contending princes mount them in their coach.

Next bidding all draw near on bended knees, 565
 The queen confers her *titles* and *degrees*.
 Her children first of more distinguish'd sort,
 Who study Shakespear at the inns of court,

Impale

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Ver. 560. *Bladen—Hays*] Names of gamesters. Bladen is a black man. ROBERT KNIGHT cashier of the South-sea company, who fled from England in 1720, (afterwards pardoned in 1742.)—These lived with the utmost magnificence at Paris, and kept open tables frequented by persons of the first quality of England, and even by princes of the blood of France.

Ibid. *Bladen, &c.*] The former note of *Bladen is a black man*, is very absurd. The manuscript here is partly obliterated, and doubtless could only have been, *Wash blackmoors white*, alluding to a known proverb. SCRIBL.

Ver. 567.

*Her children first of more distinguish'd sort,
 Who study Shakespear at the Inns of court,]*

Ill would that scholiast discharge his duty, who should neglect to honour those whom DULNESS has *distinguished*; or suffer them to lie forgotten; when their rare modesty would have left them nameless. Let us not, therefore, overlook the services which have been done her cause, by one Mr Thomas EDWARDS, a gentleman, as he is pleased to call himself, of *Lincoln's Inn*; but, in reality, a gentleman only of the *Dunciad*; or, to speak him better, in the plain language of our honest ancestors to such mushrooms, *A gentleman of the last edition*: who nobly eluding the solicitude of his careful father, very early retained himself in the cause of *Dulness* against *Shakespear*, and with the wit and learning of his ancestor *Tom Thimble* in the *Rehearsal*, and with the air of good nature and politeness of *Caliban* in the *Tempest*, hath now happily finished the *Dunce's progress*, in personal abuse. For a libeller is nothing but a Grubstreet critic run to seed.

Lamentable is the dulness of these gentlemen of the *Dunciad*. This *Fungoso* and his friends, who are all gentlemen, have ex-

Impale a glow-worm, or Vertú profess,
 Shine in the dignity of F. R. S. 570
 Some, deep free-masons, join the silent race
 Worthy to fill Pythagoras's place:
 Some botanists, or florists at the least,
 Or issue members of an annual feast.
 Nor pass'd the meanest unregarded, one 575
 Rose a Gregorian, one a Gormogon.
 The last, not least in honour or applause,
 Isis and Cam made DOCTORS of her LAWS.

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claimed much against us for reflecting on his *birth*, in the words, *a gentleman of the last edition*, which we hereby declare concern not his *birth*, but his *adoption* only: and mean no more than that he is become *a gentleman of the last edition of the Dunciad*. Since gentlemen, then, are so captious, we think it proper to declare, that Mr Thomas Thimble, who is here said to be Mr Thomas Edwards's ancestor, is only related to him by the muse's side.

SCRIBL.

This tribe of men, which Scriblerus has here so well exemplified, our poet hath elsewhere admirably characterised in that happy line,

A brain of feathers, and a heart of lead.

For the satire extends much further than to the person who occasioned it, and takes in the whole species of those on whom a good education (to fit them for some useful and learned profession) has been bestowed in vain. That worthless band

Of ever listless loit'ers, that attend

No cause, no trust, no duty, and no friend.

Who, with an understanding too dissipated and futile for the offices of *civil* life; and a heart too lumpish, narrow, and contracted for those of *social*, become fit for nothing; and so turn *twits* and *critics*, where sense and civility are neither required nor expected.

Ver. 571. *Some, deep free-masons, join the silent race*] The poet all along expresses a very particular concern for this silent race: he has here provided, that in case they will not waken or open (as was before proposed) to a *humming-bird* or a *cockle*, yet at worst they may be made free-masons; where *taciturnity* is the only essential qualification, as it was the *chief* of the disciples of Pythagoras.

Ver. 576. *a Gregorian, one a Gormogon.*] A sort of lay-brothers, *steps* from the root of the free-masons,

Then,

Then, blessing all, Go, children of my care !
 To practice now from theory repair. 580
 All my commands are easy, short, and full :
 My sons ! be proud, be selfish, and be dull.
 Guard my prerogative, assert my throne :
 This nod confirms each privilege your own.
 The cap and switch be sacred to his Grace ; 585
 With staff and pumps the Marquis lead the race ;
 From

REMARKS.

Ver. 581. 582.

*All my commands are easy, short, and full :**My sons ! be proud, be selfish, and be dull.]*

We should be unjust to the reign of *Dulness* not to confess that hers has one advantage in it rarely to be met with in modern governments, which is, that the public education of her youth fits and prepares them for the observance of her laws, and the exertion of those *virtues* she recommends. For what makes men prouder than the empty knowledge of words ; what more selfish than the freethinker's system of morals ; or duller than the profession of true *virtuosity* ? Nor are her institutions less admirable in themselves, than in the fitness of these their several relations, to promote the harmony of the whole. For she tells her sons, and with great truth, that "all her commands are easy, short, and full." For is any thing in nature more easy than the exertion of pride ; more short and simple than the principle of selfishness ; or more full and ample than the sphere of *Dulness* ? Thus, birth, education, and wise policy, all concurring to support the throne of our goddess, great must be the strength thereof. SCRIBL.

Ver. 584. *each privilege your own, &c.*] This speech of *Dulness* to her sons at parting may possibly fall short of the reader's expectation ; who may imagine the goddess might give them a charge of more consequence, and, from such a theory as is before delivered, incite them to the practice of something more extraordinary, than to personate running-footmen, jockeys, stage-coachmen, &c.

But if it be well considered, that whatever inclination they might have to do mischief, her sons are generally rendered harmless by their inability ; and that it is the common effect of *Dulness* (even in her greatest efforts) to defeat her own design ; the poet, I am persuaded, will be justified, and it will be allowed that these worthy persons, in their several ranks, do as much as can be expected from them.

Ver. 585. *The cap and switch, &c.*] The goddess's political balance of favour, in the distribution of her rewards, deserves our notice. It consists in joining with those honours claimed by birth and high place, others more adapted to the genius and

From stage to stage the licens'd Earl may run,
 Pair'd with his fellow-charioteer the fun ;
 The learned Baron butterflies design,
 Or draw to silk Arachne's subtle line ; 590
 The judge to dance his brother sergeant call ;
 The senator at Cricket urge the ball ;
 The bishop flow (pontific luxury !)
 An hundred souls of turkeys in a pye ;
 The sturdy squire to Gallic masters sloop, 595
 Aud drown his lands and manors in a soup.
 Others import yet nobler arts from France,
 Teach kings to fiddle, and make senates dance.
 Perhaps more high some daring son may soar,
 Proud to my list to add one monarch more ; 600
 And nobly conscious, princes are but things
 Born for first ministers, as slaves for kings,
 Tyrant supreme ! shall three estates command,
 And MAKE ONE MIGHTY DUNCIAD OF THE
 LAND !

More she had spoke, but yawn'd — All nature
 nods : 605

What mortal can resist the yawn of gods ?

Churches

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talents of the candidates. And thus her great forerunner, *John of Leiden*, king of Munster, entered on his government, by making his ancient friend and companion, *Knipperdelling*, general of his horse and hangman. And had but Fortune seconded his great schemes of reformation, it is said, he would have established his whole household on the same reasonable footing.

SCRIBL.

Ver. 590. *Arachne's subtle line* ;] This is one of the most ingenious employments assigned, and therefore recommended only to peers of learning. Of weaving stockings of the webs of spiders, see the *Phil. Trans.*

Ver. 591. *The judge to dance his brother sergeant call* ;] Alluding perhaps to that ancient and solemn dance, entitled, *A call of sergeants*.

Ver. 598. *Teach kings to fiddle* ;] An ancient amusement of sovereign princes, (viz.) Achilles, Alexander, Nero ; though despised by Themistocles, who was a republican. — *Make senates dance*, either after their prince, or to Pontoise, or Siberia.

Ver. 606. *What mortal can resist the yawn of gods ?*] This verse is truly Homerial ; as is the conclusion of the action, where

Churches and chapels instantly it reach'd;
 (St James's first, for leaden G—— preach'd);
 Then catch'd the schools; the hall scarce kept a-
 wake;

The convocation gap'd, but could not speak: 610
 Lost was the nation's sense, nor could be found,
 While the long solemn unison went round:

REMARKS.

the great mother composes all, in the same manner as Minerva at the period of the *Odyssey*. — It may indeed seem a very singular epitafis of a poem, to end as this does, with a *great yawn*; but we must consider it as the *yawn of a god*, and of powerful effects. It is not out of nature, most long and grave counsels concluding in this very manner: nor without authority, the incomparable Spencer having ended one of the most considerable of his works with a *roar*; but then it is the *roar of a lion*, the effects whereof are described as the catastrophe of the poem.

Ver. 607. *Churches and chapels, &c.*] The progress of this yawn is judicious, natural, and worthy to be noted. First, it seizeth the churches and chapels; then catcheth the schools, where, though the boys be unwilling to sleep, the masters are not: next Westminster-hall, much more hard indeed to subdue, and not totally put to silence even by the goddess: then the convocation, which though extremely desirous to speak, yet cannot: even the house of Commons, justly called the sense of the nation, is *lost* (that is to say, *suspended*) during the yawn; (far be it from our author to suggest it could be lost any longer!); but it spreadeth at large over all the rest of the kingdom, to such a degree, that Palinurus himself (though as incapable of sleeping as Jupiter) yet noddeth for a moment: the effect of which, though ever so momentary, could not but cause some relaxation, for the time, in all public affairs. SCRIPT.

Ver. 610. *The convocation gap'd, but could not speak:*] Implying a great desire so to do, as the learned scholiast on the place rightly observes. Therefore, beware reader, lest thou take this *gape* for a *yawn*, which is attended with no desire but to go to rest: by no means the disposition of the convocation; whose melancholy case in short is this: She was, as is *reported*, infected with the general influence of the goddess; and while she was yawning carelessly at her ease, a wanton courtier took her at advantage, and in the very nick clapped a *gag* into her chops. Well therefore may we know her meaning by her *gaping*; and this distressful posture our poet here describes, is just as she stands at this day, a sad example of the effects of dulness and malice unchecked and despised. BENT.

Wide,

Wide, and more wide, it spread o'er all the realm;
 Ev'n Palinurus nodded at the helm:
 The vapour mild o'er each committee crept; 615
 Unfinish'd treaties in each office slept;
 And chiefless armies doz'd out the campaign;
 And navies yawn'd for orders on the main.

O muse! relate, (for you can tell alone,
 Wits have short memories, and dunces none), 620
 Relate, who first, who last resign'd to rest;
 Whose heads she partly, whose completely blest;
 What charms could Faction, what Ambition lull,
 The venal quiet, and intrance the dull;

Till

REMARKS.

Ver. 615. 618.] These verses were written many years ago, and may be found in the state-poems of that time. So that Scriblerus is mistaken, or whoever else have imagined this poem of a fresher date.

Ver. 620. *Wits have short memories,*] This seems to be the reason why the poets, whenever they give us a catalogue, constantly call for help on the Muses, who, as the daughters of Memory, are obliged not to forget any thing. So Homer, Iliad ii.

Πληθὺν δ' ἐκ ἀν' ἐγὼ μυθήσομαι ἐδ' ὀνομήνω,
 Εἰ μὴ Ὀλυμπιάδες Μῆσαι, Διὸς αἰγιόχοιο
 Θυγατέρες, μνησαίαν ———

And Virgil, *Æn.* vii.

*Et meministis enim, diuæ, et memorare potestis:
 Ad nos vix tenuis famæ perlabitur aura.*

But our poet had yet another reason for putting this task upon the muse, that, all besides being *asleep*, she only could relate what passed. SCRIBL.

Ver. 624. *The venal quiet, and, &c.*] It were a problem worthy the solution of that profound scholiast, Mr Upton himself, (and perhaps not of less importance than some of those so long disputed amongst Homer's), to inform us, which required the greatest effort of our goddess's power, to *intrance the dull*, or

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 621. *Relate, who first, who last resign'd to rest;
 Whose heads she partly, whose completely blest.*]

*Quem telo primum, quem postremum aspera Virgo
 Dejicit? aut quot humi morientia corpora fundis?* Vir.

VOL. II.

† M m

Till drown'd was Sense, and Shame, and Right, and
Wrong——

625

O sing, and hush the nations with thy song!

* * * * *

In vain, in vain,—the all-composing hour
Resistless falls: the muse obeys the pow'r.

She comes! she comes! the sable throne behold

Of *Night* primæval, and of *Chaos* old!

630

Before her, *Fancy's* gilded clouds decay,

And all its varying rainbows die away.

Wit shoots in vain its momentary fires,

The meteor drops, and in a flash expires.

As one by one, at dread *Medea's* strain,

635

The sick'ning stars fade off th' ethereal plain;

As *Argus' eyes*, by *Hermes' wand* oppress,

Clos'd one by one to everlasting rest;

Thus at her felt approach, and secret might,

Art after *Art* goes out, and all is Night.

640

REMARKS.

to *quiet the venal*. For though the *venal* may be more unruly than the *dull*, yet, on the other hand, it demands a much greater expence of her virtue to *intrance* than barely to *quiet*.

SCRIBL.

Ver. 629. *She comes! she comes! &c.*] Here the Muse, like *Jove's eagle*, after a sudden swoop at ignoble game, soareth again to the skies. As prophecy hath ever been one of the chief provinces of poesy, our poet here foretells from what we feel, what we are to fear; and in the style of other prophets, hath used the future tense for the preterite: since what he says shall be, is already to be seen, in the writings of some, even of our most adored authors, in divinity, philosophy, physics, metaphysics, &c. who are too good indeed to be named in such company.

[*Ibid. the sable throne behold*] The sable thrones of *Night* and *Chaos*, here represented as advancing to extinguish the light of the sciences, in the first place blot out the colours of *Fancy*, and damp the fire of *Wit*, before they proceed to their work.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 637. *As Argus' eyes, &c.*]

Et quamvis sapor est oculorum parte receptus,

Parte tamen vigilat——

——*Vidit Cyllenius omnes*

Succubuisse oculos, &c.

Ovid. Met. ii.

See

See sculking *Truth* to her old cavern fled,
Mountains of Casuistry heap'd o'er her head!
Philosophy, that lean'd on heav'n before,
Shrinks to her second cause, and is no more.

Physic

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 643. In the former editions, it stood thus,

Philosophy, that reach'd the heav'ns *before*,
Shrinks to her hidden cause, *and is no more*.

And this was intended as a censure of the Newtonian philosophy. For the poet had been misled by the prejudices of foreigners, as if that philosophy had recurred to the *occult qualities of Aristotle*. This was the idea he received of it from a man educated much abroad, who had read every thing, but every thing superficially. Had his excellent friend Dr A. been consulted in this matter, it is certain that so unjust a reflection had never discredited so noble a satire. When I hinted to him how he had been imposed upon, he changed the lines with great pleasure into a compliment (as they now stand) on that divine genius, and a satire on the folly by which he the poet himself had been misled.

REMARKS.

Ver. 641. *Truth to her old cavern fled,*] Alluding to the saying of Democritus, That Truth lay at the bottom of a deep well, from whence he had drawn her: though Butler says, *be first put her in, before he drew her out*.

Ver. 643. *Philosophy, that lean'd on heav'n*] Philosophy has at length brought things to that pass, as to have it esteemed unphilosophical to rest in the *first cause*; as if its ends were an endless indagation of cause after cause, without ever coming to the first. So that to avoid this unlearned disgrace, some of the propagitors of our best philosophy have had recourse to the contrivance here hinted at. For this philosophy, which is founded in the principle of *gravitation*, first considered that property in matter, as something extrinsecal to it, and impressed immediately by God upon it. Which fairly and modestly coming up to the first cause, was pushing natural inquiries as far as they should go. But this stopping, though at the extent of our ideas, and on the maxim of the great founder of this philosophy, Bacon, who says, *Circa ultimates rerum frustranea est inquisitio*, was mistaken by foreign philosophers as recurring to the *occult qualities* of the Peripatetics.

Pulsantes equidem vires intelligo nusquam

Occultas magicisque pares——

Sed gravitas etiam crescat, dum corpora centro

Accedunt propius. Videor mihi cernere terra

Physic of *Metaphysic* begs defence,
 And *Metaphysic* calls for aid on *Sense*! 645
 See *Mystery* to *Mathematics* fly!
 In vain! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die.
Religion blushing veils her sacred fires,
 And unawares *Morality* expires. 650

REMARKS.

*Emergens quidquid caliginis ac tenebrarum
 Pellæi juvenis doctor conjecerat olim
 In physicæ studium : solitum dare nomina rebus,
 Pro causis, unoque secans problemata verbo.* *Anti-Lucr.*

To avoid which imaginary discredit to the new theory, it was thought proper to seek for the *cause* of *gravitation* in a certain *elastic fluid*, which pervaded all body. By this means, instead of really advancing in natural inquiries, we were brought back again, by this ingenious expedient, to an unsatisfactory *second cause*:

Philosophy, that *lean'd* on heav'n before,
 Shrinks to her *second cause*, and is no more.

For it might still, by the same kind of objection, be asked, what was the *cause* of that *elasticity*? See this folly censured ver. 475.

Ver. 645. 646. *Physic* of *Metaphysic*, &c.—*And* *Metaphysic* *calls*, &c.] Certain writers, as Malbranche, Norris, and others, have thought it of importance, in order to secure the existence of the *soul*, to bring in question the reality of *body*; which they have attempted to do by a very refined *metaphysical* reasoning: while others of the same party, in order to persuade us of the necessity of a revelation which promises immortality, have been as anxious to prove that those qualities which are commonly supposed to belong only to an immaterial being, are but the result from the sensations of matter, and the soul naturally mortal. Thus, between these different reasonings, they have left us neither soul nor body; nor the sciences of physics and metaphysics the least support, by making them depend upon and go a-begging to one another.

Ver. 647. *See Mystery to Mathematics fly!*] A sort of men, who make human reason the adequate measure of all truth, having pretended that whatsoever is not fully comprehended by it, is contrary to it; certain defenders of religion, who would not be outdone in a paradox, have gone as far in the opposite folly, and attempted to shew that the mysteries of religion may be mathematically demonstrated; as the authors of *Philosophic*, or *Astronomic* principles of religion, *natural* and *revealed*; who have much prided themselves on reflecting a fantastic light upon religion from the frigid subtilty of school-moonshine.

Nor

Nor *public* flame, nor *private*, dares to shine;
 Nor *human* spark is left, nor glimpse *divine*!
 Lo! thy dread empire, CHAOS! is restor'd;
 Light dies before thy uncreating word:
 Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the curtain fall;
 And universal darkness buries all. 656

REMARKS.

Ver. 649. Religion *blushing veils her sacred fires,*] *Blushing* as well at the memory of the *past* overflow of dulness, when the barbarous learning of so many ages was wholly employed in corrupting the simplicity, and defiling the purity of religion, as at the view of these her false supports in the *present*; of which it would be endless to recount the particulars. However, amidst the extinction of all other lights, she is said only to withdraw hers; as hers alone in its own nature is unextinguishable and eternal.

Ver. 650. *And unawares Morality expires.*] It appears from hence that our poet was of very different sentiments from the author of the *Characteristics*, who has written a formal treatise on virtue, to prove it not only real, but durable, without the support of religion. The word *unawares* alludes to the confidence of those men, who supposed that morality would flourish best without it, and consequently to the surprise such would be in (if any such there are) who indeed love virtue, and yet do all they can to root out the religion of their country.



By the AUTHOR
A DECLARATION.

WHEREAS certain *haberdashers of points and particles*, being instigated by the spirit of *pride*, and assuming to themselves the name of *critics and restorers*, have taken upon them to adulterate the common and current sense of our *glorious ancestors, poets of this realm*, by clipping, coining, defacing the images, mixing their own base allay, or otherwise falsifying the same; which they publish, utter, and vend as genuine: the said haberdashers having no right thereto, as neither heirs, executors, administrators, assigns, or in any sort related to such poets, to all or any of them: Now we, having carefully revised this our *Dunciad*, * beginning with the words *The migh-*

* Read thus confidently, instead of "beginning with the word *books*, and ending with the word *flies*," as formerly it stood; read also, "containing the entire sum of *one thousand seven hundred and fifty-six verses*," instead of "*one thousand and twelve lines*;" such being the initial and final words, and such the true and entire contents of this poem.

Thou art to know, reader! that the first edition thereof, like that of Milton, was never seen by the author (though living and not blind): the editor himself confessed as much in his preface: and no two poems were ever published in so arbitrary a manner. The editor of this had as boldly suppressed whole passages, yea the entire last book, as the editor of *Paradise lost* added and augmented. Milton himself gave but *ten books*, his editor *twelve*; this author gave *four books*, his editor only *three*. But we have happily done justice to both; and presume we shall live in this our last labour, as long as in any of our others. BENTL.

ty meiber, and ending with the words *buries all*, containing the entire sum of *one thousand seven hundred and fifty-four verses*, declare every word, figure, point, and comma of this impression to be authentic: and do therefore strictly injoin and forbid any person or persons whatsoever, to erase, reverse, put between *books*, or by any other means, directly or indirectly, change or mangle any of them. And we do hereby earnestly exhort all our brethren to follow *this our example*, which we heartily wish our great predecessors had heretofore set, as a remedy and prevention of all such abuses. *Provided always*, that nothing in this declaration shall be construed to limit the lawful and undoubted right of every subject of this realm, to judge, censure, or condemn, in the whole or in part, any poem or poet whatsoever.

Given under our hand at London, this third day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred thirty and two.

Declarat' cor' me,
JOHN BARBER, Mayor.

APPEN.

A P P E N D I X.

I.

P R E F A C E

Prefixed to the five first imperfect editions of the
DUNCIAD, in three books, printed at
DUBLIN and LONDON, in octavo and
duodecimo, 1727.

The PUBLISHER * to the READER.

IT will be found a true observation, though somewhat surprising, that when any scandal is vented against a man of the highest distinction and character, either in the state or literature, the public in general afford it a most quiet reception; and the larger part

* *The Publisher*] Who he was, is uncertain; but Edward Ward tells us, in his preface to *Durgen*, "that most judges are of opinion this preface is not of English extraction, but Hibernian," &c. He means it was written by Dr Swift, who, whether the publisher or not, may be said in a sort to be author of the poem. For when he, together with Mr Pope, (for reasons specified in the preface to their miscellanies), determined to own the most trifling pieces in which they had any hand, and to destroy all that remained in their power; the first sketch of this poem was snatched from the fire by Dr Swift, who persuaded his friend to proceed in it, and to him it was therefore inscribed. But the occasion of printing it was as follows:

There was published in those miscellanies, a treatise of the *Bathos*, or *Art of Sinking in Poetry*, in which was a chapter, where the species of bad writers were ranged in classes, and initial letters of names prefixed, for the most part at random. But such was the number of poets eminent in that art, that some one or other took every letter to himself. All fell into so violent a fury, that for half a year, or more, the common newspapers (in most of which they had some property, as being hired writers) were filled with the most abusive falsehoods and scurri-

part accept it as favourably as if it were some kindness done to themselves: whereas if a known scoundrel or blockhead but chance to be touched upon, a whole legion is up in arms, and it becomes the common cause of all scribblers, booksellers, and printers whatsoever.

Not to search too deeply into the reason hereof, I will only observe as a fact, that every week for these two months past, the town has been persecuted with * pamphlets, and advertisements, letters, and weekly essays, not only against the wit and writings, but against the character and person of Mr Pope. And that of all those men who have received pleasure from his works, which by modest computation may be about a † hundred thousand in these kingdoms of

lities they could possibly devise; a liberty nowise to be wondered at in those people, and in those papers, that, for many years, during the uncontrolled licence of the press, had aspersed almost all the great characters of the age; and this with impunity, their own persons and names being utterly secret and obscure. This gave Mr Pope the thought, that he had now some opportunity of doing good, by detecting and dragging into light these common enemies of mankind; since to invalidate this universal slander, it sufficed to shew what contemptible men were the authors of it. He was not without hopes, that by manifesting the dulness of those who had only malice to recommend them; either the booksellers would not find their account in employing them, or the men themselves, when discovered, want courage to proceed in so unlawful an occupation. This it was that gave birth to the Dunciad; and he thought it an happiness, that, by the late flood of slander on himself, he had acquired such a peculiar right over their names as was necessary to his design.

* *pamphlets, advertisements, &c.*] See the list of those anonymous papers with their dates and authors annexed, inserted before the poem.

† *about a hundred thousand*] It is surprising with what stupidity this preface, which is almost a continued irony, was taken by those authors. All such passages as these were understood by Curl, Cook, Cibber, and others, to be serious. Hear the laureat (letter to Mr Pope, p. 9.) "Though I grant the Dunciad
" a better poem of its kind than ever was writ; yet, when I
" read it with those *vain-glorious* encumbrances of notes and re-
" marks upon it, &c.—it is amazing, that you, who have writ
" with such masterly spirit upon the ruling passion, should be so
England

England and Ireland ; (not to mention Jersey, Guernsey, the Orcades, those in the new world, and foreigners who have translated him into their languages) : of all this number not a man hath stood up to say one word in his defence.

The only exception is the * author of the following poem, who doubtless had either a better insight into the grounds of this clamour, or a better opinion of Mr Pope's integrity, joined with a greater personal love for him, than any other of his numerous friends and admirers.

Farther, that he was in his peculiar intimacy, appears from the knowledge he manifests of the most private authors of all the anonymous pieces against him, and from his having in this poem attacked † no man living, who had not before printed or published some scandal against this gentleman.

How I came possessed of it, is no concern to the reader ; but it would have been a wrong to him had I detained the publication ; since those names which are its chief ornaments die off daily so fast, as must render it too soon unintelligible. If it provoke the author to give us a more perfect edition, I have my end.

Who he is, I cannot say, and (which is a great pity) there is certainly ‡ nothing in his style and

* blind a slave to your own, as not to see how far a *low avarice of praise*, &c. (taking it for granted that the notes of Scriblerus and others were the author's own.)

* *The author of the following poem, &c.*] A very plain irony, speaking of Mr Pope himself.

† The publisher in these words went a little too far : But it is certain, whatever names the reader finds that are unknown to him, are of such ; and the exception is only of two or three, whose dulness, impudent scurrility, or self-conceit, all mankind agreed to have justly entitled them to a place in the Dunciad.

‡ *There is certainly nothing in his style, &c.*] This irony had small effect in concealing the author. The Dunciad, imperfect as it was, had not been published two days, but the whole town gave it to Mr Pope.

manner

manner of writing, which can distinguish or discover him: For if it bears any resemblance to that of Mr Pope, it is not improbable but it might be done on purpose, with a view to have it pass for his. But by the frequency of his allusions to Virgil, and a laboured (not to say affected) *shortness* in imitation of him, I should think him more an admirer of the Roman poet, than of the Grecian, and in that not of the same taste with his friend.

I have been well informed, that this work was the labour of full * six years of his life, and that he wholly retired himself from all the avocations and pleasures of the world, to attend diligently to its correction and perfection; and six years more he intended to bestow upon it, as it should seem by this verse of Statius, which was cited at the head of his manuscript.

*Ob mihi bisseos multum vigilata per annos,
Duncia †!*

Hence also we learn the true title of the poem; which with the same certainty as we call that of Homer the *Iliad*, of Virgil the *Æneid*, of Camoens the *Lusiad*, we may pronounce, could have been, and can be no other than

The DUNCIAD.

* *The labour of full six years, &c.*] This also was honestly and seriously believed by divers gentlemen of the *Dunciad*. J. Ralph, pref. to *Sawney*. "We are told it was the labour of six years, with the utmost assiduity and application: It is no great compliment to the author's sense, to have employed so large a part of his life," &c. So also Ward, pref. to *Durgen*, "The *Dunciad*, as the publisher very wisely confesses, cost the author six years retirement from all the pleasures of life; though it is somewhat difficult to conceive, from either its bulk or beauty, that it could be so long in hatching, &c. But the length of time and closeness of application were mentioned to prepossess the reader with a good opinion of it."

They just as well understood what *Scriblerus* said of the poem.

† The prefacer to *Curl's key*, p. 4. took this word to be really in *Statius*: "By a quibble on the word *Duncia*, the *Dunciad* is formed." Mr Ward also follows him in the same opinion.

It

It is styled *heroic*, as being *doubly* so; not only with respect to its nature, which, according to the best rules of the ancients, and strictest ideas of the moderns, is critically such; but also with regard to the heroical disposition and high courage of the writer, who dared to stir up such a formidable, irritable, and implacable race of mortals.

There may arise some obscurity in chronology from the *names* in the poem, by the inevitable removal of some authors, and insertion of others, in their niches. For whoever will consider the unity of the whole design, will be sensible, that the *poem was not made for these authors, but these authors for the poem*. I should judge that they were clapped in as they rose, fresh and fresh, and changed from day to day; in like manner as when the old boughs wither, we thrust new ones into a chimney.

I would not have the reader too much troubled or anxious, if he cannot decipher them; since when he shall have found them out, he will probably know no more of the persons than before.

Yet we judged it better to preserve them as they are, than to change them for fictitious names; by which the satire would only be multiplied, and applied to many instead of one. Had the hero, for instance, been called Codrus, how many would have affirmed him to have been Mr T. Mr E. Sir R. B. &c. but now all that unjust scandal is saved by calling him by a name, which by good luck happens to be that of a real person.

II.

A LIST of
BOOKS, PAPERS, and VERSES,

In which our author was abused, before the publication of the DUNCIAD; with the true names of the authors.

Reflections critical and satirical on a late rhapsody, called An Essay on Criticism. By Mr Dennis, printed by B. Lintot, price 6 *d.*

A new rehearsal, or Bays the younger; containing an examen of Mr Rowe's plays, and a word or two on Mr Pope's Rape of the Lock. Anon. [by Charles Gildon] printed for J. Roberts, 1714, price 1 *s.*

Homerides; or, A letter to Mr Pope, occasioned by his intended translation of Homer. By Sir Iliad Dogrel [Tho. Burnet and G. Ducket, Esquires] printed for W. Wilkins, 1715, price 9 *d.*

Æsop at the Bear-garden; a vision, in imitation of the Temple of Fame, by Mr Preston. Sold by John Morphew, 1715, price 6 *d.*

The Catholic poet, or Protestant Barnaby's sorrowful lamentation; a ballad about Homer's Iliad. By Mrs Centlivre, and others, 1715, price 1 *d.*

An epilogue to a puppet-shew at Bath, concerning the said Iliad. By George Ducket, Esq; printed by E. Curl.

A complete key to the What-dy'e-call-it. Anon. [by Griffin a player, supervised by Mr Th—] printed by J. Roberts, 1715.

A true character of Mr P. and his writings, in a letter to a friend. Anon. [Dennis] printed for S. Popping, 1716, price 3 *d.*

The confederates, a farce. By Joseph Gay [J. D. Breval] printed for R. Burleigh, 1717, price 1 *s.*

Remarks upon Mr Pope's translation of Homer;
Vol. II. † N n with

with two letters concerning the Windsor Forest, and the Temple of Fame. By Mr Dennis, printed for E. Curl, 1717, price 1 s. 6 d.

Satires on the translators of Homer, Mr P. and Mr T. Anon. [Bez. Morris] 1717, price 6 d.

The triumvirate; or, A letter from Palæmon to Celia at Bath. Anon. [Leonard Welsted] 1711, folio, price 1 s.

The battle of poets, an heroic poem. By Tho. Cooke, printed for J. Roberts, folio, 1725.

Memoirs of Lilliput. Anon. [Eliza Haywood] octavo, printed in 1727.

An essay on criticism, in prose. By the author of the critical history of England [J. Oldmixon] octavo, printed 1728.

Gulliveriana and Alexandriana; with an ample preface and critic on Swift and Pope's miscellanies. By Jonathan Smedley, printed by J. Roberts, octavo, 1728.

Characters of the times; or, An account of the writings, characters, &c. of several gentlemen libelled by S— and P—, in a late miscellany, octavo, 1728.

Remarks on Mr Pope's Rape of the Lock, in letters to a friend. By Mr Dennis; written in 1724, though not printed till 1728, octavo.

Verses, Letters, Essays, or Advertisements, in the public prints.

British Journal, Nov. 25. 1727. A letter on Swift and Pope's miscellanies. [Writ by M. Concanen.]

Daily Journal, March 18. 1728. A letter by Philomauri, James-Moore Smith.

Id. March 29. A letter about Therfites; accusing the author of disaffection to the government. By James-Moore Smith.

Misc's Weekly Journal, March 30. An essay on the arts of a poet's sinking in reputation; or, A supplement

plement to the Art of sinking in poetry. [supposed by Mr Theobald.]

Daily Journal, April 3. A letter under the name of Philo-ditto. By James-Moore Smith.

Flying Post, April 4. A letter against Gulliver and Mr P. [By Mr Oldmixon.]

Daily Journal, April 5. An auction of goods at Twickenham. By James-Moore Smith.

The Flying Post, April 6. A fragment of a treatise upon Swift and Pope. By Mr Oldmixon.

The Senator, April 9. On the same. By Edward Roome.

Daily Journal, April 8. Advertisement. By James-Moore Smith.

Flying Post, April 13. Verses against Dr Swift, and against Mr P—'s Homer. By J. Oldmixon.

Daily Journal, April 23. Letter about the translation of the character of Therfites in Homer. By Thomas Cooke, &c.

Mist's Weekly Journal, April 27. A letter of Lewis Theobald.

Daily Journal, May 11. A letter against Mr P. at large. Anon. [John Dennis.]

All these were afterwards reprinted in a pamphlet, entitled, A collection of all the verses, essays, letters, and advertisements occasioned by Mr Pope and Swift's miscellanies, prefaced by Concanen, anonymous, octavo, and printed for A. Moore, 1728, price 1 s. Others of an elder date, having lain as waste paper many years, were, upon the publication of the Dunciad, brought out, and their authors betrayed by the mercenary booksellers (in hopes of some possibility of vending a few) by advertising them in this manner—"The confederates, a farce. By Capt. Breval (for which he was put into the Dunciad.) An epilogue to Powel's puppet-show. By Col. Duckett (for which he was put into the Dunciad.) Essays, &c. By Sir Richard Blackmore. (N. B. It was for a passage of this book,

“ that Sir Richard was put into the Dunciad.”) And so of others.

After the Dunciad, 1728.

An essay on the Dunciad, octavo, printed for J. Roberts. [In this book, p. 9. it was formally declared, “ That the complaint of the aforefaid li-
bels and advertisements was forged and untrue ;
“ that all mouths had been filent, except in Mr
“ Pope’s praise ; and nothing againſt him published,
“ but by Mr Theobald.”]

Sawney, in blank verſe, occaſioned by the Dunciad ; with a critic on that poem. By J. Ralph [a perſon never mentioned in it at firſt, but inſerted after] printed for J. Roberts, octavo.

A complete key to the Dunciad. By E. Curl, 12mo, price 6 d.

A ſecond and third edition of the ſame, with additions, 12mo.

The Popiad. By E. Curl, extracted from J. Dennis, Sir Richard Blackmore, &c. 12mo, price 6 d.

The Curliad. By the ſame E. Curl.

The female Dunciad. Collected by the ſame Mr Curl, 12mo, price 6 d. With the metamorphoſis of P. into a ſtinging nettle. By Mr Foxton, 12mo.

The metamorphoſis of Scriblerus into Snarlerus. By J. Smedley, printed for A. Moore, folio, price 6 d.

The Dunciad diſſected. By Curl and Mrs Thomas, 12mo.

An eſſay on the taſte and writings of the preſent times. Said to be writ by a gentleman of C. C. C. Oxon, printed for J. Roberts, octavo.

The arts of logic and rhetoric, partly taken from Bouhours, with new reflections, &c. By John Oldmixon, octavo.

Remarks on the Dunciad. By Mr Dennis, dedicated to Theobald, octavo.

A supplement to the profound. Anon. by Matthew Concanen, octavo.

Mist's Weekly Journal, June 8. A long letter, signed W. A. Writ by some or other of the club of Theobald, Dennis, Moore, Concanen, Cooke, who for some time held constant weekly meetings for these kind of performances.

Daily Journal, June 11. A letter signed Philo-scriblerus, on the name of Pope—Letter to Mr Theobald, in verse, signed B. M. [Bezaleel Morris] against Mr P—. Many other little epigrams about this time in the same papers, by James Moore and others.

Mist's Journal, June 22. A letter by Lewis Theobald.

Flying Post, August 8. Letter on Pope and Swift.

Daily Journal, August 8. Letter charging the author of the Dunciad with treason.

Durgen: A plain satire on a pompous satirist. By Edward Ward, with a little of James Moore.

Apollo's maggot in his cups. By E. Ward.

Gulliveriana Secunda. Being a collection of many of the libels in the newspapers, like the former volume, under the same title, by Smedley. Advertised in the Craftsman, Nov. 9. 1728, with this remarkable promise, that "*any thing which any body should send as Mr Pope's or Dr Swift's, should be inserted and published as theirs.*"

Pope Alexander's supremacy and infallibility examined, &c. By George Duckett, and John Dennis, quarto.

Dean Jonathan's paraphrase on the 4th chapter of Genesis. Writ by E. Roome, folio, 1729.

Labeo. A paper of verses by Leonard Welsted, which after came into *one epistle*, and was published by James Moore, quarto, 1730. Another part of it came out in Welsted's own name, under the just title of Dulness and Scandal, folio, 1731.

There have been since published,

Verses on the imitator of Horace. By a lady [or
N. n. 3 between

between a lady, a Lord, and a court-squire.] printed for J. Roberts, folio.

An epistle from a nobleman to a doctor of divinity, from Hampton-court [Lord H——y.] Printed for J. Roberts also, folio.

A letter from Mr Cibber to Mr Pope. Printed for W. Lewis in Covent-garden, octavo.

III.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T

To the FIRST EDITION with Notes,
in Quarto, 1729.

IT will be sufficient to say of this edition, that the reader has here a much more correct and complete copy of the DUNCIAD, than has hitherto appeared. I cannot answer but some mistakes may have slipped into it, but a vast number of others will be prevented by the names being now not only set at length, but justified by the authorities and reasons given. I make no doubt, the author's own motive to use real rather than feigned names, was his care to preserve the innocent from any false application; whereas in the former editions, which had no more than the initial letters, he was made, by keys printed here, to hurt the inoffensive; and (what was worse) to abuse his friends, by an impression at Dublin.

The commentary which attends this poem was sent me from several hands, and consequently must be unequally written; yet will have one advantage over most commentaries, that it is not made upon conjectures, or at a remote distance of time: and the reader cannot but derive one pleasure from the very *obscurity* of the persons it treats of, that it partakes of the nature of a *secret*, which most people love to be
let

let into, though the men or the things be ever so inconsiderable or trivial.

Of the *persons* it was judged proper to give some account: For since it is only in this monument that they must expect to survive (and here survive they will, as long as the English tongue shall remain such as it was in the reigns of Queen ANNE and King GEORGE), it seemed but humanity to bestow a word or two upon each, just to tell what he was, what he writ, when he lived, and when he died.

If a word or two more are added upon the chief offenders, it is only as a paper pinned upon the breast, to mark the enormities for which they suffered; lest the correction only should be remembered, and the crime forgotten.

In some articles it was thought sufficient, barely to transcribe from Jacob, Curl, and other writers of their own rank, who were much better acquainted with them than any of the authors of this comment can pretend to be. Most of them had drawn each other's characters on certain occasions; but the few here inserted are all that could be saved from the general destruction of such works.

Of the part of Scriblerus I need say nothing; his manner is well enough known, and approved by all but those who are too much concerned to be judges.

The imitations of the ancients are added, to gratify those who either never read, or may have forgotten them; together with some of the parodies and allusions to the most excellent of the moderns. If, from the frequency of the former, any man think the poem too much a cento, our poet will but appear to have done the same thing in jest which Boileau did in earnest; and upon which Vida, Fracastorius, and many of the most eminent Latin poets, professedly valued themselves.

IV.

ADVERTISEMENT

To the FIRST EDITION of

The FOURTH BOOK of the DUNCIAD,
when printed separately in the year 1742.

WE apprehend it can be deemed no injury to the author of the three first books of the Dunciad, that we publish this fourth. It was found merely by accident, in taking a survey of the library of a late eminent nobleman; but in so blotted a condition, and in so many detached pieces, as plainly shewed it to be not only *incorrect*, but *unfinished*. That the author of the three first books had a design to extend and complete his poem in this manner, appears from the dissertation prefixed to it, where it is said, that *the design is more extensive, and that we may expect other episodes to complete it*: and from the declaration of the argument to the third book, that *the accomplishment of the prophecies therein would be the theme hereafter of a greater Dunciad*. But whether or no he be the author of this, we declare ourselves ignorant. If he be, we are no more to be blamed for the publication of it, than Tucca and Varius for that of the last six books of the *Æneid*, though perhaps inferior to the former.

If any person be possessed of a more perfect copy of this work, or of any other fragments of it, and will communicate them to the publisher, we shall make the next edition more complete: in which we also promise to insert any *criticisms* that shall be published (if at all to the purpose) with the *name* of the *authors*; or any letters sent us (though not to the purpose) shall yet be printed under the title of *Epistolæ obscurorum virorum*; which, together with some others of the same kind formerly laid by for that end, may make no unpleasant addition to the future impressions of this poem.

V.

ADVERTISEMENT

To the complete EDITION of 1743.

I Have long had a design of giving some sort of notes on the works of this poet. Before I had the happiness of his acquaintance, I had written a commentary on his *Essay on man*, and have since finished another on the *Essay on Criticism*. There was one already on the *Dunciad*, which had met with general approbation: but I still thought some additions were wanting (of a more serious kind) to the humorous notes of *Scriblerus*, and even to those written by Mr *Cleland*, Dr *Arbutnot*, and others. I had lately the pleasure to pass some months with the author in the country, where I prevailed upon him to do what I had long desired, and favour me with his explanation of several passages in his works. It happened, that just at that juncture was published a ridiculous book against him, full of personal reflections, which furnished him with a lucky opportunity of improving *this poem*, by giving it the only thing it wanted, a *more considerable hero*. He was always sensible of its defect in that particular, and owned he had let it pass with the hero it had, purely for want of a better; not entertaining the least expectation that such an one was reserved for this post, as has since obtained the *laurel*: but since that had happened, he could no longer deny this justice either to *him* or the *Dunciad*.

And yet I will venture to say, there was another motive which had still more weight with our author: this person was one, who from every folly (not to say vice) of which another would be ashamed, has constantly derived a *vanity*; and therefore was the *man in the world who would least be hurt by it*.

VI.

ADVERTISEMENT

Printed in the JOURNALS, 1730.

W Hereas, upon occasion of certain pieces relating to the gentlemen of the Dunciad, some have been willing to suggest, as if they looked upon them as an *abuse*: we can do no less than own, it is our opinion, that to call these gentlemen *bad authors* is no sort of *abuse*, but a great *truth*. We cannot alter this opinion without some reason; but we promise to do it in respect to every person who thinks it an injury to be represented as no *wit*, or *poet*, provided he procures a certificate of his being really such, from any *three of his companions* in the Dunciad, or from Mr *Dennis* singly, who is esteemed equal to any three of the number.

WIS

P A R A L L E L

OF THE

C H A R A C T E R S

M. DEYDEN and MR. POPE.

As a Poet, and as a Man.

By MARY D. L. M.

The Poet, the Man, the Statesman.

With a Preface by the Author.

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VII.

A

P A R A L L E L
OF THE
C H A R A C T E R S
O F

Mr DRYDEN and Mr POPE.

As drawn by certain of their contemporaries.

Mr DRYDEN.

His POLITICS, RELIGION, MORALS.

MR Dryden is a mere renegade from monarchy, poetry, and good sense ^a. A true republican son of monarchical church ^b. A republican Atheist ^c. Dryden was from the beginning an ἀλλοπερόουλλος, and I doubt not will continue so to the last ^d.

In the poem called *Abfolom* and *Achitophel* are notoriously traduced, the KING, the QUEEN, the LORDS and GENTLEMEN, not only their honourable persons exposed, but the whole NATION and its REPRESENTATIVES notoriously libelled. It is *scandalum magnatum*, yea of MAJESTY itself ^e.

^a Milbourn on Dryden's Virgil, 8vo. 1698, p. 6. ^b pag. 38.
^c pag. 192. ^d pag. 8. ^e Whip and Key, 4to.
printed for R. Janeway, 1682. Preface.

VII.

A

P A R A L L E L

OF THE

C H A R A C T E R S

OF

Mr POPE and Mr DRYDEN.

As drawn by certain of their contemporaries.

Mr P O P E.

His POLITICS, RELIGION, MORALS.

MR Pope is an open and mortal enemy to his country, and the commonwealth of learning ^a. Some call him a Popish Whig, which is directly inconsistent ^b. Pope, as a Papist, must be a Tory and high-flier ^c. He is both Whig and Tory ^d.

He hath made it his custom to cackle to more than one party in their own sentiments ^e.

In his miscellanies, the persons abused are, The KING, the QUEEN, his late MAJESTY, both houses of PARLIAMENT, the Privy-council, the bench of BISHOPS, the established CHURCH, the present MINISTRY, &c. To make sense of some passages, they must be construed into ROYAL SCANDAL ^f.

^a Dennis's Rem. on the Rape of the Lock, pref. p. xii.

^b Dunciad dissected.

^c Pref. to Gulliveriana.

^d Dennis,

character of Mr P.

^e Theobald, letter in *Miss's*

Journal, June 22, 1728.

^f List at the end of a collection

of verses, letters, advertisements, 8vo. Printed for A. Moore, 1728, and the preface to it, p. 6.

He looks upon God's gospel as a foolish fable, like the Pope, to whom he is a pitiful purveyor ^f. His very Christianity may be questioned ^g. He ought to expect more severity than other men, as he is most unmerciful in his own reflections on others ^h. With as good a right as his Holiness, he sets up for poetical infallibility ⁱ.

Mr DRYDEN only a versifier.

His whole libel is all bad matter, beautified (which is all that can be said of it) with good metre ^k. Mr Dryden's genius did not appear in any thing more than his versification, and whether he is to be ennobled for that only, is a question ^l.

Mr DRYDEN'S VIRGIL.

Tonson calls it *Dryden's Virgil*, to shew that this is not that Virgil so admired in the Augustean age; but a Virgil of another stamp, a silly, impertinent, nonsensical writer ^m. None but a Bavius, a Mævilus, or a Bathyllus carped at Virgil; and none but such unthinking vermin admire its translator ⁿ. It is true, soft and easy lines might become Ovid's Epistles or Art of Love. — But Virgil, who is all great and majestic, &c. requires strength of lines, weight of words, and closeness of expression; not an ambling Muse running on carpet-ground, and shod as lightly as a Newmarket racer. — He has numberless faults in his author's meaning, and in propriety of expression ^o.

Mr DRYDEN understood no Greek nor Latin.

Mr Dryden was once, I have heard, at Westminster-school: Dr Busby would have whipt him for so childish a paraphrase ^p. The meanest pedant in England would whip a lubber of twelve for constru-

^f Ibid. ^g Milbourn, p. 9. ^h Ibid. p. 175. ⁱ pag. 39. ^k Whip and Key, pref. ^l Oldmixon, Essay on Criticism, P. 84. ^m Milbourn, pag. 2. ⁿ Pag. 35. ^o Pag. 22. and 192. ^p Milbourn, p. 72.

He is a Popish rhymester, bred up with a contempt of the Sacred writings g. His religion allows him to destroy heretics, not only with his pen, but with fire and sword; and such were all those unhappy wits whom he sacrificed to his accursed Popish principles h. It deserved vengeance to suggest, that Mr Pope had less infallibility than his namesake at Rome i.

Mr POPE only a versifier.

The smooth numbers of the Dunciad are all that recommend it, nor has it any other merit k. It must be owned that he hath got a notable knack of rhyming and writing smooth verse l.

Mr POPE'S HOMER.

The Homer which Lintot prints, does not talk like Homer, but like Pope; and he who translated him, one would swear, had a hill in Tipperary for his Parnassus, and a puddle in some bog for his Hippocrene m. He has no admirers among those that can distinguish, discern, and judge n.

He hath a knack at smooth verse, but without either genius or good sense, or any tolerable knowledge of English. The qualities which distinguish Homer are the beauties of his diction and the harmony of his versification. — But this little author, who is so much in vogue, has neither sense in his thoughts, nor English in his expressions o.

Mr POPE understood no Greek.

He hath undertaken to translate Homer from the Greek, of which he knows not one word, into English, of which he understands as little p. I wonder how this

g. Dennis's remarks on Homer, p. 27. h. Preface to Gulliveriana, p. 11. i. Dedication to the collection of verses, letters, &c. p. 9.

k. Mist's Journal of June 8. 1728.

l. Character of Mr P. and Dennis on Homer. m. Dennis's remarks on Pope's Homer, p. 12. n. Ibid. p. 14.

o. Character of Mr Pope, p. 17. and remarks on Homer, p. 91.

p. Dennis's remarks on Homer, p. 12.

ing so absurdly *q*. The translator is mad, every line betrays his stupidity *r*. The faults are innumerable, and convince me that Mr Dryden did not, or would not understand his author *s*. This shews how fit Mr D. may be to translate *Homer*! A mistake in a single letter might fall on the printer well enough, but *ixare* for *ixae* must be the error of the author: nor had he art enough to correct it at the press *t*. Mr Dryden writes for the court-ladies — He writes for the ladies, and not for use *u*.

The translator puts in a little burlesque now and then into Virgil, for a ragout to his cheated subscribers *w*.

Mr DRYDEN tricked his subscribers.

I wonder that any man, who could not but be conscious of his own unfitness for it, should go to amuse the learned world with such an undertaking! A man ought to value his reputation more than money; and not to hope that those who can read for themselves, will be imposed upon, merely by a partially and unseasonably celebrated name *x*. *Poetis quidlibet audendi* shall be Mr Dryden's motto, though it should extend to picking of pockets *y*.

Names bestowed on Mr DRYDEN.

AN APE.] A crafty ape dressed up in a gaudy gown — Whips put into an ape's paw, to play pranks with — None but Apish and Papish brats will heed him *z*.

AN ASS.] A camel will take upon him no more burden than is sufficient for his strength, but there is another beast that crouches under all *a*.

A FROG.] Poet Squab endued with poet Maro's spirit! an ugly, croaking kind of vermin, which would swell to the bulk of an ox *b*.

A COWARD.] A Clinias or a Damætas, or a man of Mr Dryden's own courage *c*.

q Pag. 203.

r Pag. 78.

s Pag. 206.

t Pag. 19.

u Pag. 144: 190.

w Pag. 67.

x Pag. 192.

y Pag. 125.

z Whip and Key, pref.

a Milb. p. 105.

b Pag. 11.

c Pag. 176.

gentleman would look, should it be discovered, that he has not translated ten verses together in any book of Homer with justice to the poet, and yet he dares reproach his fellow-writers with not understanding Greek ^q. He has stuck so little to his original as to have his knowledge in Greek called in question ^r. I should be glad to know which it is of all Homer's excellencies which has so delighted the ladies, and the gentlemen who judge like ladies ^s.

But he has a notable talent at burlesque; his genius slides so naturally into it, that he hath burlesqued Homer without designing it ^t.

Mr P O P E tricked his subscribers.

It is indeed somewhat bold, and almost prodigious, for a single man to undertake such a work: but it is too late to dissuade by demonstrating the madness of the project. The subscribers expectations have been raised in proportion to what their pockets have been drained of ^u. Pope has been concerned in jobs, and hired out his name to booksellers ^w.

Names bestowed on Mr P O P E.

An APE.] Let us take the initial letter of his Christian name, and the initial and final letters of his surname, *viz.* A P E, and they give you the same idea of an ape as his face ^x, &c.

An Ass.] It is my duty to pull off the lion's skin from this little ass ^y.

A FROG.] A squab short gentleman—a little creature, that, like the frog in the fable, swells, and is angry that it is not allowed to be as big as an ox ^z.

A COWARD.] A lurking waylaying coward ^a.

^q Daily Jour. April 23. 1728. ^r Suppl. to the profound, pref. ^s Oldmixon, Essay on Criticism, p. 66. ^t Dennis's remarks, p. 28. ^u Homerides, p. 1. &c. ^w British Journ. Nov. 25. 1727. ^x Dennis, Daily Journ. May 11. 1728. ^y Dennis, Rem. on Hom. pref. ^z Dennis's Rem. on the Rape of the Lock, pref. p. 9. ^a Char. of Mr P. pag. 3.

A KNAVE.] Mr Dryden has heard of Paul, the knave of Jesus Christ e. and if I mistake not, I have read somewhere of John Dryden, servant to his Majesty d.

A FOOL.] Had he not been such a self-conceited fool e.— Some great poets are positive blockheads f.

A THING.] So little a thing as Mr Dryden g.

d Pag. 57.
p. 34.

e Whip and Key, pref.

g Ibid. p. 35.

f Milbourn;

A KNAVE.] He is one whom God and nature have marked for want of common honesty. *b.*

A FOOL.] Great fools will be christened by the names of great poets, and Pope will be called Homer. *c.*

A THING.] A little abject thing. *a.*

b. Char. of Mr P. pag. 3.
P. 37. *d.* Ibid. p. 8.

c. Dennis Rem. on Homer

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The End of the SECOND VOLUME.